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THE

# HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

AND

# HUMEROUS ADVENTURES

OF

A Volunteer in the Cavalry Service.

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BY ONE OF THEM

WHO HAS BEEN UNDER GENERALS GRANT, LEW. WALLACE, SHERMAN, HALLECK, ROUSSEAU  
THOMAS, AND KILPATRICK.

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CINCINNATI:

P. C. BROWNE, PRT., S. E. COR. THIRD AND Sycamore STS.

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1865.

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## HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

AND

## HUMEROUS ADVENTURES.

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Doing a confectionary business ~~here~~ in Cincinnati I found would not be as productive in the winter as was necessary to a person of family, and being anxious to do something for my country, I was induced to join the 5th Ohio cavalry, at Camp Dick Corwin, on the 17th day of September, 1861. I joined company H, of Captain John C., who was shortly after displaced, when, like the balance of his company, I went with forty-five of them to Lexington, Kentucky, where we would have joined a regiment of cavalry, under our former captain, but that Colonel Taylor, of our first regiment, sent for us, and we returned in a few days thereafter, having been ordered to do so by some prominent persons in Frankfort. After our return, we were placed under command of Captain P., a merchant of Cincinnati, who only remained a short time ere he resigned. Our first lieutenant, B. W. T——n, was formerly a railroad conductor, and did, and still continues to do his business in a prompt and orderly manner. May all shoulder-strap men be of a similar disposition. In October we were ordered out to Camp Dennison, to which place we all rode, and fixed up our tents within a few hundred yards of the depot. A few weeks thereafter two of our companies got into houses built

there by carpenters, and there we were comfortably situated while we remained. Being a sergeant in company H previous to our departure to Lexington, I was appointed to Quarter Master McFarland's department, and issued, on order, all the clothing, blankets, and horse materials as long as we remained there. Assistant Quarter Master Robinson, who principally did all the writing, was a gentlemanly officer of immense knowledge, and remained with us a long time. He was with us through Tennessee and Mississippi; and was always loved and respected by the whole regiment. May he always do well in this world and the next, we hope and pray. Camp Dennison is sometimes a pleasant place to reside in, but many of our boys were dissatisfied because there were several articles which they wanted and could not procure there. Consequently some of them were taken of "French furloughs" to the city, and were sometimes guard-housed on their return, but were shortly afterward let loose by the colonel, who was very kind to his men, and hated very much to see them remain any length of time inside prison doors. At Camp Dennison we had plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and were only muddy in winter when walking around. Consequently we, as soldiers in camp, did excellently well. There are several groceries here, which places sell things very high, and therefore are not very well patronized. The owners are not as wealthy as they might be in other places. About this period, newspapers were scarce very frequently, and in order to obtain one, much loved and respected by all the boys of our regiment, I wrote the following piece of poetry and sent it to the Times, which published it on the afternoon of December 25th, 1861:

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#### VOLUNTEER POETRY.

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CAMP DENNISON, December 21, 1861.

*Editors Cincinnati Times:*

GENTLEMEN: As we have not seen much notice of ourselves, or our regiment, in your well-read and soldierly sheet, lately, we would humbly call your kind attention to the following scandalous production, perpetrated by a "sargent" in our company, who, though he strikes *keenly* and with *point* at our failings, is, nevertheless, rather *blunt* in his opinions. We desire, however, kind sirs, that you will *bless* him with *print*, though he be *d-d* by the printers.

Respectfully, gentlemen,

COMPANY H, 5TH O. V. C., U. S. A.

## A FEW LINES TO COMPANY H, FIFTH O. V. C., U. S. A.

BY THE "SARGINT."

Since sojers are noted, wherever they go,  
 For frolic or fighting, are fast or are slow,  
 And each individual's able to teach  
 The *gum* or the *grab* game, within or 'thout reach;  
 Can stock a canteen at a stand or a run,  
 And prime, load, and fire, like a son-of-a-gun;  
 To pull from the sutler or henroost is willing;  
 With *foemen* or *women* is equally killing;  
 Who's quick on the *draw* when he *aims* at an inn,  
 But slow in *presenting* when asked for the tin;  
 Who's fame, like small change, lies loosely about him,  
 (The wag knows the world could *wag*-on without him;)  
 Who pants for a *breach* in observance of law,  
 Tho' d—d are the breeches he's *pant*-ing to draw.  
 In ev'ry mad antic, the top, branch, and root,  
 Hail! hail! fellow-sojer, we meet and salute.  
 Whom first have we here? What, our orderly? Pond?  
 The lines, my dear officer, you are beyond.  
 What's out? Is the company on the "French" march?  
 The laundress, Sam Howell, is *she* out of starch?  
 The regiment's dead, if Dame Truth holds my fears,  
 That Scofield and Allen are—drunk pioneers.  
 Where's Olding and Muriay? Both missing, you say?  
 Then, bottles, I pity your bellies to-day!  
 O, Davis, friend Sam, and Pat Dignan, so true,  
 Are ye stagg'ring off 'thout a "feller ye knew?"  
 And happy George Ludlam I always thought that  
 You'd break me the brick you had whole in your hat.  
 Farewell, John McCracken and Jim and Mike Mee,  
 My spirits are gone with your spirited spree!  
 Not a *Rum* go is this—Jim left in the lurch  
 By the Wansbros, *Gin-u-wine* members of church.  
 This day sees me *Ale*-ing since Adam forgot,  
 And Webster, to bring me where they went—to pot!  
 And Overturf, Rice, and our bully dragoon,  
 Ed. Brinkley, are now in some lager saloon,  
 Mit swei hoondert lager mine stoomak to slake!  
 Oh, Smith, Olley Smith, bring back something to take.  
 And King, our great blow-hard, our blacksmith, where's he?  
 In scratching for whisky, he's itching to flea  
 To Bacchus' blind court has our Cottman withdrew?  
 Then Mars has but given the devil his due.  
 Let Venus preside where our Lawrence has fled,  
 He'd rise from his grave being "seven weeks dead!"

Where's Dolan, the Bowl'd Sojer-Boy? Is he gone,  
 With his army of guards? Ochone! and ochone!  
 And Brennun, our John, "*Fare the divil is he?*  
 Blur-an-ouns! 't wasn't poteen he wint for, d'ye see?  
 The devil, Lord save us, 't was prompted the tramp—  
 For scamp'ring off, John, ye'r the divil's own schamp!  
 There's Appleby, too, he should be an instructor;  
 Such conduct becomes not a railroad conduct-or."  
 And Caldwell's called ill, at this juncture, I'd say,  
 For tho' "there's no pitch hot, Old Satan's to pay."  
 Where's Higgins' horse? He's not gone! have a care!  
 Where Higgins' horse is, his master is there.  
 And Johnson and Mayhugh, I'd take my best oath,  
 No mudhole is curtained and spread over *both*!  
 Oh, Orderly, what's your advice that we do?  
 Invoke the red spirits, the gray, white, and blue?  
 Call out to the gods, with a Roman despair,  
 And ask how our comrades are roamin', and where?  
 The adjutant's coming! we'll tell him the story,  
 And die like true martyrs, in flame covered glory.  
 Excuse me, good Orderly, but have you got  
 A chew of tobacco? You say that you've not!  
 Or whisper—come nearer—pray give me a dose  
 Of that same liquid dye which painted your nose.  
 All gone, you've remarked. Then why stand prating thus?  
 The men are—abed, you inelegant "cuss,"  
 "They *have not* deserted then, Tom, as it seems?"  
 Yes, they have departed, friend Pond, to their dreams.  
 What, anger'd! good sir; it was in mere sport  
 I made this addenda to your "morning report."  
 If first when we'd met you'd "presented" your flask,  
 And "ordered" your quid, there had not been such mask.  
 But frolic is ours, as I said at the first,  
 And you're not of orderly sergeants the worst.  
 Excuse, pray, the hand which invented this tail,  
 And call me a *fence* post whenever you *rail*.  
 And so fair good night, sweetest dreams and repose,  
 In seeking our couch we'll each follow—his nose;  
 Yet, fearing the colonel might hear of the trick,  
 I'll off to the doctor, pretending I'm sick,  
 And say our lieutenants, both gentlemen civil,  
 Have ordered my physical ills to the devil.  
 Or else to my captain, McFarland, I'll hie,  
 And if there's small *wool* why there'll be but small *cry*.  
 All's well; I've exchanged my old *boots* for a *blanket*,  
*Each covers a calf*, for which, Heaven, I thank it.

About the end of February we were ordered off, and therefore departed to Cincinnati, getting on board steamers for Tennessee river, which we immediately accomplished, at the same time bidding farewell to all our friends and relatives who resided near by. Then we left the City of Cincinnati on six or seven steamers, Major Scherer, our hero in all military matters, commanding the first battallion, Major Ricker the second, and Major Hayes the third.

Our boat, the Bostonia No. 2, not getting away until one day after the balance had left, on account of the lot of goods and horses we had to place on board; we, however, managed to get everything fixed on her, and away she went down stream toward Dixie, like a good traveler, and we bade good-bye to our homes until we ended the war, which we expected to do very soon, but which we have not yet accomplished, as we expected to do at farthest in a month or two.

Quarter Master McFarland was on board this steamer, and obtained cabin fare for "One of Them" clear through to Crump landing, where a portion of us, the third battallion, got off, as we were ordered to do by General Grant, and were placed under General Lew. Wallace, whose division was placed at this point, four miles below Pittsburg landing.

General Grant is at Savanna, some five miles below Crump's landing, and from thence orders our men to certain positions on the river above him. Previous to getting this far up the Tennessee we stopped at a destroyed railroad bridge, and viewed it as a handsome place to remain at for a few days. We discovered, amongst half a dozen houses, one belonging to a rebel doctor, which was filled with medicine and books, and which the boys destroyed. For what other reason than that he caused the trying by a jury there of a Union man, and endeavored to have him hung because he was in favor, previous to our arrival, of the American flag and Government feeling, and was born and bred in the North. This doctor was said to be a poisoner and villain in every respect, and we found and imprisoned him on board a gunboat, until we could send him off to some United States prison, as a rebel villain. We did so, and then proceeded on our way up stream, I feeling so good on

account of *one* rebel capture, that I immediately wrote to the Cincinnati Times newspaper an account of our present proceedings, and expecting the kind permission of permittal to write *all* the news I could to that friendly and accomplished paper whenever I could do so.

The paymaster, Major McDowell, was on board our boats, and paid us off between the bridge and where we landed, which made the boys feel fine, because they could send by a United States Agent, who was at that time in company with Major McDowell, all their money home, if necessary. Many an one of us did so very gladly, and a better cash business never happened us while we have been in the service as soldiers. Not once.

*March 10, 1862.*—To-day we passed an elegant farm house, on the Tennessee river, at which all the darkies in the neighborhood seemed congregated, who spread their ivories, and whatever rag of a hadkerchief or other thing they could raise as a token of welcome to us to Dixie, as it existed here. Just below there is a site for a fortification, which seems a far more eligible position than Fort Donelson or Fort Henry, and, if appearances do not always deceive, the rebels *might* have made a stand with far greater prospect of success than at the former positions. The woods along the river are very attractive here, not only in appearance, but because they shelter fat animals known in Porkopolis, and fowls, which seem to enjoy the gratification of shade and solitude in this most critical period of their existence.

Near the river hills we see, as we advance, scouts of rebel cavalry calmly looking at our formidable appearance, and wondering, no doubt, at Yankee impudence in thus desecrating the sacred southern soil. Passed Brownsville landing at 9 o'clock A. M. Riverb anks low all along this morning. Some fifteen miles above here a bold rocky cliff, directly facing us as we advance, varies all the appearances considerably, it being the most prominent position we have seen along this river. The chain of hills here are large, and bear north and south, and these, nature's fortifications, principally composed of stone, completely command the river, up and down, for miles, and

why they are not now bristling with rebel cannon is one of the singularities of this war. No force, no matter how superior in point of numbers, could have been brought successfully against this stronghold, and our bravery would, I fear, have failed to overcome a tolerable resistance of the enemy here.

Our band is now playing the "Mocking Bird" on the hurricane roof of the boat, and as we pass along upwards the negroes, men, women, and children, hurrah for us, provided there are no white persons near them; in fact, on both shores the blackbirds greet the music playing mocking birds and their companions with a hearty approbation, and we slide past in good feeling of mind and body, and think ourselves complete masters in every situation we have now, or shall hereafter arrive at in any slave position of this Union.

Obtained a rebel bullet to-day from a sailor on one of our gunboats, who stopped at the same landing, and which was flattened against our gunboat at Pittsburg landing, and am very much obliged for the present, I am sure.

Major McDowell is on board another boat going up, and has paid off the greater portion of our regiment. Colonel Taylor is indeed a generous man, who endears himself to all by every good impulse. His kindly nature overflows with honorable liberality. Just now he has made a soldier happy, who was unfortunately overlooked on the pay roll, and who, but for the colonel, would have had no funds to send his suffering family. The colonel presented him with twenty dollars in specie, in order that he would send it with gladness to his wife and family. May God reward him!

We saw General Sherman this afternoon, on the steamer Continental; he is a noble looking soldier and a determined one, who will not belie his looks, or we are all much deceived; the men with him seem to think very highly of his talents as a soldier, and his kindness as a man. May he ever remain so, is all our hopes.

4 o'clock P. M.—We have just arrived at Savanna, which is a small-sized place on the left bank of the Tennessee river, and seemingly of very little importance in a strategic or other

point of view. Twenty-eight steamers, filled with troops, and two gunboats, have arrived here before us. Just previous to a view of this place, we stopped at a secesh corn crib, and profited our horses thereby.

We have landed with several other steamers opposite to Savanna, and our Zouaves are running round with cackling hens and uncrowing roosters under their arms, and one fellow is undressing a cock under its owners very window. This is not as it should be, but men are, some of them, untameable. The negroes seem well contented with their masters, and are *probably satisfied*, or seemingly so, at the present time, but they do not care about mingling with some of us; their good behavior, however, is possibly owing to the presence of several of their masters and our general orders for the time being.

One of our gunboats started up the river this evening, to reconnoitre, and she only proceeded some five or six miles when she had a skirmish with a thousand or two of the enemy. She has returned to us unscathed, and we move up to attend to the gentlemen in the morning.

*March 12, 1862.*—We are here still, and, *contra omnium expectationem*, hear no notes of preparation to-day, so far. Boats full of soldiers continue to arrive here, however, and we must now be at least fifty thousand strong.

We laughed heartily to-day at the escapade of two infantry soldiers, who, influenced to possess a secesh chicken, addressed a slave woman, as black as Erebus, offering to purchase from her. The woman's "eh, eh," however, was a very energetic and final negative, and the rebuked twain drew off a short distance to consider the chances, while the slave entered the house to attend to three fine corn cakes browning beautifully before the fire. After the council of war, the two outsiders separated, one sneaking round to the back door, the other advancing boldly to the front; he again made proposals to buy from the wench, but again received decided refusals from Miss Dinah, who did not seem to be in want of money at that time, or from any such persons. Cunningly displaying the money, he seemed at least to excite the woman's cupidity to such a degree, that she paid but small attention to the cakes inside. At this moment the

other soldier entered the back door, which was also open, and seizing upon the pones, he made tracks. The cakes, however, were warmer than he supposed, which led to his detection as the colored lady heard the noise he made in letting them drop, and so she ran to recover her lost property. The sojer was too quick on the grab for her, seized them again and got to the fence, pursued by the negress with her club in hand, until the fire in his rear becoming too hot, he was forced to jump suddenly into the road, losing, by dropping, two and retaining one of the stolen cakes, with which he successfully made off as rapidly as possible.

The other rascally partner, the front door talking man, swore at his friend, calling him thief, rascal, and all other obnoxious epithets he could think of, and finished by advising the slave to run and catch the villain who took her cakes, and he would assist her in so doing. This she was foolish enough to do, when her adviser, strongly tempted, no doubt, by the chance offered to him, picked up the two corn cakes lying so very invitingly within his grasp, when he too made tracks and of course got away with his eatable plunder:

We who were present were sorry for the poor woman, and yet we failed to restrain our laughter, when she returned and we observed her astonishment when she discovered the trick played upon her by the partner of the fellow who had entered the house and stole the cakes. Raising, (on discovery of the other one's absence,) her hands to heaven, she exclaimed:

“Wal, dere ! ef dat oder Linkun man isn't gone and stole too ! Jes' as I spected he'd do, jes' as I spected ! Guess dey'd better come and take old nigger too, 'kase we might as well go now as any time. Dey'll take all any how.”

“Go 'long, white man,” she said excitedly to another United States soldier who pretended to condole with her. “You jes' as bad's de res', an' ef you kin fight de secesh same's you kin steal from de darkies, you'll need as many steamboats apiece as you all got here now, to convey to de Norf all de plunder you take off de niggas.”

12 o'clock M.—Our regiment has received orders to mount, and all are busy in preparation. Sabres are hastily buckled on,

pistols and carbines are examined, horses saddled, and every thing betokens war in reality. The Fifth O. V. C. will see service now, as they are the vanguard of this immense army, and they will of course be the first to encounter the enemy, who are said to be in immense force a few miles distant from us here. Five Union, but Tennessee farmers have just come in and report the enemy but a short distance in the interior. These farmers have just escaped being pressed into the Confederate service, by running away and seeking our protection. One of these fellows who seems rather a young person, and is of tolerable good looks, seems to take it hard about the situation in which he left his wife and small family, and he talks as though jealousy existed in his thoughts to a large extent at the present time. His ideas of rebel actions are not very good, and his thoughts of a wife's treatment and her own conduct are not as good as a wise man would publicly express.

*4 o'clock P. M.*—The whole of our force is ordered to advance in the steamers, and as I write this, a portion of us are moving up stream.

*8 o'clock P. M.*—General Lew. Wallace's brigade, accompanied by the third battalion of the Fifth O. V. C., started up the river, led by a gunboat, in order to reconnoitre for a fort held by the rebels, five miles above Savanna, at Crump's landing. We are almost certain of a brush, but go armed in a just cause and fearless of consequences. We have arrived at our destination, where we are to remain permanently with Wallace's division, the right wing of General Grant's army, while the main body is to go four miles farther, to a place called Pittsburg landing. All are to await events in their encampments. May the enemy soon be here; we wish to meet them and whale them as they deserve.

Wallace's brigade is composed of the Eighth Missouri infantry, Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Indiana, Forty-fourth Illinois, and our third battalion of cavalry, beside other regiments. These are all good soldiers and are anxious for fighting and whipping, which we hope soon to accomplish. Our tents are up and we feel all right here, as this seems a nice place though nearly houseless.

*March 14th, 1862.*—Our battallion is already ordered out to service; we are to burn two railroad bridges, twenty miles distant, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, near Bethel, Tennessee.

The boys started at 12 o'clock last night, shown the way by Major Hurst, formerly a storekeeper in Purdy, Mississippi, and a born southern man; but a Union person who has been badly treated by the secesh because his feelings were in favor of Unionism all the time. His store was taken from him, and his family made prisoners until they retired to, and lived with, their relatives near by; but Hurst fled in time and got to us soon enough. So he is safe enough though bold as a lion and brave as a bull-dog.

*11 o'clock P. M.*—Our boys have started on horseback to destroy these bridges, company H, Captain T——n, leading the van; but the weather is rainy and dark, and they have to go private ways to be successful in reaching the place and doing the duty they are ordered to do. Major Hayes commands them. The soldiers lost their way in the woods as they advanced, and it took them about ten hours to reach the rebel scouts guarding the bridges, whom they immediately attacked and routed, capturing some nine or ten prisoners and thereafter destroying the bridges. While they were cutting away the second and last, a train filled with rebel soldiers came along; but the engineer, seeing the danger of this locality, immediately stopped, and our soldiers had to get away soon, which they did without losing a man; getting to camp by 4 P. M. next day.

It was a good idea to destroy the transportation routes of the secesh rascals, as they were in several places at that time, and the idea of keeping them where they were was a very good one on our general's part.

*March 15, 1862.*—Our boys have again departed to finish the bridge-burning duties they have to perform, and went a distance of thirty miles from here, near where the enemy has, it is reported, a force of about eight thousand infantry and seven hundred cavalry. The remarks of our infantry upon the setting out of our boys that "there goes the *green* cavalry on a scout," was rather uncalled for; and the result of our going away

showed very plainly that sometimes the gentlemen on foot are neither "prophets nor sons of prophets." We returned after performances of duties which we, as well as the infantry, enjoyed on our return quite well indeed. General Smith highly complimented us, and in general order No. 4, gave the thanks of the whole division to us, officers and men, for gallant and meritorious conduct.

*March 17.*—The infantry are raising their tents on shore this morning, which is a good idea, since the steamers have become dirty because of being overcrowded, and consequently are unhealthy. The water is also bad, as we have to make use of the Tennessee river as a spring to drink from, and it is too muddy at present for any such business. In consequence of having to drink this water a great many of our soldiers have taken the diarrhœa, which was at first seemingly of a mild type, but has become fatal in some instances here recently. We trust not to remain here a great length of time, to get rusty, like unused blades, for want of proper handling.

What magnificent weather we are having the last two days. The birds are entertaining themselves and us with sweet songs; the trees are in bud and blossom, and in fact all animated nature except man alone is enjoying that peace, happiness, and sweet repose their Lord and Maker intended them for here on earth.

*March 19.*—What a mournful sight is a soldier's funeral! Some poor fellow is being carried to his last resting place this morning by his comrades, with reversed arms, slowly marching to solemn music, with grief depicted on their countenances! Alas! how many of these brave fellows now full of life and health, may fill a grave on the banks of the Tennessee ere they leave it! The remark of Captain Carroll, of the steamer J. B. Ford, on observing the procession, that "the water of this river would send many more of us the same road, if we stayed here much longer," strikes us, like one of Cicero's orations, as being forcible, and much to the point. Why are we kept here idle? The general commanding this brigade has ordered the men on shore, in order to give them the benefit of pure air and spring water, which, if accomplished, will certainly lessen the tendency

to disease amongst us, and probably induce this Tennessee looseness to relieve us of its presence. A portion of our brigade, composed of a few companies of infantry, completely surrounded one hundred rebel soldiers last night and took them all prisoners. We are to go out scouting again shortly after dinner. Eight hundred additional rebel prisoners passed us here to-day; they were taken by Smith's division some miles beyond us. Immediately thereafter we went out scouting, commanded by Major Hayes.

8 o'clock P. M.—We have just returned from our foray, and a glorious one it was, not so much from its benefit to the cause perhaps as to our personal gratification. We left our camp, at Crump's landing, at 1 o'clock P. M., and along an excellent road to Adamsville, five miles from the river, where the rebel cavalry reported four hundred strong, (fifty more than ours,) had told the denizens in a boastful manner, that they would meet us to-day and drive us to h—l, or some other sea-port; but the lads of the South took good care to be out of the way when we arrived; consequently we thought we would pay them a home visit in a *civil* sort of a way, and so kept on close to Purdy, where five regiments of rebel infantry divide their quarters with those boastfully chivalric riders who failed to meet us where they represented they would. Three miles this side of Purdy we met the first armed rebel pickets, whom we drove in in company with their confreres, and captured some of them in sight of their whole army. We halted on top of a hill in full view, and within a mile of Purdy, which latter seems to be a place of some consequence. It is well situated in a valley, and excellently built for a small Tennessee town. Here we beheld the whole rebel army as they came on toward us in a double-quick; and a fine sight it was. They were apparently well armed and drilled, and were headed by a gallant looking general officer who seemed quite in earnest, until he saw the buckeye eye-balls, which had the effect to cove his present ardor, and he therefore ordered a halt, while we, too few to face so immense a force, after firing a couple of rounds, slowly and in good order retired unmolested; never even going as fast as a trot until we reached our camp again. The only loss we

met with was in horse flesh, Lieutenant Murray's animal, a noble brute, being killed in the picket fight. Our gallant fellows seemed soldiers born, and knew not their present vocation until they saw and encountered the enemy.

The inhabitants of the country we passed through yesterday are much divided in opinion on this war. The greater number strongly avow Union principles and wish for peace and fraternity again. The few opposed to these sentiments are bitterly prominent, and take every way to injure those whom they suspect to favor peace on any conditions whatever.

One poor old man whom we met yesterday at Adamsville, told us that his only son, a youth eighteen years of age, had been forced, on pain of death, to join the rebel Captain Platt's company of cavalry, and made to assist in the robbery of his own father and his neighbors of their corn, fodder, and provisions. He (the old man) begged us, with tears in his eyes, to inform him if Platt's whole company was not captured, at Savanna yesterday by a portion of our army. We told him we believed they were, and that if his son was amongst them, he, the father, could get to see him by an application to the commanding officer, which gratified the old man intensely, and he limped away, (for he was lame, poor soul,) after distributing all the tobacco he had with him amongst us, at the same time blessing our noble cause, and all concerned in upholding it. He was only too happy to know that his son was safe in our hands, and he said he would make his little household happy when he got home with the intelligence he had received from us.

The country along our route was composed of a sandy, but in some places a well watered soil, which must, if well cultivated, be productive in corn, potatoes, and fruit, which we had some strong evidences of as we went along. The people seem well to do, and would be undoubtedly happy in peaceful times, as they are comfortably housed, cleanly, and healthy at this date.

When Peace smiles upon a bountiful land how happy are its people! how much to be envied, and how great our Father in Heaven should be glorified! But when a nation, against

the dictates of humanity and the commands of the Supreme Being, engages in war against each other, brother against brother and father against son, then the lessons of life can be gathered from every hill top and valley in the land. May this soon end, and southern men again acknowledge their duty to the flag of our whole country.

General Smith has just issued an order making it death to steal, or carry away unpaid for, the property of any person whatever, and intends enforcing it strictly. This is as it should be. What right have we to take and carry away the goods of others? One of the beneficial effects resulting from this order was apparent the other day, and saved the innocent females in an elegant mansion near our camp. The matter was this: A doctor of secesh proclivities, on the approach of our troops, fled to the rebel camp, leaving everything behind him, even his wife and daughter, (the latter a beautiful young lady of seventeen, highly educated and accomplished,) to the mercy of the invaders. Our force pitched their tents in close vicinity to their residence, and hearing of this shortly after, a party consisting of twenty or thirty soldiers, proceeded at once toward the place, in order to raze the house to the ground and plunder it of its contents.

On the first appearance of our fleets, the ladies, being deserted by the husband and father as before stated, made preparations for immediate departure, and had packed some portion of the household goods when the noisy, riotous crew arrived, intent on the work of destruction. They commenced operations by breaking in the front door to the extreme fright of the women and their colored people, and seizing the piano and other elegant articles of furniture, with loud shouts and despite the tears of the trembling ladies, carried them off toward the door, intending to deliver them to the tender mercies of that portion of their party remaining outside. At this moment one of our cavalry teamsters, named Perkins, attracted thither by the noise, now stood at the door, and, remonstrating with the ruffians, begged them, for the sake of their own mothers and sisters at home, to desist. This gallant fellow would then have met with harsh treatment, but that an officer casually passing

the house at this time, came to Perkins's assistance, and commanded the fellows to disperse, which they did very grumbly; and a guard being placed at the door relieved the inmates from farther molestation. The order of our general inflicting the death penalty for any similar outrage in future, has frightened the rowdy portion of our men into quiescence, and has placed a wholesome restraint upon all evil-disposed ones we are cursed with. This looks like civilized warfare, and fanatical pulpit thumpers and bigoted men will discover that *brave men* enlist to fight the battles of their country and *not* to rob, plunder, and destroy.

*March 22.*—One of our lieutenants shot a colored servant yesterday, by accident. These frequently recurring accidents are uncalled for. There are too many gentlemen in this army, and too few poor individuals. The first draw extremely liberal pay, and commit accidents often and criminally; the latter small wages, considering they are often the head and *always* the arm of a squad, company, or, perhaps, even a battallion. The killed servant's name was John Curtis. He formerly kept a barber shop next door to Reinlein's drug store, on the corner of Eighth and Freeman streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*March 23.*—We have had large additions made to our forces here, until we are now nearly, or quite, seventy thousand strong. General Smith commands. He is a fine, genial looking man, and is as friendly and conversable as any shoulder-gilt gentleman in the army, and is undoubtedly the idol of his men, who leave all knotty issues to their general, and his decision is always satisfactory, justifying the appeals they often make to him. His affability is never at fault, and proclaims more for him than his compeers (many of them) can boast, so far.

Rebel armed and unarmed men are coming into this camp every day in squads as many as twenty, but more frequently from four to ten, and claim our protection, or join our army at once. In fact they nearly, or quite, all join at once. They are certainly welcome. This proves how true is the principle upheld by those in power, that the Constitution should remain unaltered, and all men have their just rights as heretofore, in

property of all kinds, held as well in the South as in the North.

Two of our boys were speaking to-day about politics. One was a democrat and the other a republican. They were arguing strongly on political matters, and finally came to blows, because the democrat thought the President of the United States wise in appointing Scott, Stanton, and Bates as council friends, and putting out of office friend Simon Cameron, for good reasons and excellent judgement. The fight was, however, short, and one of the sutlers' shops closed, by entertainment, the words and blows of both democrat and republican. They trusted to end the fight shortly when they commenced it, as they will the war now going on between North and South. We all hope they are as true in the latter wish as they were in the former.

I am ordered this afternoon to Pittsburgh landing, which is four miles up the river from here, in order to obtain clothing, from our quartermaster there, for the Tennesseans whom we have lately obtained here as recruits.

**4 P. M.**—Have arrived, and am taken in a wagon to Shiloh church, near which place are the principal quarters of our regiment. Troops are encamped all along on both sides of this rough road, and seem quite at home enjoying themselves gaily in all sorts of innocent amusements. They look in far better health than our poor boys below. Whether they will, in consequence, *fight* better, remains to be proved. They did quite well yesterday, however, on a scout. They had been ordered to examine the road toward Corinth, and went so close to the enemy's pickets, unexpectedly, as to capture General Menks and his orderly sergeant, who were both snugly ensconced at the house of the former, they not having the slightest idea that the 5th O. V. C. were so close and so impudent as to lay their sacriligious hands on the sacred person of a great rebel general. They also obtained some forty-five bales of cotton, one ton of powder, some valuable fodder and grain; also a superb horse, owned by the aforesaid general, who can ride his *hobby* now in close quarters, rather than confinement to horse

flesh at large. Wonder whether he prefers a canter now on horseback or a decanter on foot.

The rebel general's house is a very fine looking domicile, and is well situated here in rebeldom. There are some fine looking females about the premises who seem to think too much of the position now occupied by them. One of the *ladies* was rather talkative at the time of our appearance; and very demonstrative in regard to morals possessed just then. One of our men seemed dry, and asking her, as she stood in a door, to please give him a drink of water, she, using chewing tobacco in manly style, sent a spit at him which struck his face so evenly and nicely that he thanked her for so much kindness in furnishing him a drink that she used herself, and went off amid the laughter of his companions and the jokes of his friends. This was all the trouble any of our boys had; however, in this scout, and they returned to their camp, shortly afterward, in great good humor.

Generals Grant and Sherman are both here, near to Shiloh church. The former is in command of us all, who amount to seventy thousand men now, and probably more. The steamer *Tigress* is the mail boat from Savanna to Pittsburg landing, and is now waiting at the latter place to bring General Grant back to the former place, where many pretty girls reside, some of whom made acquaintance with our leading officer when we first arrived. These pretty maids are sisters to a rebel officer, and, though they talk very well to our generals and their aides-de-camp, they believe in southern views more strongly than in Northern matters.

*March 25.*—To-day wrote to the *Cincinnati Times*, a good, a true, and well-liked paper. General Smith, reviewed several regiments this morning, and seemed greatly pleased with their appearance and performances. They were a splendid body of men truly, and he who can not view them with a glow of patriotic emotion filling his breast, must be either an imbecile or a traitor. Saw two or three pencil scratchers, on horses, taking notes. They seemed like crows in a spring cornfield—ready to peck but unable to find sufficient to feed on.

Returned by steamer to Crump's landing, which is becoming

unhealthy, as a day scarcely passes without lessening the number of our poor fellows. To-day I met a soldier, bareheaded and barefooted, weeping violently and wringing his hands in seeming despair. His only brother had just died in the pest-house, of small pox, and this devoted relative, who had waited news of him daily at the hospital door, had but now been told of his death. He seemed almost crazed, and his heart wrung groans and piteous exclamations would have drawn tears from the hardest hearted. We are making a grave yard in sight of the river, at the top of the landing, which is fast becoming of large extent. It was here the body of this young man's brother was placed.

To day three members of our battallion were captured near Adamsville, where they were standing guard, and the balance were compelled to retreat a short distance as the rebels were six to one of our cavalry; and they retreated, too, in a short time, as all our force went to hunt them up pretty soon afterward.

We have some geniuses in our company who are worthy of notice, and I shall treat of their peculiarities frequently. One of them, Patrick D——n by name, by birth a native of Connaught, is one of the humerous souls in our crowd, and creates many a laugh by his knave expressions and droll stories. His fund is never exhausted, and he rains the hot shot of wit upon us continually. He is a brave fellow, too, and cold as an icerberg under fire. Instance the other day when we had chased the rebel pickets into their camp; and there we stood upon the hill top watching their whole army as they came on at us in a double quick. Pat, whose horse is rather short in the fore legs, cried out as we started back:

"Well, boys, divil a day's luck iver I'll have after losing this fine chance at that rebel gineral there below."

"What chance?" asked one of us who "did n't see it."

"What chance, do ye ax me, is it," he exclaimed turning a laughing eye at all the company about him. "What chance, ye leprehauns; why thin I'll tell ye sihee ye are sich blind divils as not to see it yerselvés. You obsarve that rebel gineral coming up at us thin, do you? Very well! now look you adown

on this baste annunther me ; do ye see thim both ? You do ? Very well. Now if my horse, instead of being a half cousin or so, was a full blooded kangaroo, and I was down behind that cocked hat rebel villain, could n't I bate him siventy-five yards in a hundred up any hill in Ameriea ; an' take him, an' his soord, an' all that he has on him, as gay as he looks ? tell me that now."

And Pat looked triumphantly around him, as if to challenge a contradiction to his assertion, which no one venturing to offer, Pat clinched his argument by remarking :

“ From the lingth of a kangaroo's hind legs he'd be hard to navigate down a hill, but,” he added with emphasis, “ I'd defy the devil himself to a fair race *up* one.”

“ We have just had another grand review; this time the whole division is out, and a magnificent sight it is. What a fine array our one battallion of four hundred horsemen make at the head of this fine looking body of men. Then comes two batteries of guns, after which six regiments of infantry march around and do permanent duty to all received orders.

*March 29.*—Five hundred cavalry, called the Curtis horse, arrived yesterday from St. Louis, on the A. M. McDowell. They have been a short time at Fort Henry, and are well drilled men seemingly. One of them, a private soldier who seemed jovial over his advance into Rebeldom, so much so that he wrote home to the effect that when he next wrote home, his friends and neighbors had better be ready to remove to Dixie, as he already had a plantation, with a big stock of negroes, picked out for each of them ; that the unmarried young men had better remain so awhile, as the young secesh girls were fit to tie to and anxious to solve such knotty questions, and were willing to be obedient to any of the mudsill fellows who came on and offered themselves up without loss of time ; some, of the belles are seemingly quite willing to be wrung in, taken of joy at our approach, in some instances ; and in such cases, if true, if females were fortresses, a short siege and plenty of ammunition would be all the articles required to render them defenceless, and willing to immediately come to proper terms. So much for the Curtis horseman, who may be a logician or

otherwise; but "if so, why so?" as Captain Cuttle says in a wise way or remarkable manner.

Transportation here has become hard to obtain unless to particular persons; and those having control of these matters display considerable favoritism in many cases where it is neither requisite or desirable. It is sometimes called military necessity, etc. Bully for the necessities with shoulder straps; they sometimes talk as if becoming impoverished in the prosecution of this war. A special law for their benefit, and to secure their creditors, ought to pass both Houses without a dissenting voice, for their sure future and immediate good. "Let her rip; who's afeard!"

*March 30.*—Our boys are on picket duty every night, and are pretty severely tasked, having camp duty also to perform. The general routine is included in the following: 5 o'clock A. M.—We rise, wash, and prepare for roll call. 5.30.—Roll call, feed and curry horses. 6.—Breakfast, clean sabres, guns, pistols, accoutrements, etc. 10.—Drill on foot till 12. 2 P. M.—Company drill on horses until 4. 4.—Battallion drill. 5:30.—Dress parade, after which supper. These, together with other duties such as acting orderlies for general officers, obtaining provisions for the men and forage for the horses, keep us pretty busy, and leave us very little time we can call our own. We manage, however, to get through very well, and often with a degree of alacrity very commendable in newly raised troops.

*April 4, 1862.*—On account of illness my journal skips over the intervening week, nothing worthy of record has transpired, except a few slight skirmishes in which we have been but partially engaged. The recent boldness of the enemy seems to predict a warm future for us, and a strong determination on the part of the foe to contest our farther advance into the interior.

Our battallion is camped close to two great fighting regiments, the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana, whose morals are, by many said to be none of the best although their bravery is undoubted. The Eighth Missouri, especially, are, without doubt, as a body, pretty hard customers to deal with any way you take them; and are in no way tender in regard to

the feelings of others. They play poker with curious success all over the camp, and deplete the pockets of outsiders who engage them with cards or dice in short meter. A fellow belonging to the Eighth Missouri, a private, known among his comrades as "Red," (probably from the color of his hair,) was guilty of rather a mean trick to day in the presence of a crowd gathered around a chuckaluck board—and chuckled finely at his own meanness. A sick soldier, influenced by the pretended good luck of the "ropers in" around him, was induced to stake his little means on the figure six, and he *won*. Placing the whole amount in his vest pocket, he started away saying that now he could send his suffering wife and two children at home enough to keep them from starvation until next pay day. He was accosted by Red, who, failing to induce him to "try his luck again," deliberately robbed the poor fellow by picking his pockets and running off with his ill gotten booty; and this, too, in plain view of the congregated gamblers and lookers on present at the time and place. The plundered man immediately discovered his loss, and pursued the thief, who dodged behind a large sutler's tent, but was pointed out and stopped, when he boldly denied the theft, and pulling off his coat offered fight to this weak man, who was wholly unable to defend himself. Red being a sort of shoulder hitter by profession, and well known as such by all our army, of course bantered in vain, and so he got away. We never heard if the offender was brought to any account for this action, but do not think he was.

There are some gentlemen in the Eighth Missouri, who are much disgraced by having villains of this fellow's stamp in any way connected with them, and who would undoubtedly use every endeavor to bring to merited justice so mean a scamp; were the matter properly made known to them.

*April 5.*—There is a report current in camp to-day, that the secesh are in strong force between us and Corinth, and that our skirmishers have had several small fights in the last ten or twelve hours with the rebel advance guard. We wonder if it is possible they dare advance and attack us in force sufficient to give us all a chance for glory. We hope they will dare it, and receive their just desserts at our hands. We will *grant*

them the earliest opportunity they desire to try the "mudsills" on. The boast that one fire eater can whip five Yankees in a fair fight, includes, of course, all the men from the free States. We westerners, poor devils, being too insignificant in their estimation as soldiers, are not, of course, taken into any consideration by these heroes of the South; and the only reason why we have been so long permitted to desecrate the "sacred soil" with our hated presence, is probably because the chivalry, being naturally the politest, bravest, gayest, most heroic, generous, lively, whole-souled, truthful modest, and generally and promiscuously tremendous humorists a wondering, admiring world has ever humbly looked at from afar, are only waiting to send their Beau-regards to us ere they feast us on their butternuts. Their hospitality shall be reciprocated; let them supply the meal and we will furnish the dessert to them. Not to be outdone in politeness, we agree to accompany the gentlemen back to the place they came from, and attend to some of their affairs gratis. Let them come when they will, the sooner the better. The mudsills are quite anxious to tender them a grand reception, the warmth of which will probably surprise them, whether agreeably or otherwise this deponent sayeth not.

We were separated permanently from the first and second battallions of our regiment some time since, and we, the third battallion, are now with the brigade of General Lew. Wallace, with whom we have considerable duty to do. The men here continue to suffer from diarrhoea and fever, and are dying quite fast. We have not a sufficient force of doctors to attend to them, and no regular hospitals. Stores for the sick are likewise very scarce. If all the army is similarly fixed then our wonder will cease at so many fatal terminations to diseases which, under ordinary circumstances, are of easy cure. We should be supplied, by every loyal State, with a corps of nurses and such other necessaries as the sick require. It will be a sad hour to many a poor fellow who falls wounded on the field, unless we are supplied with these desirable articles. But no matter. We will leave our destinies to fate, and say no more in regard to this matter.

We started out this afternoon, and arrived at Adamsville, where, for the first time, we saw two or three pretty girls who reside in the place. They, on the occasion of our previous visit, being so shy or Unionistic that they would not show us how sweet and good looking they were. Now with the sweet —bitter also—predominating in their faces we escaped heart-whole.

The very handsomest girl, however, in this neighborhood is, I am happy to say, as strongly in favor of our noble cause as her female neighbors are opposed to it. Her brother joined our company some days since, and is as good a member as is in the company. His name is McQuirter. He has unfortunately been somewhat ill recently. To-day he was visited by his sister, Miss Mary, the young lady I speak of, which resulted in the unconditional surrender of all the unmarried young men's hearts who saw her. What a small thing will sometimes change a man's opinion. Yesterday our boys thought this part of Tennessee the vilest portion of the world, and swore they would not be compelled to live in it for the wealth of the Indies. To-day, since they saw one of the fairies of this wilderness, (Miss Mary,) they all, to a man, vow that a hut even here, with Miss Mary as the presiding deity, would be happiness beyond comparison, and an abode fit for nothing less than the gods.

Speaking of Miss McQuirter reminds us of the story of Kincaid's loss. He is a near neighbor to the father of the lass, and is the owner of a large flour mill in close vicinity. Kincaid has been badly treated by his rebel friends, and he determined shortly to cut his military acquaintances, one of whom, General Cheatham, (who seems, in this instance, to have been a cheat 'em by nature as well as by name,) certainly deserves this desertion by Kincaid. The facts in regard to the case are the following:

Kincaid, who was wealthy previous to the rebellion, used to be an intense fire eater. Since, and probably before, the war broke out, he not only voted for the ordinance of secession himself, but influenced others by every means in his power to do the same, and to swear to use all the means and money in

their command if necessary to support the cause. For this Kincaid received much praise and commendation at the time, and of course became a very distinguished person in the estimation of his fellow traitors. "Talk then was cheap," but Jack found out very soon that "it always takes money to buy whisky." The war first being off at a distance, he could talk and swagger away to his heart's content. Bye-and-bye, however, along comes General Grant and his patriotic forces to Pittsburg landing, and so, too, comes the rebel force under Cheatham, who encamped at a proper and safe distance from us, and in Jack Kincaid's close vicinity, which led to the thing about to be narrated here.

The rebels, it seems, fell somewhat short of flour and other necessaries of army life, shortly after their arrival, and so a couple of hundred of them paid the mill a visit in the absence of its owner, who was even then on his way to pay his respects to General Cheatham. The rebels, of course, thinking it all right, proceeded to lead their teams and horses with as much of so noble an adherant's flour, corn, and fodder as they could possibly carry away. With their forage they made off leisurely to their camps, exultant at the near prospect of so glorious a feed for man and beast, and gratified that they were the first recipients of the notable generosity of the amiable and devoted Jack. They were met on the road, however, by the owner, who, all unconscious of the wrong they had done him, and being highly pleased with the very favorable reception he had met with from their general, greeted them with a smile, and wished them every success in all their undertakings, and passed on unsuspectingly towards home, singing Dixie as he went. The tune was quickly changed when he arrived and was informed of what had happened during his absence. Jack, who was anything but pious, was said to be awful in his anger, and he fully sustained his reputation in this instance, as he was the author now of some twenty odd, and heretofore unheard, oaths, with unmentionable maledictions in his paroxysm of rage and despair.

Be this as it may, Jack, foaming with wrath, remounted his steed and bade his astonished friends prepare to hear of the

complete destruction of the whole plundering party on his return. He set spurs to his horse then, and never slackened his pace until he was again in front of Cheatham's headquarters and ordered to halt by the guard. Kincaid had no other idea but that this functionary, on being placed in possession of all the circumstances of the robbery, would order out all the offending party for immediate execution, and already saw, in imagination, the guilty scoundrels swept from the earth by the deadly volleys of their executioners.

Being politely invited into the presence of the general, he stated his grievance, interspersing his narrative with many of his irreverent coinages, and concluded by requiring immediate redress of his wrongs. This was promised him on the morrow by Cheatham, who pretended great and virtuous indignation, and declared the perpetrators unfit to exist, covered as they were with eternal, indellible infamy and shame in the eyes of the whole civilized world.

"To-morrow, my friend, to-morrow," said the general, and his eyes were trying to fill with sympathetic tears as he spoke. "Public and important business being less imminent to-morrow, I shall thoroughly sift this matter, and you shall have justice done you, though the heavens fall. Bring with you an estimate of your loss, and I shall feel only too much honored in covering it with Confederate bonds at six per cent. No thanks, my dear friend, and farewell until to-morrow."

Jack bowed gladly to this news, and, bidding the general a short farewell, mounted the old mare, highly elated at these promises and determined to swell the estimate to enormous proportions, in order to cover all after losses, and thus completely secure himself in any event.

Wonder if there are any patriotic gentlemen of this stamp on our side. We hope not.

While Kincaid was being congratulated on his return home by his friends, the object of his errand to Cheatham was being noised about the rebel camp; and had Jack known what was intended by them, if he kept his next day's appointment, he would scarcely have wasted the amount of paper and time he did that night on the estimate.

Next day, Kincaid taking with him a few friends whom he desired to have witness his triumph, proceeded gaily to his destination, and arrived as the rebel general was about to enjoy the noon meal. The grim chief seemed wholly taken by surprise at the uncalled for intrusion of his yesterday's friend, and asked in no very pleasant tone if it was expected by every one in general, and John Kincaid in particular, that he should deny himself the proper occasion of food, in order to hear the petty complaints of every trudge and trumper through the entire country.

Jack was thunderstruck, and made a meek reply, supposing it best under the circumstances; and so he handed to the scarless hero a formidable looking bundle of papers, muttering something about yesterday and the estimate.

"What estimate, and be d—d to you? Oh, I see. You are the same fellow who came to me yesterday, with a long string of lies about being robbed of property, which, according to your previous boasting, belonged to the Confederate government. You gave it, as you said, freely, and now you come to me with a whine about property. Away with you, sir, and think yourself fortunate that I allow you to depart unscathed. Do you think because you are a knave that I am consequently a fool? Guard, see these individuals beyond the lines. Mark this ruffian well, and, should he again enter them; hang him to the first tree without any ceremony, whatever."

Jack's woful appearance may be better imagined than described, as he was dragged, rather than led, through the rebel camp. He had not a word, to repel the upbraiding of the friends who came with him, and were as unceremoniously treated as himself by the chivalry of Camp-Cheat-'em. The Knight of the Dolorous Countenance never looked more chapfallen than did the owner of the mill on this occasion. He had learned a lesson, however, which he intended to profit by immediately, and thus partially consoling himself, he reached home a wiser, if not a better man.

John was not destined by fate to escape thus easily. He had left home with the estimate, but a short time, when a larger and more noisy body of soldiers than the first, arrived at his house,

which they ransacked of everything they could lay their hands on, and then departed leisurely, taking with them a splendid lot of cattle which the owner had, a short time previous refused a round sum for. The mill was also robbed of everything about it of any value, and Kincaid, on discovery of this heavy loss, was nearly crazed, and determined on a positive revenge which he is now accomplishing secretly, but through others who frequently give us good intelligence of every important matter they find out. Kincaid is no longer a favorer of secession, and has found out, when it is too late, which party respects men's rights. He knows now what a traitor has to expect from his fellow traitors.

We still remain at Crump's landing, and, except considerable scouting and two or three skirmishes, we have lain dormant, so far. The days move slowly, and our movements are, to use a railroad phrase, "behind time." Our hopes of ending this war in two or three months are not so flattering as we were led to believe, and this renders some of the home loving among us a little despondent; not of the eventual result, not through fear of any force the enemy may bring against us, but because everything seems to move along at a snail's pace; as if our leaders were anxious, for their own benefit, to prolong the strife until the nation demands action or the army becomes disgusted with the service. We do not expect to advance upon the foe for weeks to come, and "unless Mahomet comes to the mountain the mountain will not come to Mahomet." There may be strong reasons, however, for this inertness, and all may yet turn out right. Men of humble positions in the army are not so situated as to be able to judge correctly of military necessities, and therefore look more to effects than causes.

There are some happy fellows in camp to-day, notwithstanding its dull sameness, and we all manage in this way when we receive letters, as we have to-day, from our dear loved ones at home.

My dear wife and child are both enjoying good health, and think of the weary soldier afar in the enemy's land, surrounded with dangers, which their love magnifies into awful peril. Ah, who can tell what a thrill of joy swells through the breast of

the absent volunteer on the receipt of this sweet token of love from the beings most dear to him on this broad earth, and whom he may never be permitted to clasp in his fond embraces again. Oh, may He who rules the universe be propitious to them, and guard them from all harm.

How lovingly a fond wife writes! How naturally, how sweetly her affection breaks out when she says she is teaching our baby to say "papa;" when she desires, should I be taken ill, to have permission to come and nurse me back to health. Would this were according to our regulations, it would be the means of saving many lives. Ah, immortal and ever blessed Florence Nightinale, would that others could appreciate the value of your sweet ministrations in the Crimea, and form an idea of the sacrifice you made in exchanging home and home comforts for the disagreeable, the miserable accommodations of camp life. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall have their reward.

*7 o'clock P. M.*—Some of our scouts report the enemy approaching our lines in force. It is generally disbelieved, and a feeling of security prevails in our whole army. The tatoo is warning us that the hour of retiring to rest is at hand, and we all seek repose to dream of home and happiness.

Previous to blowing out our lights some of the boys were engaged in fortune telling, and Corporal K. seemed the most fortunate hearer of all engaged. A young lady was described as being lovely and in love with some one in the army. In consequence of this he sat down and wrote her a letter immediately, pretending fascination on his part, and desiring to know if he was not the most fascinating fellow living; and whether or not he was the person whom she most desired for a companion in this life, and if she would not have himself alone as soon as the war is ended. Having finished this love letter, the light was put out, and the corporal had to retire immediately too.

*Sunday, 7 o'clock A. M.*—The scouts were right. The enemy have approached this morning, and attacked our left and center at Pittsburg landing, five miles above here. We see the smoke of battle, and have heard the roar of artillery, and the crack of

musketry, which for the last hour have been almost countinous. Our boys are urged to a hasty breakfast, as the order to advance may be given at any moment. There is great excitement and strong anxiety to take part in the fight manifested by the troops, who will move on with alacrity the moment the order is given. May they win honor to themselves and glory to the country, we solemnly pray the Ruler of all things. The firing is now warmer than ever, report following report in rapid succession, and the fight seems gradually tending toward this point.

11 o'clock A. M.—The firing has never slackened since we heard it first this morning, and it is now one continuous roar without cessation or interval, approaching here slowly but surely. Our division has just received orders, and is being formed into line as quickly as possible.

General Lew. Wallace is everywhere, overseeing, giving orders, and urging haste with that calmness and self-possession which proclaims the energetic, able commander. The men, relying on their own courage and the capacity of their leader, "fall in" with great alacrity. General Grant passed up to the scene of conflict half an hour since on the flag ship, the steamer *Tigress*.

Straggling parties of our men are now coming in here at Crump's landing, where none but our sick have been since Wallace departed, half an hour ago. These last arrivals say they have just been driven from the battle-field by the enemy, who are represented as being one hundred thousand strong, headed by Johnson, Beauregard, Price, Bragg, Cheatham, Polk, and others. These men who fled from the battle are generally bareheaded, barefooted, and without arms of any kind, having lost them in swimming Snake creek, which is between here and Shiloh church.

2 o'clock P. M.—There are representatives of a dozen regiments engaged in the terrific combat going on so near us, now here, who number at least one thousand five hundred men. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Missouri are represented by these fleeing cowards, who assert with great positiveness that all our troops are nearly cut to pieces, and therefore incapable of much longer withstanding the terrific assaults of so large a

force of the enemy. Some of them assure us that they are the last and only living members of their regiments which were so well filled lately. All declare themselves completely taken by surprise while engaged at breakfast, only escaping capture by flying when their ammunition was all expended.

4 P. M.—The fury of the tremendous conflict is still unabated, and seems to be changing its location towards the river, where but one of our regiments is stationed with the tents. Now our two gunboats, the Tyler and Lexington, seem also to have become engaged. They have been firing for an hour. So the rebels must have driven us from our camps towards Pittsburg landing. Can it be possible that they have done so, and nearly whipped us? No! let us never believe a traitor horde capable of even partially defeating us in a fair field. The wounded are now coming in here in large numbers, the ambulances conveying those who are unable to walk. Some can hobble along alone, while others require the assistance of their comrades. They all represent the rebels as being masters of the principal portion of our camp, and, of course, having the best of the battle so far.

We have a very nicely built hospital boat here, which is becoming crowded with our wounded. Two excellent surgeons are on board, engaged in the faithful discharge of all those duties which the condition of their patients devolve upon them. All of the transports and boats with provisions, which, since our arrival, have been at Pittsburg, are now moving down towards Savanna, some of them carrying large numbers of our wounded. They do not stop here, but inform us that reinforcements are arriving where they are moving to; that Buell's army will be up very soon, and that Nelson's men will be first on the battle field. We see on the opposite side of the river a cavalry force going down, who belong to Ohio, and are going to Savanna in order to come over to the fight immediately. We trust soon to be in sight of Buell's whole army, and drive then the enemy before us.

Buell's arrival has saved us, certainly; for otherwise the rebel army had been stronger and much more healthy than ours.

General Grant was with his aids at a secesh house, ten miles from his army, when the fight commenced. There are said to be some handsome dam(n)sel(l)s there, whose brother is a rebel officer, and who are, and have been, apparently such good sound Unionists that our general thought them all right. But they probably sent what news they heard to their brother, and it was thus, mayhap, the secesh army moved toward as and came so near whipping us.

I was this afternoon put in possession of a romance which this war has already developed to within a single act of its denouement. When James C., 72d Ohio, reached the barge he pointed out to me Henry M., one of his comrades in his own company, and then proceeded to tell me "the story of their love." It seems that these two young men had for some time been rivals for the affections of an angel in calico who resided in their neighborhood. The young lady in question was a sound "Unionist," but had declared for "secession" unless the other "sovereign" had proved his courage and his patriotism on his country's battle fields; that, hereafter, no home-staying suitor need trouble her with his presence; cowards were more hateful to her than crawling reptiles; our country in this, her hour of extremest peril, needed every brave heart and strong arm to meet and drive back the most dangerous foe who had ever attempted her destruction, and finished by saying:

"Who defends America defends America's daughters; who fights for one fights for both. If both are not worth fighting for neither is worth having."

James and Henry, both of whom were postponing their enlistment only to urge, each for himself, that she would permit him to carry to the tented field, through all his duties as a soldier, on his lonely guard-beat, in the hour of battle, the happy consciousness that *one* heart beat quicker, *one* face shone brighter, *one* eye looked clearer, when *his* name was mentioned by the furloughed comrade or the army correspondent of the home paper, immediately joined the 72d Ohio. They arrived here about as good friends as men usually are, under such circumstances. Both entered the battle to-day, and, with the first order, each solemnly vowed to do his whole duty, to outdo the

other in bravery, and "to win the lady or the grave." They were placed conspicuously, and fought like heroes, until Henry was struck down by a ball in the hip, when James, forgetful of self, forgetful of past rivalry, penetrated by that generous emotion which is always a distinguishing characteristic of the true soldier, sprang to the assistance of his *now* friend, raised him in his arms, and was in the act of carrying him to the shelter of a neighboring tree, when he was himself the recipient of a rebel bullet which rendered his left arm powerless. Still he struggled on, carrying his friend on his back and supporting him there with his right arm, a noble example of heroic fortitude. As if to increase his difficulties their brigade was compelled to fall back before the wounded heroes reached the friendly tree. With renewed efforts James cheerfully bent to his difficult task, and triumphantly bore his comrade from the field of carnage, safely arriving here an hour or two ago, and both are now on the hospital boat, from whence, it is to be hoped, they will be sent home on a furlough to remain until they recover. In this eventful little drama there is but one more act in two scenes: Scene first: The Choicee. Scene second: The Marriage. Which of the two heroes will be "the choicee" it is hard to say. One thing, however, we wish we could whisper into the ear of the fair cause of their trouble; either of them is worthy to mate with the fairest, the wisest, the best of the daughters of the land.

Our division under Wallace, which left here about 1 P. M., are not yet engaged. It is to be hoped they will get into the action pretty soon, and then give the enemy harder work for their impatient delay. The heroic 11th and 24th Indiana; the 8th Missouri, whose fame is world-wide, and the 58th Ohio, which has already made a proud record, form part of this force. If they can not whip double their number of rebels I am laboring under the greatest mistake I ever made in all my life.

We unfortunates on the sick list are compelled to guard the company stores while our more fortunate comrades win glory on the bloody field. Were we permitted we are anxious to be with them, but, as this is against orders, we must resign

ourselves to submit and obey. Some of us have asked our first lieutenant to let us go, but he, under the circumstances, thinks the few well men remaining with the sick are at their proper posts. Our battalion, commanded by Major Hayes, is out guarding a number of wagons which left here to bring in forage and provisions to our departed division. They will do their whole duty to their country, although they are only armed with sabres. The few pistols we have, Josselyn's patent, are patently worthless, and refuse to fire at a foe; they are consequently only dangerous to their owners. Who is to blame for this? No one, of course. But feeling ourselves fighting in a just cause, we will permit none to exceed us in the faithful discharge of our whole duty under all circumstances.

*6 o'clock P. M.*—The fire has somewhat slackened in the last half hour, and, except the discharge of heavy guns from our gunboats, has nearly ceased altogether. Buell has arrived with a large portion of his force, and has crossed over to the scene of action. A large portion of them is visible going, on the opposite side of the river, to Savanna to obtain transportation. A number of transports which passed down to-day, some of them nearly empty, are now returning, filled to their utmost capacity with glorious soldiers, who rend the sky with cheers as they pass up to their destination.

*That* does not look as if we were beaten yet awhile, although some of the steamers stopping their engines at our hail, report our being driven clear to the river, where the gunboats are even now protecting our retreat. From all we can see and hear, here can be no doubt that the gunboats have saved our out numbered, wearied army from annihilation. A grateful country will reward their services, we all firmly trust and believe.

The rebels seem to have advanced last night to within two miles of our pickets so silently that our sleeping sentinels knew nothing of the matter, until they were cut down or captured by the enemy in the morning, who followed the advantage so quickly that a part of our forces, especially the brigades of Generals Prentiss and Sherman, were cut up or captured before they had a chance to defend themselves. General Prentiss was particularly unfortunate, as he and nearly his entire com-

mand were captured in the very first onset. Under these circumstances, though there is much fault somewhere, the *men* are not so much to blame as was at first supposed. Oppose any body of men to a fully accoutred army of disciplined troops, let them be taken by surprise, and they will do no better than this army, many of whom have been spoken of so slightly. The fault lies not with the men, but with those having command of them. The officers who ordered the men to save themselves as best they could, soon after the first charge was made upon them, were far more cowardly than words can tell. The idea of permitting guards to sleep at improper periods is a manifest injustice, both to themselves and those over whose safety they are supposed to watch. It has been said, and somewhat truly too, that a greater coward or scoundrel never existed, than he who permits others to do as much infamy as he is guilty of himself at all times. To allow guards to sleep at such a time was attributable to some of their officers; and that such fellows are permitted to remain in the service is reprehensible in the extreme. Yet some of them will retain their commissions, and, cowards as they are and always will be, will feel themselves forgotten and neglected if they are not promoted. Major Ricker, in command of our first battalion, must know several of them, because when he drove the cowards of our army from the river whither they had fled this afternoon, the officers there pretended that it was sickness that affected them, and represented themselves as unfit for further service at the present time. The next fight we engage in we will dress part of the shoulder strap gentry in petticoats, and leave them in camp to wash the linen for the high privates, while the latter will do a great deal better fighting without them.

**8 o'clock P. M.**—It is thought that the enemy, if they have reliable intelligence of our numbers, and the large amount of commissary stores remaining here, may send a brigade in this direction before morning. We scarcely believe this, however, since they must be aware of the large reinforcements we are still receiving at Pittsburg. Their generals are too well skilled to divide their forces now to accomplish such an object,

for, if they beat us again to-morrow, they will capture them without any additional risk to themselves. Yes, if they whip us again to-morrow they ~~can~~ have them. But, Wallace and Buell will have something to say and do to them that will make their hearts ache. If thirty-five thousand taken by surprise can contest the field with eighty or one hundred thousand rebels for twelve hours, what will not our tried heroes do with them to-morrow, under the leadership of such men as Rousseau, Wallace, Nelson, and Sherman. Ah, if they only remain on the field till to-morrow the Republic is safe and the war will be much sooner ended.

*April 7.*—Glory to God! the enemy is still on the ground, and the contest is renewed. Now, gallant patriots, to your posts, and show them that you will not only “scotch the snake of rebellion,” but crush it. Be your arms nerved and your hearts determined this day by the justness of your cause. Let every man but do his duty, and victory, glorious victory, can not fail to perch upon our standard.

Generals Nelson, McCook, and Crittenden, of Buell’s army, commanding the second, fourth, and fifth divisions thereof, are going to do good service now. They enter this morning’s engagement first.

Five of our divisions, under McClemand, W. H. L. Wallace, Hurlburt, Sherman, and Prentiss, were pretty badly used yesterday. The sixth, under Prentiss, is about gone, and those under Sherman and Hurlburt have lost a great many. McClemand and W. H. L. Wallace are also severe losers, the numbers in killed, wounded, and missing being about two thousand each.

Having ascertained our plans, the secesh generals struck at a time when such a blow was not expected. They thought to surprise us with an overwhelming force, and, by creating a sudden panic among our divisions, drive us into the river. That this was their great design, their silent advance night before last, and their sudden attack yesterday morning, clearly proves. Sherman’s and Hurlburt’s divisions were attacked near Shiloh church, they being the left wing, and the first engaged; their losses were consequently severe. It was here that Water-

house's and Taylor's batteries opened on the rebel forces, and their fire across an open field became general. The enemy then left flanked Sherman, and drove Prentiss partly to the rear. He fell back about 9 o'clock A. M. Appler's and Munger's regiments, under Colonel Hildebrand, then left the batteries of Waterhouse and Taylor and also retreated, Waterhouse losing three of his guns. Taylor's battery, still at Shiloh, was ordered to fall back on the Hamburgh road, which it did safely, accompanied by McDowell's and Buckland's forces. Captain Behr's battery was all lost near by, the men flying from their guns on the approach of the enemy. McDowell and Buckland joined McClelland on the right, by orders, at about 10 A. M.; and all our camps on the left were soon after taken possession of by the enemy. Previous to this, General Hurlburt had received orders, and advanced the second brigade, under Colonel Veatch, to the left of Sherman, which went into action immediately on its arrival, and fought as well and hard as any force on earth could do. They were the 25th Indiana, and the 14th, 15th, and 46th Illinois.

These men formed in line of battle, and, moving on to the attack, met Sherman's flying men on the roads along the routes for miles. They had been completely surprised by the enemy's attack, and strewed their blankets, knapsacks, and guns along the route as they fled. The men in the second brigade tried hard to stem the tide of battle, but, as everything was breaking up around them, they could not stand the destructive fire of the rebels for any length of time unless at the expense of total annihilation. They poured in a few well directed volleys, and then reluctantly retreated, firing as they fell back. Their loss was quite heavy, as nearly all their field officers were killed or wounded.

Hildebrand's forces were evidently poor fighters in this instance, as they flinched in a short time under the appalling fire sent into them. It is said of them by a writer that "they had no stomach for a fight, since no command or entreaty of officers —no appeal to their patriotism or to their sense of shame—no taunts of cowardice or threats of disgrace could call them again into action." They drifted through the lines of Hurlburt

and McCleernand, and for the remainder of the day sought and found safety and repose under the river bank, some taking logs and drowning in the attempt to swim the river; the balance only waiting an opportune moment to seize the transports which had gone down to Savanna.

About 10:30 A. M., the enemy made a furions attack upon General McCleernand's whole line; but a brigade under McDowell came up, and, attacking the left flank of the secession army, forced them back some distance for a time, probably four or five hours; and then our men, taking cover of a wooded valley and some fallen timber in the rear, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing ground, were finally compelled to retreat. The almost deafening roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the bursting of shells, the whir-r-r-r of cannon balls, and the zip, zip, zi-i ip of bullets were all that could be heard at the time, and plainly showed that the contest on both sides was for victory or death.

In extenuation of the conduct of Sherman's men, he has said that his division was made up of new regiments, nearly all of whom received their arms at Paducah, Kentucky. None of them had ever been under fire before, or beheld heavy columns of an enemy bearing down upon them, as they did yesterday. The general did not expect the coolness or steadiness of older troops, under the circumstances, nor did other persons; and they would be all right with a little experience. Hurlburt's division, which was in reserve, saved Sherman and Prentiss by solidly keeping the ranks of his first and third brigades in front, after he received the request to assist them; which he did with the 41st, 28th, and 32d Illinois, and 3d Iowa. The 31st and 44th Indiana, and the 17th and 25th Kentucky regiments, and the first and second battalions of the 5th Ohio volunteer cavalry, together with the batteries of Mann and Ross, the 2nd Michigan, and Myers's 13th Ohio battery, drew near the left of Prentiss; but his regiments drifted through our advance. Prentiss made strong efferts to stop their retreat, and at last succeeded in rallying a large portion of his men. They redeemed their honor by maintaining the line they now formed, and remained near Hurlburt's third and fighting brigade.

Shortly before this, however, Myers's 13th Ohio battery was deserted by the officers and men belonging to it. It is to be hoped that for this contemptible piece of cowardice, they will at the earliest practicable moment after the close of this battle, be tried and receive the death penalty so richly merited by them.

Ross's battery lost many men here, and was ordered to the rear, when Mann's battery, maintaining its fire very steadily, sent shot and shell into the enemy's ranks, and kept its position with great firmness until all were compelled to retreat to the river.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, Mr. Spenceer, wrote a full account of yesterday's battle, and, for the purpose of telling more than I, or any other participant, can know about it, and, at the same time, to place one of his highly interesting letters here, I have left this place open in my diary. I have seen the writer frequently. He is a gentleman well liked by us all, and is the correspondent of a paper we highly prize:

"With the first demonstration of the enemy upon the left wing, it was to be seen that all the fury was being poured out upon it, with the determination that it should give way. For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, and I could liken the explosion of the small arms to nothing save a canebrake in a conflagration. The Mississippi riflemen, a large and well organized body of good marksmen and desperate men, fought with a valor that was only equalled by those who received their unerring fire, and returned it with an energy which assured them that many of those who had received the fire at Fort Donelson were in the ranks before them.

"In this quarter it seemed, for the period of nearly an hour, that the enemy would succeed in driving our forces. Three different times they drove our men slowly before them until they came in sight of the river, and were plainly visible to all on the main landing below. Up to 3 o'clock, it will be remembered, the battle raged with a fury which defies description. At all points the rebels found every effort to break our lines unavailing. They had striven to drive in our main columns,

and, finding that impossible, had turned all their strength upon the left wing. Foiled in that quarter, they now made another attack upon the center and fought like tigers. They found our lines well prepared for, and in anticipation of their coming; every man at his post, and all waiting to bring the contest to a definite conclusion.

“In hourly expectation of the arrival of the forces under Generals Nelson and Thomas, who were at Savanna and to whom messages had been sent, (a fact as well known to the secessionists as to ourselves,) they made every effort to rout our forces before these reinforcements could come forward. They were, however, fighting against a wall of fire and steel, manned by as brave hearts as ever smelled gun powder. Volley answered to volley, and for a time the battle of the morning was re-enacted over the same ground, and with the same vigor on both sides.

“At five o’clock there was a short cessation in the firing of enemy, their lines falling back in the center for the distance, perhaps, of nearly a mile. They then suddenly wheeled, and again threw their whole force upon the left wing, determined to make the final struggle of the day in that quarter. The gun-boat Lexington, in the meantime, had arrived from Savanna, and after sending a messenger to General Grant to ascertain in which direction the enemy then lay from the river, the two boats took position about half a mile above the landing and poured their shell up a deep ravine, reaching the river to the right. The shots were thick and fast, and told with thrilling effect.

“In the meantime, General Wallace had taken a circuitous route from Crump’s landing, and appeared suddenly on the right wing of the enemy. In face of this combination of circumstances, the rebels felt that their enterprise was, for the day, a failure, and, as night was about at hand, fell back, fighting as they went, until they reached an advantageous position somewhat in the rear, and yet occupying the main road to Corinth.

“The gunboats continued to send their shell after them until they were entirely out of reach. Thus ends an outline of the battle of the first day.”

Mr. Spencer made but one mistake in this letter, which was in regard to the arrival of General Wallace. His guide lost the way and he did not arrive until after dark. But to-day he is there, and has just gone into the fracas. We have full intelligence of the battle from wounded officers who are constantly coming in to the now over-crowded hospitals. This morning, if permitted, we design going to the immediate scene of action. It was General W. H. L. Wallace whose division had arrived; so, after all, the only error of the correspondent was in omitting the initials which distinguish the two Wallaces. Generals W. H. L. Wallace and McArthur were mortally wounded in their attack on the enemy's right, but they succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay until the day's battle was over. When they fell Colonel Tuttle took the command. McClelernand's forces distinguished themselves by the brilliant part they took in the engagement. In fact, nearly all our men fought nobly throughout the battle. The Illinois regiments, especially the 14th, and the 25th Indiana and 5th O. V. C. partly saved us from destruction yesterday. The skill of the rebel generals had nearly defeated us, driving us toward the river, at about 4 P. M. It was now that McClelernand did so well, causing charges by noble western soldiers which kept at bay the secesh Tigers, Avalanches, Zouaves, Gladiators, and Invincibles, who attacked us, and caused the bloodiest battlefield the Union ever had since it was formed.

An observer of the contest thus writes in regard to this terrible battle :

"Each man fought as if success or defeat depended on his own right arm; and charge after charge was made upon the rebels to regain the ground we had lost. They stood firm as a rock; and though our artillery often swept down their ranks and left fearful gaps in their columns, they manifested no trepidation, nor did they waver for a moment. The living supplied the place of the dead; the musket that had fallen from a lifeless hand was seized at once, and the horrid strife swept on as before. The force of the enemy appeared increasing, and where the greatest havoc was made, there the strongest opposition was shown. Hand to hand to hand contests were innu-

merable. Every struggle was for life. Quarter was asked on neither side, and the ground drank up the blood of hundreds of brave fellows every hour. Men lost their semblance of humanity, and the spirit of the demon shone in their faces; there was but one desire, and that was to destroy; there was little shouting; the warriors were too much in earnest; they set their teeth firm, and strained every nerve to its utmost tension. Death lost all its terrors, and men seemed to feast upon the sight of blood."

On the next day, our reinforcements having come up, as I stated before, we shortly after daylight re-commenced the fight; our division, under Lew. Wallace, taking the right, and forming the right wing. Buell's division took the left, upon which the rebel artillery first opened fire. Both sides were soon engaged here; but the advantage was with us. The greatest number of rebel infantry were, however, gathered in strong force upon our right wing, in order to fall upon that and drive Wallace from his position. He drove back the rebels, using Thompson's and Thirber's batteries, and halting on a bluff to await the appearance of Sherman for a co-operation to recapture our camp that was taken yesterday. Sherman had gone to McClermand, however, and soon Wallace changed front, and, being protected by Snake creek, half-wheeled the whole division, the first brigade occupying the strip of woods near the battery commanded by Thirber, and which Thompson had occupied while his ammunition lasted.

The rebels now made an attack, but were quickly driven back by the 8th Missouri, who sent a fire at them, which caused their immediate flight, our regiment suffering but little. The rebels were in the woods principally, having been driven there by our first and second brigades, who held for some time all of their positions in front of the woods. Our left, then under General Sherman, advanced, covered by Lieutenant Wood's Chicago light artillery, and gained McClermand's old camp on the road to Corinth. It was here that Buell's veterans were met by them, and gave them a confidence previously unpossessed, and they entered the hitherto dreaded woods, a portion under McCook and Rousseau, and soon sent the enemy, under Beaure-

gard, Polk, Bragg, and Breckinridge, flying. This was about the center, and it was here that McCook's division did its best fighting, driving the enemy back the way they came, from the center of the field of battle which they stole along to on yesterday.

Hurlburt, on the left, was also doing good service at this time near McClelland, and while successfully engaged in stopping a flank movement of the enemy, held their ground until all the firing ceased. Lew. Wallace, having forced the enemy on the right, pushed on his columns until the rebel cavalry, in strong force, tried to cut our right flank, but were soon driven off by a part of the 1st Nebraska, 23d and 11th Indiana, and the 20th, 28th, 58th, 76th, and 78th Ohio.

When we entered the woods we did not stop, but drove them on, while Beauregard was trying, by all the eloquence of which he was master, to stop the retreat of his flying troops, but all in vain.

At 4 P. M. the contest was raging in every direction, until at last the enemy, being driven at all points, were routed; and our men rent the sky with their cheers, making the welkin ring again as they joyously engaged in the eager pursuit. Buell drove the enemy's right wing. While our division were driving the left the secesh fled to their camps, which were two miles beyond ours, and were, previous to yesterday's fight, occupied by General Sherman. Terrill's and Mendenhall's batteries attacked them near this camp, taking many pieces of their artillery and partially causing their final defeat. Their resistance here was determined and obstinate, until they were broken by Rousseau's brigade. They were then completely repulsed on our center and right, and General McClelland's headquarters retaken by his forces. The enemy fled through the open fields and only reformed when they reached the woods beyond. They had been fighting desperately all along our lines, and many of our boys having discharged all their ammunition we spent quite a while in completely exhausting and driving the enemy before us. The rebels tried to increase the vigor of their resistance then, but to no purpose; for, Rousseau's brigade being again supplied with ammunition, our whole force advanced, and the

result was a quick retreat of the enemy in every direction. Beauregard made every endeavor, by appeal, by command, by the most reckless exposure of his person along the entire line, to stay the retreat of his troops; but every effort was in vain, and his men all fled hastily and in dire confusion along the Corinth roads.

The nature of our pursuit was feeble, as the direction to move was poor, and our cavalry movements were feeble, and our harrassing for a time somewhat restrained; our pursuit, therefore, for a mile or two was comparatively useless. The topography of the country was so little known that it was considered hazardous to penetrate into the enemy's ranks. The neglect of our generals in not acquainting themselves with the nature and character of the ground over which the retreat and pursuit was to take place was, to say the least, unfortunate in the extreme. But for this act of carelessness our great triumph would have been greater still, resulting, instead of in a mere route, in a complete surrendar of the entire rebel army and the immediate capture of Corinth with the immense stores of supplies that were there.

Many have written home about this battle, who say that previous to this day's fight, they expected failures in regard to conquest, as we were far from being as numerous or as well posted as the enemy. This, however, has proved a grand mistake, although we were not, like some of the enemy, residents near the place where we fought at. We trust to meet the rebel scoundrels soon, and give them all they deserve. May they never gain a success.

*April 8.*—On this eventful morn, I, in company with two others, started, with our lieutenant's consent, from Crump's landing to the field of battle, in order to find our third battalion which was reported near or beyond Shiloh church. An hour's hasty riding brought us to the field near Pittsburgh landing. All along the road two-thirds of the houses have raised a white flag to show their peaceful intentions toward the victors on either side; whether or not they were Unionists we care but very little.

The battle field is some four or five miles in length, and, in

many places, over a mile in width. This is nearly all covered with dead, the rebels being as many as five to one. There are articles of many kinds, such as carbines, guns, ammunition, artillery, wagons, and horses, laying all around through the field, some of which have been picked up by many of our own men of small regiments, and taken by various quartermasters.

The unfaltering heroism of a great many of our Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa, and Michigan boys, was very remarkable yesterday, and their losses very severe, for which we all trust their country will do them honor; and remember that they fought the same ground over several times, against majorities of the enemy, who, enthusiastic as they often are, were finally compelled to retreat, and left everything in our hands.

The field was covered with bodies lying dead all over it. In digging the graves there were frequently over one hundred bodies, principally rebels, placed in one hole, their dead being at least three to one of ours. There was scarcely a place upon the whole field upon which many dead were not lying and our men digging their graves; in one of which nearly two hundred bodies were placed. Near this, on the limb of a large tree, was a portion of the leg of an artillerist, which was taken down and interred. This was close to the place where General Grant sat upon his horse about 4 P. M. on Sunday, and where Captain Carson, our scout, was killed, and several others were wounded; and to the left of where Sherman, had his head not been somewhat lowered, would also have received a fatal wound. There was scarcely a tree about here which had not from one to twenty holes in it, most of them made by cannon balls and many of them by large shot. To the left of this also Hurlburt came near having his life terminated by a rebel bullet.

Here my two companions separated from me, and I made off for Shiloh church, where it was represented our battalion had gone, in order to do more service, if necessary. As I went along I saw rebel wagons, caissons, and dead horses in large numbers, lying, with tents and sutler's boxes, in all directions. I hastened on, until at last I found our men formed in line of

battle in front of Sherman's division. Shortly after my arrival we were ordered to advance, and just then the 71st Ohio was attacked by rebel cavalry, and were compelled, with many killed and wounded, to retreat. Then we received orders to advance, with the third battalion of the 11th Illinois cavalry a mile or so behind us, in order to prevent the enemy from making an attack on our rear; and if they were near us to fight them and capture all we could.

We started along the main Corinth road. Instead of going one mile we went out six, without discovering, until we reached a creek, the cavalry we were after. Here they had burned the bridge and we could go no further. We formed a line of battle in order to cause a melee, to no purpose, however, as we only captured a black servant, with the horse of a rebel captain, at the place. We went far beyond where we were ordered to, contrary to the vehemently expressed wishes of the commander of the 11th Illinois, who was with us. But Major Hayes of ours was determined on a fracas and promotion, if possible; and so all had to follow and do as he deemed best. We liked it finely, but we unexpectedly returned without a battle, as we were sure we would have before we reached our camps once more.

Along our course there were many small rebel camps on either side of the road, and some four miles out was a large hospital full of rebel wounded, and several physicians attending on them. These we did not trouble. I notice and record all these little facts, because I am corresponding with a paper, and have engaged to write one letter a week while I am in the service.

After returning I was compelled to go back to Crump's landing, where I arrived about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. There I was compelled, by orders, to remain with our sick, a large number of whom were in bed in their tents. The men who left the battle field on Sunday and came here flying, were compelled to return by their officers. There were 5,000 of them, most of whom were arrant cowards, well deserving the halter. Not satisfied with derserting their comrades in the hour of danger, they hid in the woods when they were sought for.

*April 10.*—Major Hurst is raising a regiment of his neighbors and friends, and has some two hundred men, who are in tents, and receive clothing and provisions from us, but, as yet, no horses, as these animals are scarce at present. They seem resolved to be firmly in favor of our Union cause, and are, generally, large, stout men.

The weather is quite good now; the sun shines pleasantly, and birds and snakes are plentiful. A good many deaths are taking place at this period, and our graveyard, on top of the hill near the river, is becoming quite large. Colonel Canbry, of the 72d Ohio, and others who were brought here wounded, have expired. Colonel Canbry was shot through the breast. His wife, on a visit to him, only arrived after he died. We have many wounded in hospital from this 72d Ohio, also of the 48th, 54th and 57th Ohio; the 11th, 15th, 40th, and 61st Illinois. Colonel Moore, of the 61st, is killed and the major wounded. The 6th Iowa, the 21st and 25th Missouri have also some of their wounded here. Boats filled with soldiers keep coming up the river and pass us here, cheered and wished all kinds of good luck after their arrival at Pittsburg landing.

*April 13.*—This morning a colonel of our army commanding two regiments near Adamsville, four miles from here, has sent in asking us to bring out one hundred cavalry, in order to capture several rebel officers, who are now at home, between him and Purdy, and obtain all the news for him we can. This we can not do, as our battalion has been gone several days to the advance of Grant's forces. We raised ten men, however, and, although our first lieutenant was at first opposed to so few of us going to do such perilous work, he at last consented, and out we went to the colonel who sent for a hundred of us, and from him received the loan of guns and the order not to go very far with so few men. We started on the Purdy road, and at Adamsville captured John Combs, a rebel adjtnt, whom I sent by one of our men back to the colonel under whose orders we were acting. We immediately started on again, and searched some of the houses as we went along, in order to find rebels or arms. In a house about three miles beyond Adamsville we found a dying rebel soldier, who began to weep as we entered;

seeing that he was nearly gone, we left there, and again starting out, we saw some three or four men riding up the way we were going, and we halted in order to attack and destroy them provided they were secessionists. They proved to be Major Hurst, Mr. Browning, and members of our regiment; and as they advised, we started to Purdy, in order to capture all the rebel officers, residents of the place, who were at home. The principal portion of the secesh army had gone to Corinth, in fear that we would attack this place as soon as we could. In giving this advice and proffering his assistance to carry it out, Major Hurst proved himself to be a very daring person; for, it will be remembered, Purdy is the town whence he had been driven shortly after the beginning of the war. He knew what to do and when to do it, and we gladly went through the woods and creeks, with bridges destroyed, until we arrived at the top of the hill, a mile from the town. There we halted to observe all we could, in every direction, and to obtain Major Hurst's order how to proceed. We asked the men with us if they were willing to enter the place, and they all decided on going if Hurst wished them to do so.

One half were ordered to a colonel's residence, at the left end of Main street, and the rest, seven of us, to enter at the other end of the same street, and capture another rebel officer who lived in a beautiful large white house. Mr. Browning formerly resided near this house, and, under his guidance, we soon came to it. Our search proved unavailing, however, for we found only women there, one of whom, the wife of the owner, stated that her husband had gone to Corinth, under orders from General Beauregard, and adding an expression of pretended regret that Americans were now fighting each other and destroying the whole nation. The colonel at the other end of the street was gone also, and we went where we had agreed to meet, out toward Bethel, four miles from Purdy, to search another rebel officer's house. On the way we saw a horseman, mounted on a mule, who dismounted on seeing us and endeavored to escape by taking to the woods. We outran him, however, and had a good laugh at our own and his expense, for he proved to be a good fellow and a neighbor of Hurst's, at Purdy. He gave us

some good intelligence, and pointed out a place where, by remaining a few minutes, we captured a covered wagon containing two men, one of whom, Boyle, a rebel bridge burner, we made a prisoner.

Shortly after this we started back to our camp, now forty miles distant, by another route, for the purpose of collecting any information that might be of value to our forces, and, at the same time, capture Colonel Massingill and others, who were then said to be at home, and were supposed to have a few men with them, all of whom we could take as prisoners as soon as we arrived. A few miles brought us near Massingill's house, which stood on top of a hill. At the foot of this, in obedience to Hurst's "Column, gallop! March!" we dashed forward and, in a very few minutes, ten of us entered the house. While I, assisted by one of the men, was searching the rooms, up stairs and down, I heard the report of a pistol outside. I immediately left searching, and heard the crying of Massingill's wife and children as I went out to ascertain the cause of the shooting. When I got beyond the door, I saw a negro woman, who told me that she had informed my men that her master was hid in a corn crib, and that he had been shot because he would not come out when ordered to do so. I proceeded to the corn crib, where I found Massingill, who was shot near and below the elbow. The shot had been fired by order of Major Hurst. It was hard to do, yet it could not be avoided, for the colonel should have come out when twice ordered to do so. Taking one of his horses out of the stable, and fixing up his arm as well as possible, we mounted him and brought him along as a prisoner.

Shortly after this, we entered another rebel domicile, and there found Hatcher, a rebel soldier, whom we also took with us to camp.

It now began to rain heavily, and we returned to camp, giving up our arms and prisoners to the colonel near Adamsville. He thanked us very much for our services, and took our names in order to do us some farther service as soon as he possibly could. He seemed a very good man, and a true soldier; and it is our wish that he may some day be promoted to a general.

*April 25.*—The sutlers here are now doing a heavy business; they have opened a large amount of catables, and some of them drinking matter of rather a strong description. There is one of them near the river, belonging to the 58th Ohio, who sells by the drink out of open barrels, and makes a great deal of money by it. Whether or not this permission is granted him is hard to say; but one thing is certain—he ought not to be allowed to do so by the military authorities. If any such permission is granted so close to soldiers' camps, then ought every soldier desiring it receive a furlough immediately.

One of the sergeants in this regiment has had his wife with him from the time he left home. She is a washer-woman in the camp, and makes considerable money through her employment. She has a hard bunk, however, being compelled to sleep in her husband's tent, and cook his meals there continually. Ed. B., one of our boys, discovered her presence, and became so much in love with her, because of her great beauty, that he brought her some washing, and soon after tendered her in payment a one dollar bill on the State Bank of Indiana; this she, being a German and stranger to that State, did not know, and asked for other money. Ed. Stated that it was perfectly good and that it was, at present, all the kind he had. Upon this assertion she became angry, and, calling her husband, desired the immediate whipping of so impudent a fellow; which the husband would have done, if he could, had not one of Ed.'s friends, who came along, having the change, lent him a sum sufficient to pay the lady's charge. The friend then marched his corporal off with him to camp, informing him, on the way, of the marriage of his Dulcina del Washtub to the sergeant who was going to strike him. As soon as Ed. was put in possession of this necessary but unwelcome intelligence, his gallantry on the occasion was gone, and ever after he talked of her without any admiration whatever.

There are a great many steamers here just now, loaded with provisions and forage. The hands, except the officers, on these steamers care very little for soldiers, although they buy from and sell to them on all occasions. They have many rebel articles, such as arms and clothing, which they probably have

use for at home; if not, these things should be, in many cases, returned or delivered to the government.

We have moved out some four or five miles from the landing; and, having pitched our tents, we are told to remain till further orders.

*April 19.*—Storm and rain deters our cavalrymen from scouting out very far, or advancing toward the rebel stronghold at Corinth, Mississippi.

*April 23.*—The weather has become a great deal better, and the sun shines out beautifully, making glad the face of nature. To-day we all make more proper appearances publicly, than we were at all able to do, during the recent stormy and tent filling weather.

Lomax, a stout Tennesseean, has joined us. He is much acquainted around this neighborhood, and is desirous of showing us some fine positions and roads, that may hereafter do us good service.

This morning our battalion was transferred to another command, which was caused by our want of proper weapons. My letter to the Times explains the whole matter. It reads as follows:

MESSRS EDITORS: Owing to a deficiency of arms, we, to our lasting regret, are detached from the division of General Lew. Wallace, and are placed in his rear, with General Davis, of the second division. This, we trust, is but a temporary arrangement, and is the first step toward furnishing us with proper arms, and rendering our efficiency more complete. What leads me to this belief is the fact, that on last evening we complied with an order from the commanding general to return to the proper quarter all our worthless firearms, which includes every pistol in our possession. It is said we will receive Colt's revolver's, which, I trust, is true, as they are the best weapon of the kind for army use, being the least liable of any to get out of order.

We are encamped a mile and a half from the landing, close to the ground the rebels lay on, under arms, the night of Sunday, the memorable 6th of April last. The 81st Ohio is within a hundred yards of us, and the graves of Captain Armstrong

and Lieutenant Post, of that regiment, are within thirty feet of my tent. The bodies repose on top of one of the slight eminences around us, on a spot marked out to his men, on the morning of the battle, by Captain Armstrong, who told them that, in case he fell, he desired them to lay him there, with no more ceremony than that with which the commonest privates are interred. Noble, gallant soldier! how few you left behind you are fit to compare with you in all the excellent qualities which go to make up the man of honor. Alas, that all our officers are not as you were.

We have received intelligence that the enemy are about evacuating Corinth, and are falling back on Jackson, Mississippi—and “if so why so?” We are not following them as closely as a hound would a hare.

We have endured a four days’ almost continual rain, and are nearly drowned out. The God of battle, intending to wash out the stain of human blood from the bosom of the earth, has sent this upon us for our sins; and so taking it, we “weathered the pelting of the pitiless storm” like Franzans: “Shine out, bright sun,” etc.

Captain Armstrong’s father and brother have just arrived, and are now engaged in raising the body of the late commander of company B, 81st Ohio, in order to take it home. They seem much affected at their loss; yet, while they shed manly tears, find words to encourage the soldiers around them to the performance of their duties as men and as patriots. Brave hearts! They are truly of the blood of the hero lying stark and stiff before them.

We, the third battalion, expect to rejoin our other two battalions after receiving our new arms, which will be very gratifying to the whole regiment, as, in that case, we will be under the eye of Colonel Taylor, and be battling in the van once more. Major Hayes is well liked by his men, and sees to their comfort as much as possible. He is very anxious to be again on duty, and leading his men against the foe. There is no discount on Major Hayes. The boys are all well again, or, as Pat Dignan says, “They could ait a cart horse and pull his load.” They join me in sending their best respects to the Times.

*April 28.*—This day has been somewhat unfortunate to our company, as George Wansborough has just died, and was shortly after buried. He was a most excellent young man, one who was well liked by all who knew him. His brother Arthur still remains with us.

Lew. Wallace's division advanced to-day to Pea Ridge. There is very heavy firing this evening in that direction. Our regiment, and the 4th and 11th Illinois cavalry, is with his infantry and artillery. His advance is toward Purdy, near which we have burned three railroad bridges and captured and destroyed a locomotive, taking its engineer and four other persons on it prisoners. We have also driven the secesh cavalry and infantry, posted near Purdy, into the woods near by, killing eight and taking some thirty prisoners.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial went with our regiment to know all about its transactions, and publish them, and his letter in regard to the matter, being better and fuller than I could write it, may describe what was accomplished in this expedition:

"CAMP SHILOH, FIVE MILES FROM PITTSBURG LANDING,  
Wednesday, April 30th, 1862."

"They pretty greatly err who calculate the amount of good accomplished and the amount of suffering and privation undergone by the soldier in the present war, from the number of great battles in which he has been engaged, or the number of severe contests, hand to hand through which he has passed; and in civil life the remark is too frequently made, that such a regiment or such a company has done no service, because its name occupies no place in the long list of those who faced the rebel fire at a Donelson or Shiloh. People are slow to believe that in war especially, great results are often traceable to apparently trivial sources. The destruction of a railroad bridge has been in many cases more detrimental to the "southern" cause, than the loss of a thousand men on the battle field; yet the former would not justify, according to the views of ordinary newspaper readers, one tenth of the head lines and exclamations necessary to give the latter its due prominence in the columns of the daily papers. So much by way of introduction.

"On Sunday morning, 28th, General Grant ordered General Wallace to make a demonstration in the direction of Purdy, a town of about about eight hundred inhabitants, twenty-two miles distant from our camp; deriving a small degree of importance from its location on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. It is about twenty miles from Corinth on a direct railroad line. It was not known, when the expedition started, what force the rebels had at that point; but it was supposed they had a pretty strong garrison there, and were prepared to repel such a cavalry "dash" as is ordinarily made for the destruction of railroad bridges. Accordingly it was determined to send a large force, and to make the attack partake of the nature of a surprise. Seven regiments of infantry from General Wallace's division, including the 78th and 20th Ohio, two batteries of artillery, and the 4th and 11th Illinois and 5th Ohio cavalry were ordered to be in readiness by noon, with three days cooked rations. The preparations in the camp in which I chanced to be at the time the order was received, (the destination was of course not stated.) were of such an extensive scale that I thought the long expected move against Corinth was about to be made, and without further deliberation resolved to proceed with Colonel Taylor's regiment.

We started at 2 o'clock P. M.; Wallace with the artillery and infantry in advance. Our road lay through the woods, swamps, and ravines, over "corduroy" bridges and swollen creeks, and through mud and water of every variety of depth and thickness. The weather, when we left camp, was very fine, though very warm; the sun, pouring his rays down on us with tropical vigor, made it uncomfortable to ride and fatiguing to march; and we had proceeded but a few miles when the effect became visible in the many returning stragglers from the infantry regiments who lazily dragged their muskets and themselves in a homeward direction.

"We passed a number of very respectable residences, the first of the kind seen by this army since its occupation of Pittsburgh. They are all owned by wealthy men, every one of whom, we learned, are more or less identified with the rebel cause; some are in the Confederate army; others contributed of their

means to its support. A couple of officers stopped at one of the houses to ask for a drink of water. The inmates, an elderly woman, two handsome daughters, and a few young contrabands, appeared very much excited at the approach of the Federal warriors. Before the officers had time to state the peaceful object of their visit to the domicile, the elder lady eagerly exclaimed :

“ He did n’t mean to go, but they told him he must, or he’d be took prisoner.”

“ We would like to get a drink of water, if you please,” said Captain H——. “ We are very thirsty.”

“ Oh, yes ; certainly,” replied the agreeably astonished matron. “ I thought as how ye had come after my son, because he was in the southern army.”

A conversation followed which resulted in the revelation that a son of the hostess had been drafted for Beauregard’s army ; that he had fought at Pittsburg landing and was dangerously wounded in the first day’s battle. He was conveyed to Corinth. His mother became apprised of his condition, and immediately sought the Confederate military authorities, of whom she obtained a sick furlough for him. He is now under the maternal roof but can not survive his injuries.

At about 6 o’clock we halted in the woods, midway between Pittsburg and Purdy. After an hour’s delay General Wallace ordered the infantry and artillery to bivouac for the night, and the cavalry to proceed to Purdy. The general himself made his headquarters for the night at a neat frame house in the neighborhood. The woods were soon illuminated with the great fires the soldiers built, and around which they gathered to pass away the night. Strong picket guards were posted in every direction, so that the improvised Federal city in the wilderness of Tennessee felt secure from a rebel surprise.

“ The cavalry, numbering in all about two thousand, continued its road to Purdy. Colonel Dickey, of the 4th Illinois, was in command. We had enjoyed a few hours of pleasant riding since 5 o’clock, but now our prospects changed, but not for the better. As evening changed into night, the sky became thickly clouded, and, in less than an hour after our second start, tho

rain began to fall in torrents. The road grew worse and worse, as we advanced, and the night darker every hour. We proceeded, however, making our way by the dim outlines of the forest on either side of us. We had a guide, but he was a poor one, and had less confidence in himself than we had in him. The rain continued; at times it was furious. A great many of the men were unprovided with overcoats or water-proof blankets, but the word was, 'Forward to Purdy.'

"What was hitherto darkness became impenetrable blackness until we could not discern an object three feet ahead of us. Consider two thousand men now galloping along a narrow road, now wading through a black swamp, and once or twice almost swimming a swiftly running creek, and all this in the darkest night that any of the two thousand men ever saw. The 'clashing of arms' was for once a welcome noise, and it formed the only guide by which we were enabled to keep together.

"At about 12 o'clock we came to a halt about two miles from Purdy. Colonel Dickey fearing, and very properly, that the whole party would get lost before morning. As it was, a number of the men abandoned the hope of being able to keep up with us, and had remained along the road behind us. A whole company at one time declared their inability to proceed; and still it rained harder than ever.

"After standing still an hour, under the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' 'About face' was ordered, and we started for the point where we left the infantry, arriving there just at daylight. Here the men were ordered to dismount and feed their horses. The effect of the night's 'tramp' was visible in every countenance. Many of our stoutest and hardiest men gave out altogether, and were compelled to return to camp. Some of them laid down on the roadside, glad to seize this opportunity of an hour's 'rest,' even though the rain beat heavily on their closed eyelids.

"At 5 o'clock the order was given for the cavalry to return—not to camp, but to Purdy. Many of us received the order with dissatisfaction, and some obeyed it with reluctance. Colonel Taylor, of the 5th O. V. C., was taken seriously ill, (he

was quite unwell when we left camp,) and could not command his regiment. The lieutenant colonel, also, was compelled from sickness to abandon his intention of returning; so the command devolved upon the senior major, E. G. Ricker, an officer who has given frequent proofs of his efficiency and valor. The entire cavalry force started back, and in a couple of hours were in Purdy. They were disappointed to learn that about one hundred rebels, who had garrisoned the place, had left just in time to save themselves.

“Colonel Dickey sent a small force to skirmish two miles below Purdy, (there were three thousand rebels at Bethel, four miles below,) while another force destroyed the railroad bridge, two miles above it. The work was soon accomplished; the bridge was torn up, and the connection between Purdy and Corinth completely destroyed. While the men were at work, a locomotive with four men—two officers, one engineer, and a fireman—came from Bethel to ascertain what was the matter. I should have said that our men had cut their telegraph wires also; this caused the alarm at Bethel. Our skirmishers withdrew, let the locomotive pass by to where the road was torn up, and then issued forth to demand a surrender. The four men were taken prisoners, the locomotive destroyed, and thus ended the expedition. None of our men were killed by the enemy, but I fear that many of them will die from exposure to the inclement weather, and the fatigue of the trip experienced by all.

“The cavalry returned to camp last night, the infantry and artillery this morning. After what we had gone through, our leaky tents appeared to us like metropolitan hotels. I will speak for myself, and say I want no more expeditions for several days to come.”

The above letter is from “Mack,” and a very good one it is, indeed. May he never make one of a party in such leakiness hereafter.

*April 29.*—There is heavy firing heard to-day in the direction of Corinth, toward which place several of our regiments have gone. A large number of our men have permanently moved in that direction to day. Sixty or eighty rebel prisoners have

been captured and brought in here. One of them is a serious minded southerner, and has attempted to cut one of his guards, an officer, who sat near him at dinner, on a steamer which has several secessionists, as prisoners, on board. This kind of work will do him as little good here as all his fighting did in better and easier points.

*April 30.*—Our battalion is ordered out again to-day under General Davis. Our supposed destination is near Corinth. We have just received news of the capture of Yorktown, Virginia, and our boys feel very joyous over such good intelligence. Many of us are seeking newspapers, but they seem so scarce at present that it is an extremely difficult matter to obtain the sight of one.

Our worthless pistols are returned to us. Colt's revolvers not to be had. This we dislike; as the pistols we left Camp Dennisou with are nearly all worthless. Our gallant officer, Major Scherer, who has taught all of us sabre exercise, and is loved by all of us, is here.

*May 1.*—We have advanced six miles on the Corinth road, and encamped for the night.

*May 2.*—We were to-day attached to the second division, under General Davis. About 2 o'clock P. M. we arrived at Monterey, some ten miles from Shiloh church, meeting many sick soldiers on the route, who generally complain of our want of a sufficient number of surgeons and hospitals. Some of them seem quite uncared for, and suffer very much under the circumstances.

General Halleck has arrived. He is well thought of here. He is a proper commander-in-chief, and his orders will be obeyed with joyous alacrity always. May his shadow never be less.

*May 4.*—To-day I have been attending to the discharge of our sick men, four in number. There seems great trouble in obtaining their certificates. The doctor here seems to love brandy too well to examine them promptly; therefore, they will be compelled to remain here a while longer.

Captain John Crawford, our old commander, has just arrived by steamer from Cincinnati, determined to serve his country

as a volunteer and sharp shooter as long as possible. He met with a great reception from his old friends, to whom he brought many necessary articles. His kind and gentlemanly qualities have always been noticeable, and will forever be respected. He left his six shooter gun and all his clothing on the steamer, and, on his order, I procured them all from the mate, and delivered them all to the captain. The mate seemed to know that Captain Crawford was a soldier all through the Mexican war, and would not receive any payment from me for keeping these things safely.

The roads are horrid as we move along, there having been a rain storm for two days past. There is great destruction of government property all along the route, such as wagons, harness, mules, and horses. Horrid smells from half-buried animals constantly greet our olfactories. Putrifying bodies of horses still remain above ground, causing many cases of sickness.

We still remain unarmed, except with sabres. The enemy are reported to have formed in double line of battle three miles this side of Corinth. The rebels are supposed to number very nearly one hundred thousand in that vicinity.

All our wagon trains are moving forward now without any guards, as there can be little or no danger in this neighborhood. We move along slowly but securely, the mud being the greatest obstacle to our progress. The rebel force is no longer scattered about this neighborhood as it used to be, but has concentrated in and around Corinth.

*May 5.*—General Davis has ordered our major to send an account of our arms and ammunition to him immediately, as we are to move on very soon. The major reports fifteen rounds of cartridges for each sabre, we not having firearms to shoot cartridges from. Bally for the sabres.

Yesterday, Pope's division, moving on the left from Hamburg toward Corinth, through a swampy road and over high hills, came towards Farmington, a small place, highly situated beyond an almost impassable ravine. Generals Paine and Palmer did the greatest part of the work here about 10 o'clock A. M. They commanded the 10th, 16th, 22d, 27th, 42d, and

51st Illinois; the 10th and 16th Michigan, with Yates's sharpshooters; Houghtailing's Illinois, and Hazcock's Ohio batteries, with the 2d Michigan cavalry. They, after proceeding four or five miles, encountered the enemy's pickets, whom they soon drove off from behind trees and in thickets. All the bridges which had been destroyed were rebuilt by Colonel Bissell's sappers and miners.

At 3 o'clock P. M. the fight commenced in earnest, the enemy commanding the road; and we would not have gained the hill side where the rebels had placed four pieces of cannon and were now firing them at us, but the 10th Illinois, under Colonel Morgan, and Yates's sharpshooters detoured to the right and left, and poured such fires of musketry upon the enemy as sent their gunners in great confusion over the hill top to their second position, where they formed their second line of battle. This was to the right of the Farmington road, and near a thickly wooded country, and was close to an old cotton gin where a strong artillery duel took place, and great chivalry was shown on both sides, until some of our infantry, gaining their left flank, sent such a terrible fire at them, that they ran into the woods as though his Satanic majesty were after them. They fled in the direction of Corinth, pursued by our cavalry, while the infantry entered the three-housed and noble southern city of Farmington. Near here we began intrenching along our whole front, as all our positions were found tenable; and it was done very quickly, especially by Pope's men, who can throw up and manage the soil as well as they can fight. These works are made strongly and soon settle, and are all constructed with embrasures for field pieces. The telegraph to the commander's tent is also in operation, and we have complete possession of all our positions.

*May 12.*—The weather continues warm and dry, and favors our advancee which we have accomplished to-day, having moved four miles on our left flank. Captain Crawford is out in front skirmishing, which he has so often bravely done, that to-day General Sherman offered him a position on his staff; but our captain respectfully declined it, because he does not want to leave us, even as aid to so great a general.

*May 15.*—We have advanced again, after much skirmishing with the enemy's pickets.

Our battalion quartermaster has left the service because he held no position as an officer. Captain Crawford has received orders from our major to leave camp, on account of jealousy between some of the officers. This the men will not stand, if they can avoid it, and we have written a petition to Major General Halleck stating all he has done for us, that *he* recruited the company, why he came out here, and that he is doing great service since his arrival. Our old, gentlemanly, soldierly captain has returned, having received papers of compliment, and made captain of scouting parties by General Halleck; and ordered to report himself to General Davis, and remain where he is as long as he thinks proper. He is now doing strong duty from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. He is doing splendid service every day, and as we are now but seventeen hundred yards from the enemy's outer works, and have sharp skirmishing, the attempts to shoot him are numerous, and his heroism has become well known all along the front. To-day a red-shirted rebel, armed with a sort of a mule cannon, which discharges shots of about one pound weight, is firing from a top fence rail near a rebel house on an eminence where are some two companies of secessionists, who occasionally dodge to the corners in order to fire with security at our pickets and scouts. This house affording shelter to the enemy, and therefore deterring our men from an advance, is an eyesore to us. The several attempts which Captain Crawford has made to take it, has given him an introduction to Redshirt, who, for the purpose of recognizing the acquaintance, proving his social qualities, and at the same time testifying his respect for the captain, gives him an occasional salute with his one pounder. This the haughty captain refuses to acknowledge by so much as a bow. To the first salute he responded by touching his hat, and now he has commenced to return salute for salute. The third response of the gallant captain seems to have mightily pleased Redshirt. He throws out his hands, springs into the air, drops to the earth, rolls and tumbles on the ground like a cirens performer, and finally stretches himself out stiff, cold, dead, possibly from pure

excess of joy. Now follows a dash from our lines and our skirmishers have captured both the position and the mule canon.

On the trees were many Indians belonging to Price's troops, who, safely planted on limbs, had fired at us. Several of these we killed, the balance, like their rebel friends, beat a hasty retreat as we advanced.

A dashing aide de camp endeavored to send two of us across a creek we came to this afternoon, but failing to do so, he went himself; but was washed off immediately, as it was somewhat deeper and swifter than he imagined. He only saved himself by clinging to his horse's tail and getting across to the other bank.

*May 19.*—The weather here is changeable. It rained all last night. We were all in line of battle, except some builders of breastworks who are engaged in the advance. The rebels advanced here to-day with heavy firing; but were shelled out quickly. Our musketry has felled at least a dozen of them, whose bodies are on the ground in what is now our rear. Two of our cavalry boys were shot, one of whom was killed almost instantly.

Our men were sixty hours on the last picket duty. There was a hot spot, near the enemy, to which our battalion was led without any orders except those of the major. Here Sergeant Alexander Howe, of company E, was shot through the upper part of the arm, the same bullet passing through the body of an infantry soldier, killing him instantly. Sergeant Brawley, also of E company, was killed at the same time. Is it possible, as is said, that some officers would gladly tramp over the bodies of their own men in order to secure rank? If such is the case it surely "smells rank to Heaven."

*May 21.*—To-day our picket lines have been advanced five hundred yards, and our breastworks extend along the entire front in parallels. Everything around us indicates a good condition, and if we do not push secessionism to the wall in the coming battle, it will be no fault of General Halleck's. To-day we are raising observations by rigging mast fashion a large tree that stands about twenty-five feet inside our intrenchments;

and the workmen assert that from the top they can see already a steeple in Corinth. When they have added the step to the tree trunk already cradled, they will have the point of observation at an altitude of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty feet, and can command a perfect view of the surrounding country. I wonder if it can be here a mere step to the top of a steeple; or, only a step from the cradle to the pulpit.

*May 23.*—The weather is warm and dry again. We had considerable skirmishing along our left and center last night. "Nobody hurt."

Pat D., while on picket duty last night, gave chase to a silver tailed squirrel which he had no chance to capture. On his return he told a story about "a heifer at home wid a hundred pounds cash, had left him, like an ass, because of a ruction he had." Here his story was interrupted by an infantryman on guard near him exclaiming: "Ah, look out for the rebel fire." Pat nimbly dodged behind a tree, and looking through the undergrowth saw what he took to be a rebel rifle pointed straight at him; but which proved to be only the horn of an innocent cow grazing in the woods.

*May 24.*—There are all kinds of rumors in regard to our delay. Birds are in song and drums are constantly beating. Soldiers just now are about the quietest animals living. One among us, however is not as quiet as his comrades, and he, by his appearance, words, and actions, is some pumpkins certainly. He is as proud of himself as a peacock, and imagines he is not only an object of great interest here, but will be regarded by all his friends, male and female, on his return home, as the hero of H company. His little coquetties with himself, and their air of importance, the self complacency of his strut, and his general good opinion of himself, publicly expressed on all occasions, greatly contribute to relieve the monotony consequent upon a state of inaction in the army. "He who doth my words misplace shall meet Bombastes face to face." His stories of conquest of the female race are enormous, and, if true, give him a place far beyond the gallants of France or England, in the times of the Grand Monarch of one, or the Merry Monarch

of the other. The sobriquet of the Little Corporal tickles him immensely, since he knows that such was the title conferred upon Napoleon by his soldiers after one of his daring feats of bravery. When the generals call upon us for ordierlies, K. is the readiest volunteer in the battalion for that duty, and feels greatly depressed when reminded that his diminutive stature renders him ineligible. He is engaged, on this account, for twenty duels, to be fought as soon as the war is over. He will doubtless fight them if we are in luck as we expect to be. Sergeant C. is devoted to the infernal gods for refusing the corporal's tender of himself on one of these occasions, when a taller young fellow was preferred.

The pockets of our little friend are literally crammed with photographs of female friends, who were so overcome at the corporal's departure for the seat of war, that the least favor any of them granted was her limned likeness to carry to the tented field. The corporal's acquaintances say that he took two of these pictures without the consent of the fair originals. He attributes these "tales of a friend" to envy, however, and so the matter rests.

Our first and second battalions received five hundred of Colt's revolvers to-day. It is to be hoped that all will be armed with these excellent weapons soon.

Major Ricker is now in command, both of our colonels being absent on furlough.

During the past two hours there has been heavy firing on our left. Seven hundred rebels have deserted and come in to us. One of their cavalry regiments also started to come in, but our pickets fired upon them and caused them to beat a hasty retreat.

The weather is so dry that we have to drink swamp water, which we find decidedly unpleasant. Our pickets find great difficulty in procuring their meals at a proper time. Tobacco is in great demand, and its scarcity causes an occasional dry joke.

"Give us a chaw of tobaker, comrade," said one soldier to another.

"What kind 'll ye have," asked his friend, at the same time

coolly biting a large cud out of a chunk lie had in his hand. "Mine's dimmeyeratic terbacker, and therefore bound to be the best."

"Mine's republican—when I have it, and it is therefore well mouthed by friend and foe," answered No. 1, looking wistfully at No. 2's plug as it descended into the depths of the owner's otherwise empty pockets.

"Oh ho, republican, hey?" responded No. 2. "Well, then, you'd better apply to our friends, the secesh yonder, who are even now plugging away at us. They'll supply you with as much nigger head as you want."

*May 28.*—There has been heavy and almost continuous firing on our left wing since 11 o'clock last night. Pope and Nelson are engaged.

*2 P. M.*—Hurlburt, on our right is now at it with his artillery and musketry. Captain Crawford has been engaged with him, and has now come in with orders for our division, under General Davis, to advance, and plant some pieces so as to rake a field in the immediate front of our position, where the lines of the enemy seem the strongest, and behind which are his breastworks.

The right and center are both at work, and the way the shot and shell "spread" themselves is astonishing to a pacific individual. Captain Crawford in leading to show General Davis the position for his guns, narrowly escaped death. While in the act of firing from his horse, (which I loaned him,) one of a shower of balls from the enemy, struck and went through the horn of his saddle. The position of his body alone saved his life; for, had he been sitting straight upon the animal at the time, he could not have escaped being struck in a vital part. General Davis's artillery rakes the enemy with such a cross fire, that they stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once, helter, skelter, across the field, into the woods and over their breastworks.

*May 29.*—The weather is extremely warm yet, and there is but little air stirring. Yesterday was a glorious day for us. We drove the rebels back along the whole line for over a mile, capturing, it is said, a large number of prisoners, ex-Governor

Beriah Magoffin, of Kentucky, among them. Our men were engaged in building new breastworks last night, and have them fully completed this morning. We have heard the drums beating in Corinth for several days, but this evening they seem few and far between. General Halleck has moved his camp forward some two or three miles. Yesterday he ordered out reconnoitering columns on the right, left, and center, to unmask the enemy's batteries; but they encountered strong opposition, the ground being so hotly contested as to compel them to fall back again. Our loss in killed and wounded was about fifty. The woods in all directions are so bad that we have to feel our way as we move along.

There is great noise heard to-night on the railroad at Corinth, as though the enemy was moving off in large numbers, and that place was being evacuated. General Pope has requested permission to take his division and capture the place and the troops and stores yet remaining there. The commanding general refuses permission because he has no official intelligence of the movements of the rebels.

*May 30.*—This morning with a letter from Captain Thompson to a regiment in Sherman's division, I mounted my horse at 6 o'clock and was about to gallop off, when we heard the noise and saw the smoke occasioned by several loud explosions in the direction of Corinth. A few minutes later and we had the official report that the rebels had certainly evacuated the place. I started off in that direction, and passed the greater part of M. L. Smith's brigade, which was rapidly moving in the direction of Corinth. The town was almost entirely deserted, most of the citizens having left with Beauregard's army the night previous. The enemy had fired a large hotel near the depot, and several commissary and quartermaster stores, together with arms, ammunition, wagons and harness. These were all more numerous than we had supposed. There were many abandoned rebel camps, from some of which but few articles had been removed. In these molasses, rice, bacon, and cooking utensils were scattered around in great profusion. There were several houses still burning when we arrived, near some of which were cannon balls, shot, and shells. There was also con-

siderable other property which was neither carried off nor destroyed. It seems that the enemy has for some time been engaged in removing their valuable stores, sick, and a portion of their effective forces, on the railroad. Most of the latter, however, marched off toward Okalona, a place on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and upwards of one hundred miles from here. They went by the road towards Rienzi and Danville, to which places the greater part of our army has followed them, capturing some three hundred of their men. General Pope's division, having been the first to take the intrenchments here, is in the advance. Had this general been permitted to break the railroad in the rebel rear, as he desired to do a few days ago, the forces of Beauregard never would have escaped as they have done.

Strong breastworks had been thrown up between all the roads and along the front of a ridge about a mile from Corinth. The great strength of these defences would have offered an almost insurmountable obstacle to our occupation of the place, if the rebels had determined to hold it. Corinth is a finely built little town. It has a strength of position beyond what we imagined, and a stubborn defense on the part of the Confederates, if it had not kept us out of the place entirely, would at least have given us more trouble and cost more blood than its strategic importance demands.

*May 31.*—General Pope's division is meeting with great success in its pursuit of the rebels, having arrived at Boonville before daylight this morning. Two thousand rebel soldiers with their arms and ammunition have been captured. They have also blown up a culvert, destroyed the railroad track, and taken a railroad locomotive and train of thirty cars loaded with supplies of all kinds. They took at the same place about ten thousand stand of arms, and a great supply of quartermaster and ordnance stores.

The roads are filled with flying rebel pickets, many of whom are captured by our cavalry. There are three captured locomotives here at Corinth, two of which are in running order. A bridge over the Tennessee river was to-day destroyed by the enemy. Another one not far off was set fire to, but was saved

by Captain Crawford, who tied a bucket to a long pole and dipped sufficient water from the river for that purpose.

Captain Crawford was among the very first of our men who entered Danville. He was shot at several times by guerrillas, six of whom he and another man captured at the time.

*June 2, 1862.*—Our work being nearly completed here now by the capture of Corinth, Captain Crawford, after a long search, has succeeded in finding General Halleck's headquarterns, where he has had his papers signed and, to-morrow he leaves us for home.

*June 3.*—Captain Crawford, McC., and myself have started for Pittsburg landing, the former to obtain passage on a steamer to Cincinnati, McC. and myself to bid our friend good bye, and assist him with his luggage. We passed Monterey after breakfast time, where there are a thousand sick soldiers sheltered only by tents. The most plentiful production of this section of country, judging by the present state of the roads, is mud. There would have been much hunger in our party, but that we happened to see a good Samaritan, who keeps a bake shop by the road side, and, for the money, supplied all our wants. There were but few steamers near the landing when we arrived, and it required two hours' hard work for the captain to secure a passage. All things at last being ready for his departure, we sorrowfully bade him farewell and returned to camp. The relires of several fields, together with the letters from our boys, which he takes home with him, would almost load a good sized wagon.

*June 4.*—Pope has advanced beyond Danville with Nelson's, McCook's, Davis's, and Buell's commands, all being in pursuit of the flying rebels; while Sherman, Hurlburt, and others have gone some twenty miles out on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, in the direction of the former place. The 1st Ohio cavalry captnred a whole company of Louisiana Tigers yesterday. They are nearly all foreigners, and a very hard looking set.

*June 6.*—Our battalion is encamped two miles beyond Corinth, near the plantation and Blue Sulphur springs of a southern skedaddler, who, taking his negroes with him, left the place as

a hospital, where three southern wounded soldiers remain, with three Memphis ladies as nurses, and a widow with her son-in-law and daughter, who have possession of the premises. This place is situated near a swamp, and the idea of making a pleasure ground and erecting a ten-pin alley here is rather remarkable, as the place is unfit for any sort of pleasure whatever.

*June 7.*—The houses at Corinth are being cleaned out, some of them for hospitals; and the filth accumulated here by unclean persons, together with a large amount of stores, and dead bodies of horses, are being taken away or burned up by our men.

*June 8.*—The rebels are supposed to be in some force across the Tuscumbia river, under Beauregard. Price's army is almost entirely broken up, as one of his men who has deserted to us reports. The deserter is an Ohioan, and informs us of the total demoralization of the rebel army.

I have just been over to Hurlburt's division, the tents of which are rather empty just now, the greater number of the men being still engaged in the grand rebel hunt. There are several empty secesh tents on the ten miles of road between here and Hurlburt's camps, in and around which I have picked up quite a variety of weapons, principally large knives which look like small sabres. Forage is very scarce. We receive but one sack of corn or oats for thirty-five horses, and no hay whatever.

*June 10.*—On my return to Corinth to-day I met Colonel Taylor, Major Scherer, Adjutant Schultz, Adjutant Harrison, and a sutler, all of our regiment, and are seeking our first and second battalions, which are attached to Hurlburt's division. This division has moved out on the Memphis and Charleston railroad twelve miles farther. My meeting with these officers was glad and joyous, as they are all true gentlemen. The paymaster, Major McDowell, has liquidated all debts of the government to this division, except our unfortunate regiment. Our continued absence is the cause of his apparent neglect of us.

*June 11.*—Buell's whole *corps d'armee* has returned. The

rebels have outrun us and got beyond sight and hearing in as masterly a manner as they evacuated Corinth and Danville, the latter place being a town of a dozen houses inhabited by pretended Unionists. There is a soldier in the 10th Kentucky who seems to be a great architectural genius. He has built a shelter for himself, out of cane, (which is plenty where they were camped, near Rienzi,) which has regular arcades, windows, and doors. In fact it is an elegant summer residence, and is kept in as good order by the men as though its occupants were lady housekeepers whose greatest pride was to excel every one else in neatness.

Dewberries and blackberries are now very plentiful here. Pigs and cows are by no means scarce. Whose are they? We have been unable to make the personal acquaintance of their owners, but the property has been left in our care, and—we are caring for it the best we know how. Pies of the berries, made almost daily, lard and fresh pork from the pigs, and milk from the cows, make up a dinner too good for the service but bully for the sojers.

*June 12.*—The weather is very warm. Mosquitoes have “arriv.” There are thousands of ants that seem to be a thousand years old. Oak bottoms and running streams, (the latter numerous, but nearly all in the process of obeying the oft repeated injunction to “dry up,”) are extremely beautiful in this neighborhood.

Our new quartermaster, Lieutenant Owens, feeds us well at present. A new broom sweeps clean. Blackberry patches are plenty about here; but our neighbors pretend great ignorance in regard to their whereabouts, even when they can be seen from their own doors. They hate to enlighten us on any subject, we suppose, which has the black connected with it. We hope they’ll soon *bury* the hatchet and *patch* their consciences.

McCook’s brigade has just passed by here on its way to Corinth. The men seem in high spirits, being under the impression they are leaving forever this barren, sickly soil. Their supposed destination is Memphis, by the river.

Boonville, ten miles south of us, is a gay place, of about the

dimensions of a pocket map, and as variegated. None of the citizens of this place have made *boon* companions of our boys yet, by means of correct scientific observations, we are enabled to calculate, with a great degree of accuracy, the strength of their stomachs, and their immense capacity for forty-rod tangle foot.

Our privates, sitting in private judgement on their superiors, and listening to each other's arguments pro and con, are trying to settle the question whether Grant's surprise at Shiloh, or Halleck's at Corinth, was the greater. They seem to put it down as a fact, that "we were surprised at Shiloh; but that being *granted*, they say that the enemy's evacuation of Corinth is a *h—l (of a) lick* on us. Pat Dignan has added our commander-in-chief to the long list of illustrious Irishmen, because he clothes even the roads in *corduroy*, and strews them with *shilelah*"

*June 14.*—Our battalion got back last night about 7 o'clock, from beyond Rienzi, a place near Baldwin, which is on the railroad, of imposing appearance, but nearly depopulated from fear at our approach. It is nearly as large as Corinth, and seems to have been quite a business place in days lately passed. We do n't lament the departure of frightened citizens, who must have been a barefaced set to strip the town so naked on the approach of us inquisitive strangers.

A member of our battalion whose skill since he has been in the army, has been exercised principally in a successful search after whisky, is accused by his mess of having vermin, and to definitely settle this vexing question, they unavailingly search him. At the conclusion of the ceremony he, with a show of anger, said :

"I can hear a louse *walk*. It is therefore useless for vermin to make a race course over *my* body."

There is some doubt as to the "hear him comin'" part of the remark.

*4 o'clock P. M.*—We are ordered to report to Colonel Dickey, being transferred to his brigade, which is just formed, and is composed of the 5th Ohio cavalry, the 4th and 11th Illinois cavalry, and another regiment not yet designated. We are to

advance along the Memphis railroad to look after the enemy and his guerrillas.

No pay yet for us. All the other Ohio troops have received their pay from Major McDowell; why are we made the exception. There is six months pay due us, and our families need funds very much.

The drums are beating the tattoo. "Lights out." But I must steal a moment from military authority and the darkness, to record the fact that, among the innumerable frogs about us, and now engaged in a rivalry of song, we have one regular Brignoli of a fellow; whose mellow notes, under a proper cultivation, would more than equal those of the rotund tenor in whose honor we have named him. Brignoli, second, is, just now, engaged in the "Miserere," and will probably soon give us his "Non ti scordar di me." It must be in honor of this melodist that some of our officers wear frogged coats. Were our prodigy to be heard in some of our large cities, we would doubtless have the "frog tie," the "frog hop," and possibly several old f(r)ogies would meet him with "the grandest reception ever tendered to any one, in this city, or, it is believed, the West."

How delightfully the moon, with its calm, glowing face, shines down upon these warlike scenes, seeming to throw rebuking glances at the elements of strife surrounding us. Our tents, coming up like so many ghostly shadows in the foreground of the wood, remind one of the lost spirits wandering about in the darkest gloom of Pluto's regions; and the stillness of the lately so merry camp, now sunk in a secure repose, which may, at any moment, have a terrible awakening, lead to reflections that one would well wish to avoid.

" But see! the clouds are floating fast and far,  
Each by the moon tipped with a silver hue;  
But here and there we note a gleaming star,  
Like angels smiling through the opening blue."

*June 15.*—Sunday is to all, except soldiers, a day of rest, and the peals of church bells direct the thoughts, or rather the imagination, to Him who has proclaimed "Peace and good will upon earth." Alas! no silver toned Sabbath music sounds for the occupant of the camp; the shrill sife and rattling drum

proclaim far different duties. The weather to-day is exceedingly warm, creating a drowsy sort of laziness, which soldiers are rather noted for. Those of us who can force locomotion for a hundred yards, have a good antidote against this in the creek; which has, at one place, a sufficient depth of water to afford good bathing, of which many take advantage to their physical and mental comfort. The Sulphur spring is in close proximity, and soldiers far and near come to obtain a drink or fill their canteens. This water is highly impregnated with iron and sulphur, and is an excellent tonic, for which all of us can vouch, many of us having been relieved of debility through its frequent use. This water springs up through a perforated marble basin, at the rate of twenty gallons or more per hour. It is very cool, and is also very delicious to the taste. The proprietor of this place, a doctor of secesh proclivities, ran away with his negroes on our approach, leaving the house in care of a widow, who still remains there, and with whom are half a dozen wounded rebel soldiers. These are attended by two rebel nurses of the female persuasion. One of the men has just died of fever, and two others ran away as soon as they were able to get off. There is now but one of them remaining. He desires to take the oath of us, and return to his friends in Arkansas. He is very intelligent, and desires heartily that the war will soon have an end. As to the nurses, they are fire-eaters to an intense degree; but their heated words are of far more inflammable material than the modicum of charms nature has provided them with.

Our quartermaster, Lieutenant Owens, is drawing very well on the commissary department at Pittsburg landing, and the subsistence will, in the future, be abundant. We, of H company, have, at present, but two boxes of army crackers, and four days rations of coffee. This is very short, as we expect orders to move to-day.

We have picked up many loose secesh articles, lately, in southern camps, not far from us. Pat Dignan has just returned from one, bringing two emblems; one of war, the other of peace; in the shape of a pipe and a short sword, the latter about two feet long and half as broad. It is a tremendous

weapon, seemingly well calculated for close quarters, and used originally, it is presumed, as a cane cutter on some sugar plantation in the South. The chivalry, finding them less useful in chopping up Yankees than in chopping down sugar crops, leave them in disgust all over the country wherever they happen to camp.

*June 15.*—We are ordered to Corinth by companies, this afternoon, to receive four months pay. We need it, and will make the best possible use of it, by sending it to our families instanter.

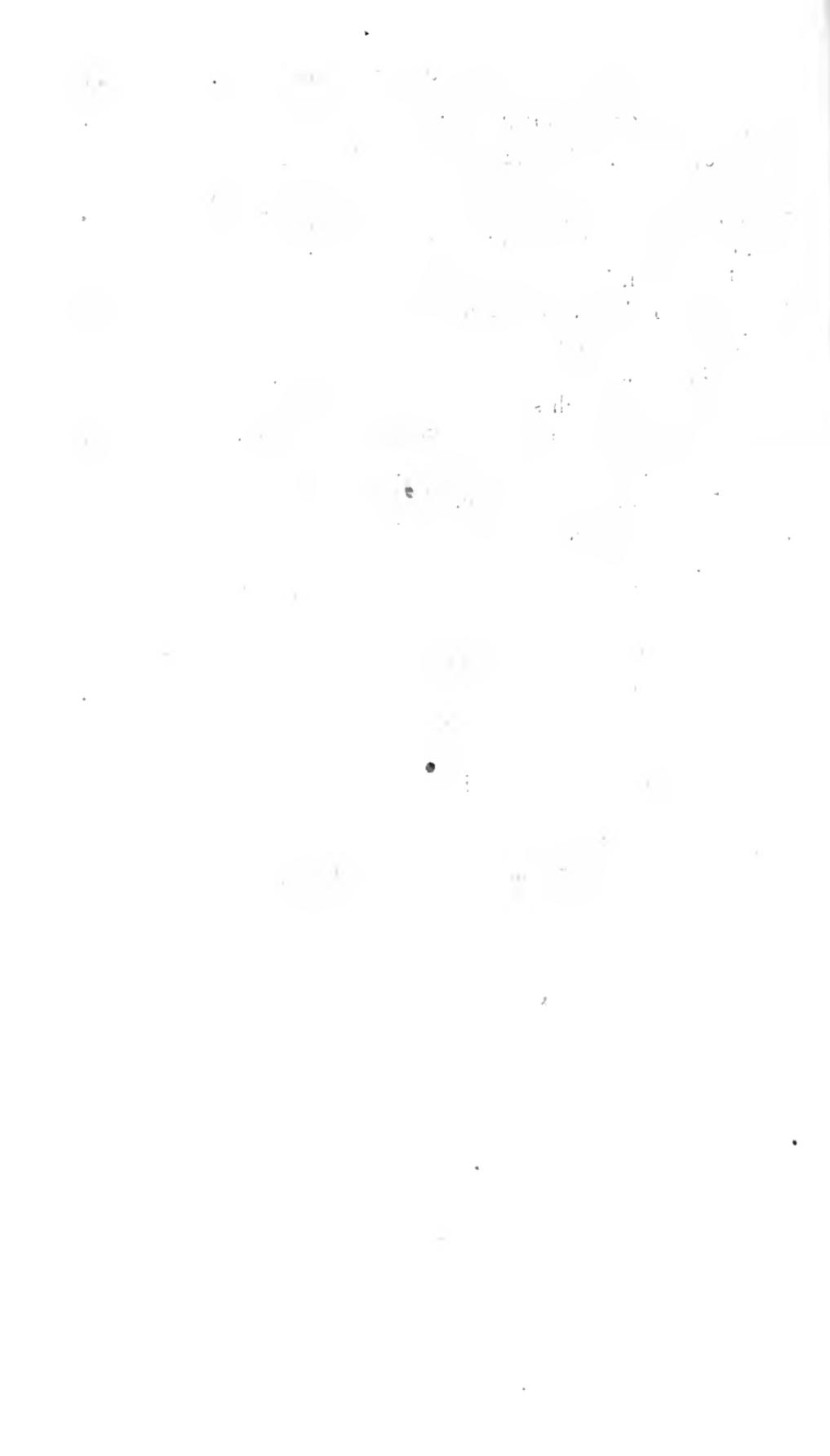
*June 16.*—I felt very ill to-day with the debility which has strongly affected me since I contracted disease at Crump's landing; and I have got a furlough, which has been signed by our captain and Dr. Davies, for twenty days. I feel grateful for this, as dyspepsia has taken up its terrible abode in my stomach, which I had hoped I was rid of; but hard fare and the really necessary exposure of camp life, have somewhat dashed my hopes in this respect, and I suffer very much in consequence.

I reached Pittsburg landing this evening, and departed before dark, on board the good steamer *Horizon*, for home. There are a large number of officers on board, from the artillery, infantry, and cavalry arms of the service, who do not seem to be very great sufferers from disease, but who obtain leaves of absence much oftener than the privates: So it goes through life. Men in high position, whether entitled to them or not, very often obtain indulgences not awarded to those really more worthy.

Samuel Bard, Captain Thompson's cook, came on board this steamer at Pittsburg landing, he having obtained a twenty days' furlough to visit his wife, near Cincinnati, on, as he said, very particular private business. Several II company men, desirous of sending the greater part of their money home, foolishly trusted this same Bard with nearly all their four months' pay, amounting to about two thousand dollars. This proved to be too much to trust with this club footed mail carrier. Bard, instead of going to Cincinnati on this steamer, as he promised, evacuated her at Evansville, Indiana, took the cars, and reached

Canada, as a Cincinnati detective learned through the chief of police of Cleveland, after I informed him of this dirty action of the club footed cook. The description of Bard, as near as I can come at it, is as follows: He is about thirty-five years of age, five feet two inches high, dark complexion, and clubbed, as it is termed, in both feet. He is also freckled in the face. I hope this fellow will be found some day, and made to suffer the imprisonment he so richly deserves.

*July 3.*—Saw in the Commercial to-day a call from the adjutant general, which said that every Ohio soldier absent from his regiment, with or without leave, must report at once at Camp Chase. George O. Ludlum, a fellow member of H company, 5th O. V. C., and myself, in obedience to this order, reported at Camp Chase, July 6, and next day, after an examination by the medical director, were sent, with one hundred and ninety other sick soldiers, to Camp Dennison. George Ludlum and I were here again examined. George was discharged, and I was ordered to remain until the next examination took place. Dr. Baxter, an excellent physician, had charge of our ward, and would soon have cured me, had I not, in August, walked over to the depot to cheer two hundred soldiers departing for the front on the Little Miami railroad. Standing on the Marietta railroad, four feet from the Little Miami, I was struck by an advancing freight train, and rendered senseless for six weeks. In consequence of this I was discharged from service for disabilities, by Dr. Carpenter, the examining surgeon, in December, 1862.



## PART II.

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### IN THE SERVICE AGAIN.

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*March 12, 1863.*—Had my first volume published, and received them to-day, when I immediately sent the first copy of the first thousand to President Lincoln, and the second copy to Governor Todd, two of the best friends living of United States soldiers. I soon disposed of the balance of my humble work, "The Adventures of a Volunteer."

*May 27.*—I was given a recruiting commission to-day, by Major Joseph Wheeler, as captain of C company, provided I raised a sufficient number of men to entitle me to the captaincy. Feeling much better in renewed health than I had for months I went vigorously to work, and in three weeks I enlisted seventy-nine men, whom I had sworn in for six months, by Esquire Aldrich, of Third Street; examined and passed by Dr. Norton, of Central Avenue; and then I sent them in squads to Camp Dennison, where these very men of mine were picked up by pretended officers as soon as they arrived, and mustered into service as *their* recruits. Through my own ignorance of the fact that any other person than their proper officer could do this, I lost my C company of Todd's independent scouts, and all

my efforts to raise a larger body of recruits than any other officer proved of no avail.

“The stranger who thus steals an hour,  
To trace thy walks from bower to bower,  
Can ne’er, with dull, unconscious eye,  
Leave them behind without a sigh.”

After many days of hard labor in informing the proper authorities of this swindling matter, and finding that I had lost my men through my own ignorance, I was about to give up in despair, when I thought that when northwest winds strike a ship near dangerous breakers, dismantling and almost wrecking her, she may be, and frequently is, saved by putting forth a sufficient effort.

“His soul with thirst of genuine glory fraught,  
Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.”

*August 6.*--This day I received notice that by proceeding to Columbus I would receive a recruiting commission from Governor Todd, as he was aware of the manner in which I had been treated in my first attempt at recruiting. I did so and at once received the promised commission, dated August 7, 1863. I immediately returned to Cincinnati and commenced raising men for the volunteer cavalry service, reporting twice a week to the adjutant general of the State, stating each time the number of men I had obtained.

Boarded my men at Langerbein’s Union Exchange, on Fifth street. Captain Stanhope, the disbursing officer at this post, mustered in my recruits, thirty-six in number, on the 31st day of August. On the 5th of September I wrote to Adjutant General Hill, asking another month for recruiting, as I expected at the end of that period to have at least fifty men. I kept on as hard as I could until the 6th of October, when Major Cook ordered me to Camp Dennison to consolidate my forty-nine men with Captain I. N. Hetzler. I obeyed orders, and was first lieutenant of G company, 9th O. V. C. There were seven men lacking to fill this company, and they were obtained by Major Cook, one of whom, his brother, was immediately made first duty sergeant, to the evident dissatisfaction of the entire company.

A few days before this consolidation, my commission was sent me from Columbus, by the adjutant general, who placed

it in the hands of Major Cook with instructions to deliver it to me, which he neglected to do. Being informed of this, I went to Columbus and obtained a new commission of the same style and date, which caused such anger on the part of Cook as I shall never forget.

Lieutenant Lord mustered me into service as first lieutenant of G company, 9th O. V. C., which made me feel so happy that I fell down on my knees and thanked my Great Creator for this act of justice; and I always will thank my Maker for every benefit arising from His great kindness to a suffering human being like myself.

Having no second lieutenant of G company, a person named Knapp, who was acting sergeant-major of Camp Dennison, came to my quarters about two days previous to the consolidation, and desired a private interview with me, which I granted. He told me that reports were current in camp to the effect that all my recruits were going to desert because I was not, as I ought to be, their captain. I was not aware at this time that this proceeding was a bold strategical manouvre on his part, but, as the sequel will show, made the discovery just in the nick of time.

“ For heartfelt wrongs thy stimulated force  
Oft wakens vengeance, and impels its course;  
Thy feverish hand lays bare each wound to view,  
That it may throb, and rage, and bleed anew;  
While all, perhaps, the injured can acquire,  
Is, not to pardon—but forget its ire.”

In close vicinity to general headquárters was a small frame house occupied by a laundress, the wife of a sergeant absent with his regiment, with whom this Knapp was familiar. He invited me into the inner room, closed the door, and, sitting down by my side, opened the conversation by saying:

“ I know a large number of your men will desert when this consolidation takes place, as I have seen such things occur before. I know it is hard on your tender feelings; and considering your hard labor, and the amount of money you expended in procuring so many men, my best advice to you is that you sign a recommendation for me to Governor Todd, stating that you, as yet, have no second lieutenant in your company; and that

knowing me to be an excellent soldier, as you do, you are certain that I will always faithfully discharge every duty devolving on me."

I foolishly consented to do this, when he wrote what he called a recommendation, which, in the state of excitement I was, I signed, and then returned to my quarters, glad to think I had so kind a military friend as *Mister F. H. Knapp*. Next day I was to meet him at Lieutenant Lord's office, as he had special business with me, and, Lieutenant Lord being absent, no person would there interrupt us except a particular friend of Knapp's, Lieutenant Lord's head clerk. In the presence of this clerk he offered me the loan of five dollars to get our dinner at Mr. Zumstein's. I refused the loan as I then discovered something of the efforts he was making to obtain a position he knew he was not entitled to, he never having obtained a single recruit for any service. I immediately demanded the recommendation papers I had signed, which he said he would give me, but he quickly left the office and I could not then discover where he went. I informed Lieutenant Colonel Cook and Captain Hetzler of the matter, and they told me I had better seek this man and compel him to return the papers. I did so; finally found him, and when he returned them I found they were not papers of recommendation, but one of them was a blank, and the other a statement to Governor Todd that Knapp had paid me my expenses, and I hoped, therefore, that he would obtain my present position as first lieutenant.

I was then well satisfied what kind of a man *he* was, yet I foolishly made no effort to show his principles, or restrain his farther ill work. Enough of the fellow who kept a prostitute at Milford, passed her off as his wife, and swindled himself into a commission.

"Build me a shrine and I could kneel  
To rural gods, or prostrate fall;  
Did I not see, did I not feel,  
That one Great Spirit governs all."

*November, 1863.*—I met, for the first time, Colonel Hamilton, who commands the 9th O. V. C. He seems to be a gentleman and a brave soldier, which I hope he will prove himself to be, in every particular.

December came and went here in old style. Good and bad plotters have been and still are at work, and to feel myself as low as most of these degraded scamps is not my mental style. I feel myself more worthy every way, and hope every good man I meet thinks the same. Christmas day came and I wrote the following humble lines:

O, for the tongue of some poetic seer,  
Who'd reach the sublime on the Christmas cheer,  
    The glorious holiday revelry;  
The cheer that rang up to the blue vaults of heaven,  
For friends who so nobly and gladly had given  
    The spread to the Ninth O. V. cavalry.  
'T was published, how truly let bards ever tell,  
With flourish of trumpets and symphonic swell,  
    That maidens chivalric and demoiselles gay,  
The soft hearts of Hamilton's troopers to wile,  
Determined a feast in the highest old style,  
Served by their sweet selves on this home loving day.

Miss Todkins brought tongue, a smile, and a caper;  
Miss Smallgood a leg (fresh veal) very taper;  
Jane Junkel a bonnie new (s)cent for a salad,  
And—what the rest gave you shall know in my ballad.  
There were parings of cheese with never a mite,  
And crumbs of great comfort for soldiers to bite;  
Faint smellings of pork to the bones yet attached,  
And blue monkeys' tails, such as never were matched;  
With fricassee turnip-tops trimmed a la mode,  
And choice leather-chips was the table well stowed.  
The shell of an egg, long the thief of the nest,  
With the comb of a rooster deliciously dress'd,  
Were flanked by two tumble-bugs, juicy and green;  
A grasshopper, roasted, stood grandly between.  
A crocodile's tooth, which was shipped from the Nile,  
Was stewed with a bird's nest, from China, in style.  
A chowder of cotton balls mingled with lard,  
And a hot Texas pudding to take was n't hard.  
A codfish's gills, too, embellished the scene,  
With elegant soup from a real castor bean.  
The wings of a woodpecker, hoofs of a fawn,  
Soup-congo, soup-pongo, soup-erb and soup-awn.  
This sumptuous feast of the far-fetched and rare,  
Too good was for soldiers, I humbly declare.  
Yet in would they pitch, like a flock of wild geese,  
Or doughnuts in batches thrown into boiled grease.  
Such crowding, such pushing, such devil-may-care,  
Was never yet equalled at Donnybrook Fair.

Jim Jones he cried, "Turkey," when tramped on the toes,  
Tom Cronin, no chicken, was rapped on the nose.  
John Johnson struck out with a vigor and vim,  
And twenty great troopers then pitched into him.  
Young Hendry he tackled a giant. The boy  
Came off like Achilles o'er Hector of Troy,  
While Rover, quick dodging a threat'ning boulder,  
Straightened a dozen with straight from the shoulder.  
The word was, "Go in, boys! Hurrah! A free blow!  
From dinner to dessert like nabobs we 'll go!"  
Then fists, quick as bullets at Shiloh, did fly,  
Till noses were rubbed and black was each eye;  
Till battered lads, bruised lads lay strewn o'er the ground,  
Who fell, (vide old Homer,) "with thundering sound."  
No uproar's more hideous since archangels fell,  
And how it sprung up there what prophet can tell?  
When sudden, 'mid shouts, imprecations, and cries,  
"The curnel," some frightened one yells in surprise.  
The rout then began, and to add to its fun,  
This battle shall ever be known as a "run."  
I ran with the rest, I acknowledge the corn,  
I ne'er was so bothered since first I was born.  
Miss Goforth and I had gone forth in a reel,  
The music just suiting the toe and the heel,  
When rumbled like thunder the alarm as I've said  
Alas, the fair G. tumbled heels over head.  
And then—a loud thumping, with oaths quick and hard,  
And "Hang it; wake, sergeants, the third relief guard,  
You sluggards, is here." I had but been dreaming,  
And feast, fight, and ladies were only in seeming.  
The certain realities were that my door  
Was breeched by a corporal's squad(ron) of four.  
A thirstless proceeding—I'd little, I swear,  
Like Flora McFlimsey, I'd little to wear,  
But scud like a ship under sail in a storm,  
My jib-sheet close reefed, just to keep me in form,  
Till "Port! hard a port!" brought me up in a run,  
And there stood Frank Goodwin, sir, choking with fun.  
He promised, e'er parting, howe'er to refrain,  
From telling our Cap.; so I'm "Richar-r-r-d again!"  
The curtain's rang down, here's the peice at a close,  
And who it was written for, sure *somebody* knows.

Dr. Baxter is chief of police at this post, and John Zumstein, the kind hearted sutler of the 5th Ohio cavalry, is now post sutler at Camp Dennison. He is of the right stripe, for he always treats men well, and never asks three times the value

of anything he sells soldiers, as some other men do. Mr. Zumstein credited certain parties, and thinks as I do, that he will never be paid.

We have, I am happy to say, some very excellent officers in this 9th O. V. C. Captains Breyfogle, McCutchen, Stough, Bowles, and Gatz; and Lieutenants Cole, Fechner, Schronig, Brown, Adjutant Arthur Hamilton, and some others.

*January 15.*—This has been a hard month, so far as weather is concerned, and what is worse on me is that I have received notice that my wife and two children are very unwell. I should love to be with them as often as possible, but as I am needed here in camp, I cannot expect leave again very soon to visit them.

Received all our horses. G company's are light colored, and will be somewhat dangerously conspicuous during the time of action.

*February 4, 1864.*—Received marching orders to-day. Leave to-morrow.

*February 5, 10 o'clock A. M.*—We are now on horseback, marching to Cincinnati. Arrived at 4 P. M. and placed our horses, baggage, etc., all on board of four transports, which are waiting here to carry us on to the front. At 5 o'clock Captain Stetson sent me orders, through Captain Hetzler, to meet Mr. Coleman, his head clerk, at the Spencer House, to inform him how long I boarded my recruits at Langenbein's Union Exchange. Saw Mr. Coleman; stated the whole particulars to him, and, returning to the steamer, found no officer on board until

*February 6, 9 A. M.*—Lieutenant Colonel Cook and Captain Hetzler came on board, and Cook insulted not only myself, but Captain Stetson and Mr. Coleman, by placing me under arrest for the only absence *with leave* that has occurred since we were on board. All the rest of the absent officers, Major C., Captain Hetzler, and Second Lieutenant Frank Knapp, were absent without leave, to visit the house of Mrs. Stewart, on West Fifth street.

Left Cincinnati, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the Young America. Arrived at Louisville February 7, at 9 A. M., and marched to

Camp Spring Garden, when, to my utter astonishment, I found myself still under arrest, and informed Colonel Hamilton of the whole affair, which he said should be attended to as soon as possible. Shame, where is thy head?

*February 9.*—To-day Colonel Hamilton received an order from General Burnside, to detach Lieutenants Fechner, Cole, and myself as witnesses for the government in United States *vs.* Langenbein. In obedience to orders, we returned to Cincinnati, where court martial was held against Langenbein and others. This proves my arrest a contemptible, dastardly outrage.

*February 10.*—Reported at the judge advocate's office, and my coming as a witness in this case was approved by the proper officer.

*March 8.*—Met two clerks of the adjutant general, at Camp Dennison, who informed me my old particular enemy, Knapp, is a deserter from D company, 2d O. V. C., and has been sent for by his captain, Henry Clay Pike, a gentlemanly, noble minded soldier, whom I met on Fourth street, near Pike's opera house, which his uncle, S. N. Pike, Esq., is owner of. Knapp, he says, is one of the very *lowest* privates in any Ohio regiment, and is known to every man, soldier or servant, in the 2d O. V. C. as a very degraded knave. He lied to his captain about a sergeant in his company in order to obtain his position, and he succeeded for a very short time. He was appointed sergeant, but being discovered trampling on better men, and plotting against officers, he was immediately reduced to the ranks. A pretended sickness brought him to Camp Dennison, where, as acting sergeant major, he laid and attempted to execute all sorts of evil plots, until, meeting my unfortunate self, he obtained a position he nor any one like him is fit for. We have learned to know that such conduct, sooner or later, meets its just punishment, and hope that this case will not be an exception.

“ Momentous triumph—fiend thy race is o'er;  
Thou, whose blind rage has ravaged every shore,  
Whose name denotes destruction, whose foul breath,  
Forevea hovering round the dart of death,  
Fells, mercilessly fells, the brave and base,  
Through all the kindred of the human race.”

*March 23.*—Sent Corporal H. Stahl, Privates C. Koch and Thomas Maddern to rejoin the regiment to-day.

I became acquainted with a circumstance this day which strikes me very forcibly. A certain doctor, residing near a certain city is a bachelor of forty years and upwards, who frequently makes the acquaintance of young ladies through street talk, and politeness displayed on all occasions; especially when in close proximity to young maids of handsome appearance. He is very affable and persuasive, it seems, as he causes many of these foolish young girls to lose their moral character and become mothers while yet unmarried. As an instance of this method of his, I inform the public of a proceeding which came to my certain knowledge, as I resided close to Mrs. V. K—, No. — West —th street, where, on or about the last of January, 1864, he brought a young lady from Kentucky to board. Here she was called Mrs. F—, and to show that the term "Mrs." was, or should have been correct, she, three weeks after her arrival, was brought to bed and had a child that has not been christened yet. This new mother is very handsome, as foolish as she is, and is the daughter of very wealthy parents, who move in first class society. They are not aware of their only and petted daughter's indiscretion, or, no doubt, she would be homeless to-day. I have seen this erring girl frequently, but was not aware of her guilt until to-day. I saw the child carried off secretly to a nurse in the country, and the young mother shedding tears of grief at the bitter necessity that thus early deprived her of her little one.

There is now another victim of seduction boarding at the same place. The name given this erring girl is Mrs. E—th. Alas! some young girls are led astray to their injury very easily.

*March 25.*—Met the first and second lieutenants of C company, 2d O. V. C., on the corner of Fifth and Elm streets, who seeing the figure "9" on my hat, asked me if I belonged to the 9th O. V. C. I told them I did, when they asked me if Frank Knapp was not in that regiment. I told them I thought he was, and asked them if they knew him. They both answered by saying, in the presence of five or six persons, that not only

did they know him as a cowardly, plotting poltroon, but every member of their regiment knew him as the same. Enough of him forever; I shall not mention his name again if I can help it.

*April 18.*—Major General Sherman, the noble commander of the division to which were attached our first and second battalions of the 5th O. V. C., at and before the battle of Shiloh, now commands the army of the Cumberland, and has his headquarters in the field, I hear. I hope it is true, as he is a general officer we all believe in. At Shiloh he was one of General Grant's main props, on Sunday, April 6, 1862. May his shadow never be less.

*April 21.*—Have just received a letter from one of my men, Frank Hurff, which informs me that on Wednesday, April 13, Captain Hetzler, Second Lieutenant Frank Knapp, and thirty-nine of my G company men, were captured near Florence, Alabama, and two men, James Jones and —— Vanmetre were killed. I saw Lieutenant Cole receive a letter telling all about this. It was published in the Times, and I here reproduce it as it was:

FROM THE NINTH O. V. C.—CAPTURE OF OHIO CAVALRY.

A letter from Major H. Plessner, to Lieutenant S. H. Cole, gives the following particulars of the capture of a portion of the 9th Ohio cavalry. It is dated from Athens, Alabama, April 15:

“ About ten days since Lieutenant Colonel Cook was sent on a foraging expedition with seven companies of the 9th Ohio cavalry, when through some mistake, he allowed three companies to leave his command and proceed in different directions, to return in three or four days. Companies G, E, and I were out. G company was encamped near the river, in a barnyard. Captain Hetzler and Lieutenant Knapp went to the planter's house to sleep, having previously thrown out *two* pickets. The men were surprised about 3 o'clock in the morning. Corporal Vanmetre and Private Jones were instantly killed, the rest were all taken prisoners. After they had secured the privates, unknown to these very officers, they sent a guard after the officers and hurried the entire crowd across the river.

"Private Jones, who was killed, was enlisted from the Fourteenth ward."

Poor fellow! I enlisted him.

Another statement of the Times is as follows: .

"The following are the names of the soldiers captured near Florence, Alabama. They were members of G company. Lieutenant Fanuing, their commander, is now here, having been summoned as a witness on a court martial. The captured were:

"Sergeants Kennedy, Cook, Winks, Smeltzer, Snyder, Shidler, and Gamble.

Corporals Lightfoot, Bryant, Rover and Connor.

Privates I. W. F. Johnson, Gillen, two Foss brothers, Brock, Koch, Edson, two Smith brothers, Hewell, Addlesberger, McNamee, Worman, Mannson, Ralston, Niblick, Powell, Shanklin, Bryan, and several others. In all, captured and killed forty-one."

This evil accident happened, I am told, through the negligence of the officers who commanded the company; they being absent at the time it occurred. There were only *two* picket guards placed out, and both were killed on this sad occasion. Both these men were meritorious soldiers, one of whom, James Jones, I enlisted as a recruit in the Fourteenth ward of Cincinnati.

*May 6.*—This day ended the case of Langenbein, the government defrauder, against whom I have been kept here as a witness nearly three months. His punishment will be severe, for he has swindled the United States government out of sixty-five thousand dollars, charging that sum for boarding recruits less than one year.

*May 8.*—Left Cincinnati for the front, on the General Lytle, and arrived at Louisville at 1 A. M. of

*May 9.*—Departed for Nashville at 7 A. M., and arrived there at 4 P. M.

*May 10.*—Stopped at the St. Cloud Hotel, a very sumptuous house—if the bill of fare was only equal to the bill charged.

*May 11.*—Started on the morning train for Athens, Alabama, where my company is now stationed.

*May 12.*—Arrived at Athens at 4 P. M., and found companies I and G here.

*May 13.*—I find Athens a small place, yet it ought to be flourishing, since Federal troops hold it, and several pretended Unionists are residents of this seemingly good locality. Lieutenant Cole and myself remain here to take command of our respective companies, sending letters to Colonel Hamilton, at Decatur, Alabama, informing him of our arrival. Lieutenant Fechner left us to rejoin E company at Decatur, and kindly carried our letters to the colonel.

I find my fragmental company all well, and, so they say, happy to see me. I hope this happiness is true, as I look upon all good men as my equals, if not my superiors. Major Williamson, commanding our second battalion, is here, and seems a gentleman in every shape. An indefatigable officer, ready always to perform any hazzardous duty, *he* is, and I am happy to be under a gentleman who is so noted for courage, gallantry, and everything else that is creditable in a soldier. That he may raise in his military profession, as he deserves to, is my heartfelt prayer.

Entering a grocery here to buy tobacco, I saw a southern doctor of divinity in the back room, (where beer is sold,) go out of the back door, wiping his mouth. He seemed to feel uneasy as I looked at his side movements. The fact is he evacuated the premises because he thought some of the brotherhood might hear of his unclerical habit of indulging in strong drink.

*Friday, May 13.*—Started out at 4 P. M., fully armed and equipped, on an expedition to Florence, and were joined by the 7th Illinois mounted infantry, commanded by Colonel Rowett, and the first battalion of our own regiment, under Major Sims, an officer well liked by his men. I am proud to know that I am under two good field officers. Our first battalion came from Pulaski, Tennessee, where it is stationed. This raid is in consequence of intelligence received by Brigadier General Matthias, commanding at Decatur, Alabama, that Florence, a rebel hole, is at present occupied by a brigade under General Rhoddy, and a few bushwhackers under Brigadier General

Wheeler. Advanced thirty miles and camped for the night at 11 P. M.

*May 14.*—Started again at 4 A. M. and advanced six miles, when we heard firing in front. This was between our advance guard and the rebel picket. Soon after hearing the firing E company, Captain Breyfogle, and a part of H company dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, advancing into the thick woods on our right, where the heaviest firing came from, in order to ascertain the precise locality of the main body of the rebels. Captain Breyfogle was the officer to send on such a duty, for I do not know a braver or better one. Two companies of the 7th Illinois also promptly advanced to scour the woods, and, at the same time to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and compete with the 9th O. V. C. in fighting qualities.

“*Vive le gentilhomme.*”

G company was sent to guard the road a half mile distant from the main body, and remained until the second battalion, Major Williamson, was sent to the left for the purpose of right and left flanking the rebel force, as well as to keep a rear guard to intercept and capture all the chivalry who asserted, some time since, that “it would take five Yankees to fight one Confederate.”

Company I, Lieutenant Cole, advanced to the river, led by Colonel Hamilton, to prevent the rebels crossing the Tennessee and escaping; but to our grief he was too late, as a number of large flatboats they had there carried them over to an island, near the south bank, five minutes before he arrived. There the rebels must be in force, as a large number of cannons are planted there, and several balls and shells were fired at us very rapidly. We captured several of the rebels before they escaped, however, and taught them that the Yankees, as they term all Federal soldiers, can fight when southerners dare not.

Our regiment lost one man killed, Private Mellone, of I company. Several horses were killed, and others so badly wounded that they were abandoned as no longer serviceable. We are all sorry that any delay occurred on our part, permitting the safe retreat of the enemy. At 3 P. M. we rested at a planter's house for dinner.

*May 15.*—Started at 4:30 P. M. for Florence, and crossed through some cornfields six miles from that place, as we heard from scouts that a strong rebel force was ambushed on our left in the woods.

*May 16.*—Heard firing by our skirmishers at 8:30 A. M., and, advancing near the woods, formed a line, expecting a battle. No rebels appearing, and our scouts not finding any, we started slowly again, and, at 11 A. M., entered Florence, from which place twelve hundred rebels had fled precipitately the night before.

The news of our approach reached them through contemptible citizens, who pretend Unionism to us yet are not believed in any of their assertions.

Three deserters from Rhoddy came in here and gladly gave themselves up to us. They are Tennesseeans, and desire once more to see their deserted homes. Florence is a nicely located town, with beautiful residences, and—I won't say—handsome feminines. I sent the Times a full account of this expedition and its results. Stayed over night at Cypress creek, three miles from Florence.

*May 16.*—Scoured all the neighborhood, including Peters's plantation, where Rhoddy captured a portion of G company, April 13th. Crossed shoal creek, near which small stream we camped.

*May 17.*—Heard firing by rebel scouts at some distance, but soon discovered that, as soon as they fired, these military heroes skedaddled, getting beyond our reach, fortunately for them.

Left Florence for Athens at 10 A. M. Marched twelve miles and rested. It is very warm here. It is too hot for horseflesh, let alone humanity.

An officer is under arrest, I hear, for cowardice shown in a picket fight this morning. He is said to have run away when he heard three shots fired, leaving the guards to defend themselves, and fight under their own orders. I hope the above is untrue, as I never thought this of our ranking first lieutenant. Sergeant Hedges, of K company, was wounded by these bushwhackers who fired at our guard and then fled.

A Confederate soldier, who gladly surrendered here, related a portion of his family history with tears in his eyes. It is as follows :

" I am the only surviving son of a poor father, who was a farmer in good circumstances when the war broke out, but was stricken with poverty soon afterward. Having three sons he needed to hire no help in raising his crops of corn and cotton, and very easily sold all his family did not need, to good purchasers, for gold and silver. Shortly after the war commenced my two brothers, much against their own and my father's will, were forced into the Confederate infantry. Father gave all the money he possessed, to the provost marshal of his district, to buy them out of the service. All to no avail. He could not obtain their release, but lost all his money, because the provost marshal would not return it, saying that it was given to support the Confederate government.

" My two poor brothers, John and James Oakley, were killed near Corinth, while they were under General Cheatham ; and father sold out the best part of his farm, to bring their bodies back home and bury them opposite our front door. This money he lost too, as it was inhumanly taken from him by an officer, who said the bodies were of no further earthly use, and the money was of more value to the army than the men would be if yet living. This stroke affected my poor father's senses so much that he never had a sound mind again until the day he died, nearly two years ago ; when he called me to him, and said :

" 'Edward, my poor, suffering son, I called you here now, not only because I am sure this will be our last conversation on this earth, but because I wish to tell you what will be beneficial to you ever afterward. You do n't know, Edward, that I leave you nothing now to depend upon for a living. Yet so it is. All my remaining property is mortgaged to a man from whom I have begged support this last year. He only sent me one bushel of corn meal and four pounds of salt meat each month, but for that he charged me at the rate of twenty-five dollars per month. For this he now claims all that we possess. How a young boy of fifteen, like you, with no relative near him on

whom he can depend, is to live in this bleak world, and stem the tide of adversity, I can not say. But I advise you, my son, if ever you get to Knoxville, and see Parson Brownlow, to inform him of it all, and tell him it was by my advice you did so."

"Saying this my poor father died, and I was left alone in the world. After being two days and nights without a mouthful to eat or a shelter to cover me, I was picked up in a famishing condition, close to our old barn, by a squad of Confederate soldiers, who forced me to enlist. I refused this in the first place, when they tied me up to a tree, took aim at me by order of the officer commanding them, and then, through fear of death, I enlisted."

Edward Oakley was paroled and set at liberty.

Camped twelve miles from Florence on the Athens road, and I was there appointed officer of the guard. Remained at one of the front posts until 11 P. M., when I was ordered to return to the regiment, and bring the guards with me, as the 9th Ohio cavalry was moving on toward Athens. Obeyed orders, and in doing so very narrowly escaped death, as some of the pickets I was seeking thought me a rebel soldier, and, but for Sergeant Farnham, of E company, they would certainly have forever stopped my forward movements on this earth, as they all took aim at me previous to my seeing them.

*May 18.*—Crossed Elk river at 11 o'clock A. M. This stream is four feet deep, half a mile wide, and is rather hard to cross, as there is a strong current to contend with. All our regiment came over safely. Arrived at Athens at 6 o'clock P. M., having lost not a single G company man throughout this entire expedition.

*May 19.*—Left Athens for Decatur at 7 A. M., and passing through swampy roads, arrived at Decatur at 3 P. M. There is a fine government plantation four miles this side of Decatur, which is filled with negroes of every age, who seem healthy, well fed, and proud of having the blessings of freedom as well they may be.

*May 20.*—Left Decatur at 9 o'clock A. M. for our new station, which is a small village at a railroad junction, about three

miles from Decatur. Our duty there will be to guard the railroad.

Two thirds of the town of Decatur had been destroyed by gunboats previous to our arrival; and taking into consideration the fact that the destroyed houses were occupied by rebel nuisances at that time I think it was only right to punish by batteries felling the houses which sheltered such beings. The 8th O. V. C. has an excellent name here. They have shown themselves fighting men, and are worthy of applause from all men in favor of ending this ignominious civil war; and proving Ohio can show features of bravery in every regiment that has yet been sent out by that noble State. *Gloria ad O. Remus!*

*May 21.*—Moved our camp to Mooresville, Alabama, which we find is a very pleasant looking village, seven miles from Decatur.

*May 22.*—Officers' call was sounded at 7 A. M., by the regimental bugler, James Doran, and after we were all seated, the colonel spoke of what happened at Mills's point, five or six days since, when a certain officer left his post and galloped to camp, instead of sending a sergeant, as he should have done, to give information of the approach of the enemy. It is a great disaster when any officer purposely fails to discharge his duty.

"Every guard officer's duty is to make the grand rounds twice or three times each night, and see that every sentinel is in his proper place," said the colonel, "and see that all his orders are strictly obeyed. If this is not adhered to men will become demoralized by thinking their commanding officers ignorant of military duties, and unfit to command their obedience to proper orders."

This was a reprimand to the repentant officer I spoke of before, and he was then and there fully pardoned for his first offense.

We are favored with a band of good musicians, who lay their musical instruments aside when the regiment goes out on a foraging expedition, a raid, a scout, or any other duty, arm themselves with carbines and sabres, and partake of all impend-

ing danger with as much spirit as any brave soldier. Hurrah for such a bands.

*May 26.*—The seventeenth army corps, commanded by Major General F. P. Blair, jr., passed through Mooresville to day. The first, second and third brigades are respectively commanded by Brigadier Generals Force, Gresham, and Malloy. The 20th, 68th, and 78th Ohio infantry, and the 1st, 3d, and 4th Ohio cavalry are in this corps. They marched to Decatur, Alabama, where the 17th New York Zouaves are now stationed. These Zouaves had a heavy fight with a strong rebel force, seven miles south of Decatur, to-day, killing fifteen, wounding twenty-eight, and capturing thirty-seven secesh soldiers, and taking the secesh camp, seventeen army wagons, and several stragglers who, unlike the balance of Rhoddy's men who were engaged here, did not leave on the double quick. The 17th Zouaves had to fall back in the early part of the day, but being reinforced by the 3d Ohio cavalry, they drove the Johnnies pell-mell, and would have taken them all if the place had been less swampy, and not so much covered with a thick undergrowth of what may be termed screening trees, which secure a safe retreat to all forces that are falling back to seek safety for themselves.

*May 27.*—Solution of a mystery. I have discovered to day several plotters, and lay them aside as fellows not worth noticing. These thoughts came to me, and I abide by them. Those who slowly and gradually rise to those positions which they are worthy to fill, like good rivers in spring and autumn, leave behind them a sediment, which, on slowly retiring, convert a region, which would otherwise, have been a desert, into a garden of the world.

We have, fortunately, one of the most efficient, worthy regimental surgeons in the service. Major Finch, of whom I speak, attends to every sick call, and causes every member of this regiment to regard his health by cleanliness, adopting a proper manner of cooking, and eating only what is nutritious and what is easy of digestion. Such a surgeon as the major, deserves, and I hope will soon obtain, his reward by a merited promotion.

*May 29.*—To-day a man named Conway, who belongs to Alabama, and was forcibly conscripted by the rebel General Rhoddy, took the favorable chance offered him by our pickets, and escaped to us by crossing the Tennessee river in a canoe. He says General Rhoddy's brigade, 3,000 strong, escaped to join General Joe. Johnston, through intelligence received from certain southern chivalric citizens who very plainly show their duplicity whenever a favorable opportunity offers itself to them.

*May 30.*—A planter named Gamble, residing one mile south of Mooresville, lost a fine gray horse to-day, by low means, as the fellow who took it was a native of the State of Alabama, like Mr. Gamble. The rascal not only took this horse, but also took a good mule from a widow neighbor of Mr. Gamble, and said he belonged to the 9th Ohio cavalry. As I was the officer of the day, Mr. Gamble informed me of this, and I rode with him in his buggy, chasing the scamp closely to Decatur, where we learned he had taken a by-road to Limestone, fourteen miles distant, which we made in one hour, but too late to catch him as he crossed the creek on horseback and hid in the woods beyond. The perpetrator of this daring offence was a well known rebel spy.

Returning to camp we stopped at the house of Mr. Hurte for a drink of water, which Mr. Hurte brought out to us, and spoke kindly, bidding us good day, when his wife, Mrs. Hurte, a woman of a very bad temper, came out, caught him by the arm, and said :

“ You always make free with every Yankee dog you meet; the filthy pups. Will you never know a gentleman's feelings toward such curs? Come in the house here, or I will leave it forever.”

This is only part of the vile language she made use of for no reason whatever. She showed her authority by her husband quickly obeying her orders. Thus it is with some husbands. They, oftentimes to their sorrow, are led to many a low and vicious belief, through the foolishly false statements and wicked misrepresentations, combined with fear, of their *better halves*.

There's fun in love, they say, on mounted steeds,  
And fast skedaddling done on hunting tours,  
If love comes forth to burnish ancient beads,  
Then quick recruiting calls skedaddlers yours.  
All truth dissembling, couching like a slave  
We bend to truth though thistles fill our grave.  
This then is it—a cruel jest has sprung  
'Tween Jack, the groom, and Chieftain Bully Young.  
The latter speaks; the former must obey  
Though want proclaims a loss in oats and hay.  
"Step out," says Bull, "there's crust, though but in crumbs,  
For all my steeds with devastating gums.  
See appetites in tune with joyous glee;  
Fall in, then, Jackass, and kick not at me.  
These beasts of burden, then, of thine are full,  
So, Jackass, kick; you're fighting 'gainst a Bull."  
Let truth, like love, here list to live or die,  
And pity fools a knave can sell or buy.

*June 1, 1864.*—This day opens a new month, and the men hope it opens the door to paymasters, who have been looked for anxiously, but have not yet made their appearance. This morning it was rumored that they were expected, and the men felt very happy over this good news, as a number of them have families at home who need money for their support. At dinner, where a crowd was together, Charles Hanna humorously said:

"Boys, since a *Brown* individual entered Virginia some years back, to better his *color*, and charm all raven hued friends, north and south, why are persons of all shades, white or black, anxious to retain any number of *green* backs, which visit them as *noted* prisoners of war?"

The only answer was:

"Summer is close by, so we welcome our colored visitors because that would be like the colored question I would ask, which is: Why is colored burying supposed to be coming on extensively now-a-days?"

"Because black *berries* are becoming prominent and lead to jams."

"Thinking of our folks at home," said another, "reminds me of a late conundrum, which is: 'Why should a wife be like a roasted lamb, tender and nicely dressed?' To which I should

answer: Ladies are juicy whenever they meet a wooly head, limbless and jarring."

Here a son of the Emerald Isle said:

"Now thin, byes, since yez are axing questions among ye, here's one. Wot faymale ship is like a manly soger? Kin nun of yez tell me? Well thin, the rayson a good faymale ship is like a manly soger is becase they are both of them brig-a-dears."

This called out the following as a response to the Emerald-er's:

"Why are our soldiers, in some positions, supposed to be all Irishmen? D'ye give it up? Because we take our turns in *Pat-rolling*."

"Now," asked another, "what mechanic is supposed to be the most holy in his daily actions?"

"A boiler maker, since he punches in holes more than any mechanic I know," answered a Cincinnati. Another member of G company, after fully enjoying this, asked the last yarn heaver:

"What is meat in found-ry(e) fields near Porkopolis, now-a-days?"

Receiving no satisfactory answer the questioner himself replied:

"A *ham-mer*, of course."

*June 4.*—Being officer of the guard to-day, I found the guards well stationed, and on the alert; consequently there is no danger of a secret rebel advance, similar to the Shiloh affair. As I was returning to camp from the posts, it commenced to rain heavily, to escape which I dismounted, tied my horse to the limb of a large shady tree, and sat down to await a lull of the storm. Ere the rain ceased to wet Mother Earth, two members of the 9th Ohio cavalry came near me, and sat down without seeing me; one to finish, the other to listen to, the following story:

"Yes, she of whom I was telling you was a very handsome girl; while the railroad clerk was a passably good looking man. She, as I told you, used to pass by the office he was engaged in very frequently, as she lived not far off. She always walked

slowly and looked in as she passed, in order, I suppose to obtain a glance at the clerk, whom she seemed to admire. The clerk was kept pretty busy, and generally had his back toward the front entrance, and consequently did not, at first, notice the young lady. One day, however, made a vast difference in the programme, for it being very cold in winter, the young damsel, when just in front of the office, slipped on the icy pavement, and would have fallen but the clerk, seeing her, rushed out and caught her by the waist ere she fell down. From that day he became intimately acquainted—in fact, since then he has not shown a *waste* of time, although the young lady was *waisted* by the manly hero of this new *pair of slippers*."

Seeing me, after this story was finished, they left for camp, and then I thought:

Since love it is of ivy green,  
Sweet innocence the flower;  
And ev'ry youth soon seeks the screen  
And wanders through the bower;  
Oh, let the arbor turn its hue,  
And sleeping flowers dally,  
No golden roses turning blue  
Shall green be, like our Sallie.

*June 7.*—This is the hottest day felt by many of us this year, and it compels an idle person to sweat as indiscriminately as one at hard labor. The heat reminds me of a conundrum propounded, nearly a year ago, by a friend of mine who perspired freely while "popping the corn." The question was as follows:

"Why is a non-breezy discourse at bed time now like a banner?"

The answer, which was followed by a full chorus of sleepy snores, was:

"Because it soon begins to flag."

Captain Breyfogle, of E company went to Decatur this morning to escort the paymaster up here, but the captain returned with the very important information that veterans only, and not raw recruits, are entitled to bounty. This renders it necessary for every company officer to make out new pay rolls, except

G company, whose rolls are, like its deportment, correct, I am proud to say.

*June 9.*—Days pass here with remarkable similarity, considering the war times, and we all think it is occasioned by rebel fear of the 9th Ohio cavalry, which creates much lassitude on our side. On this account I can only imagine the correctness of the French bull, painted over the gate of a cemetery in the land of wine and frogs:

*“Ici on n’enterre que les morts qui vivent dans la commune.”*  
(Here we inter only the dead who live in the parish.)

*June 10.*—Major W. P. Stomis, the paymaster, arrived here yesterday evening, and paid the men four months, including April 30, 1864.

*June 11.*—Last night we were ordered to Decatur and the second battalion left Mooresville at 11 P. M., arriving at Decatur at 2 this A. M. Left Decatur at 4 A. M. for a place twenty miles distant where Rhoddy was stationed, but he, having heard of our movements towards him, left for some other point. After thoroughly searching the woods, swamps, and open plains, all of which proved of no avail, we returned to Mooresville, where we found the 73d Indiana veteran infantry camped a hundred yards from us.

*June 12.*—The second battalion is ordered to Athens again. Broke camp and started at 7 o'clock A. M. Met General Granger's brigade three miles from Athens, on its way to Decatur. Samuel G. Abstain, a noted scoundrel, forced a soldier's wife last night, and deserted. If the villain is caught he will get the punishment he deserves.

*June 16.*—The 7th Illinois mounted infantry have been permanently dismounted, and the 9th O. V. C. is ordered to take possession of their well used horses. We need the beasts very much, as we are continually on duty, and numbers of our animals are rendered unserviceable by hard riding. The first battalion, Major Sims, came from Pulaski here to get horses, and, obtaining the needed supplies, returned, leaving our second battalion to discharge all cavalry duty in this section of the country.

*June 17.*—A report is brought to Major Williamson, that For-

est, with a large body of rebels, is advancing direct to Athens. One hundred men of our battalion have been ordered out in the direction whence Forest is reported to be coming, for the purpose of ascertaining how reliable this intelligence may prove to be.

*June 19.*—The one hundred men who went to look for Forest, reached Sugar creek, thirty-seven miles distant, and there dismounted and prepared to cook a meal after their long ride. Captain Stough, their commander, was sitting on the verandah of a planter's house, which was on a hill side, shortly after giving the order to unsaddle, when a rebel squad advanced and called upon him to surrender. To this he made no answer, but ordered his men to mount. Seeing a body of cavalry at hand, some of whom had not yet unsaddled, this Morgan squad of rebels wheeled their horses as quickly as possible, and escaped, though chased through several miles of intricate woods and branching roads. So it is; sometimes rebels will escape when pursued. In this they are fortunate.

Making the grand rounds to-night I lost my way in the woods and wandered around for at least an hour, when I discovered three men near the creek, beyond our camp, and, thinking they were some of our cavalrymen, I dismounted and was leading my horse toward them, when one of them jumped to his feet and angrily yelled out:

“D—n you, you bugger, you can’t fool me that way. Come on here, and whip me like a dirty Yank, if you can.”

Seeing and hearing all this, I stepped behind some large bushes which screened me from their sight, and saw the bantered hero arise, throw part of a deck of cards in the stream, and bring his musket to his shoulder, coolly saying:

“Now, you jest say once that I cheated ye, and darn ye, I’ll soon put an end to yer.”

Here the third man came toward me as if frightened at the sight of the actions of his comrades. My horse happening to neigh just then, the man stopped short, and seeing him dressed in rebel gray, I quickly mounted, drew my sabre, and called out: “Come on here, boys; I see a lot of guerrillas. Charge them, and see that none escape.”

Hearing this order they fled through the woods, thinking, no doubt, that a large party of cavalry soldiers were near, as I made all the noise I could by rattling my sabre against the scabbard. Soon after this I found one of our posts, where the men were on the alert, carefully attending to their duties. The guard said he had heard noise off to the right, but as I came from that direction he supposed it was me. I staid all night at the various posts, but saw or heard nothing more of rebel guerrillas.

The 8th Missouri Zouaves passed through here to-day, on their way home, their time being out. This regiment was formerly under General Lew. Wallace, and was in the battle on Monday and Tuesday, April 7th and 8th, 1862, at Shiloh.

Two rebel deserters, belonging to Colonel Malone's 7th Alabama Confederate cavalry, came into camp to-day, guided by two of our pickets. They borrowed horses from their neighborly acquaintances, and rode to Major Williamson's quarters, from whence they were sent to the post commander, Colonel Campbell.

I placed a drunken fellow, named Chap Davis, who is always absent on drunken sprees, and insulting everybody, in the guard house at Athens, where, if I am not mistaken, he will remain a short time.

*June 22.*—A lieutenant of the 2d Alabama Confederate cavalry was captured to-day, twelve miles from Athens. His name is Jones. He is a doctor who can heal all diseases, he says, except this civil disruption, and he would die himself before he would try to cure *it* by even an oath of amnesty.

The second battalion is ordered out to Elk river.

*June 23.*—We left camp at 1 and arrived at Elk river at 7 A. M. Thirty scouts are sent out. E company, now under command of Lieutenant Fechner, has gone in the direction of Florenee. Captain McCutcheon is, at present, in command of this battalion, Major Williamson being sick at Athens. News was brought to Captain McCutcheon at 10 P. M. that a large force, under Rhoddy, was at a plantation three miles from us. I was sent out with seven men to see if this was true, but, after thoroughly searching all the plantations in the reported neigh-

borhood, was unable to discover any signs of being in the vicinity of a rebel camp. The fact is that a darkey had told one of F company's scouts that three thousand of Rhoddy's men had crossed the Tennessee river in *a canoe*. We soon found this report perfectly true—so far as the size of the vessel used as a transport was concerned.

*June 23.*—Reached camp, after my fruitless search for Rhoddy, at 6 A. M.

*June 25.*—E company returned from Florence at 10 A. M., bringing several prisoners with them, one of whom was in possession of thousands of dollars of Confederate and United States bank notes.

*June 27.*—I am ordered out to Lamb's ferry with a squad of twelve men, and arrived there in five hours. There was a tea party at Weaver's plantation, three miles from the ferry, this evening, on passing which we saw thirteen females of strong secesh sympathies, waiting for their male friends, who failed to come to them at the appointed time, because the Yanks were near at hand, and fear swept love away and kept the male geese and female ducks apart.

There was loud talk among these fair maidens as we passed, one of them saying:

“Who asked these durned Yanks to come here. They ain't worth minding, and never will be,” and much more of the same kind.

*June 28.*—Returned to camp at 3 A. M., and am again ordered out, with eight men, to patrol from Rogersville to Bainbridge ferry, forty-five miles from Athens, and thirty miles from Elk river. This is the ferry the rebels use in carrying forage to Rhoddy's brigade, and near which a rebel wagon train is reported to be, and I am sent out to capture it. Sergeant Oviett, of F company, is ordered by Captain McCutcheon to co-operate with me, he having twelve men. I advanced with my small squad to Phillip's plantation, fourteen miles from our camp.

*June 29.*—Sergeant Oviett having failed to report at 1 A. M., I advanced with my small squad, intending to do all in my power to capture the train, and also report this brave sergeant

who purposely failed to report to me, although ordered to do so, as above mentioned. We left Rogersville at 1 o'clock P. M.

*June 30.*--Arrived at Bainbridge ferry at 6 o'clock A. M. but were one hour too late, as a rebel wagon train crossed at 5 o'clock. Captured I. Wise, Tompkins, and Showler; shot one rebel cavalryman who was endeavoring to escape by swimming his horse across the Tennessee river; destroyed five boats kept here for rebel use, and started back to Rogersville at 10 o'clock A. M.

Our horses being much in need of feed, we stopped at the house of Mrs. Barre, eight miles from the ferry, where, by paying rations of coffee and sugar, the men had dinner cooked for them by Mrs. Barre and her two handsome sisters-in law, who reside with her, and who seemed anxious to please us Yankees. Mrs. Barre's husband belonged to the rebel army until he was captured, a year ago, near Stevenson, Alabama. Mrs. Barre and her sisters-in-law are very much opposed to this war, and have procured protection papers from General Dodge, which they certainly deserve. The sisters-in-law both say they would as soon have a good live Yankee for a husband as "any other man."

Moved on at 3 P. M. and stopped again at Jack Phillips's plantation, where we fed our horses. Mr. Phillips is a strong southern man, but he is much opposed, he says, to this war, as it not only injures American repute in foreign nations, but it injures the people here at home to a great extent. The rebel General Forest has a great military reputation here. He is considered the cavalry hero of the age. So Mr. Jack Phillips says.

Arrived at Rogersville at 9 o'clock P. M., and there found Lieutenant Brown, of F company, with nine men. His headquarters are at the fine residence of Mr. Young, where he (Mr. Young) has two adopted daughters, the Misses Jane and Sarah. These young ladies are very polite. They are opposed to this war also, because they think it will make husbands, "like angels' visits, few and far between." "Wives will be widows and girls old maids," they truly say. All female religion in the

South will apparently end in Mormonism, and every man remaining alive after the war closes can take to himself a batch of wives.

*July 1, 1864.*—Left Rogersville at 5 o'clock A. M., for Elk river, seven miles distant, and arrived there at 8 P. M., to find our second battalion relieved by portions of the 2d and 3d Tennessee cavalry. This is necessary, as we have been on duty alone the last fifteen days. Arrived at Athens, Alabama, at 2 P. M.

*July 4.*—This glorious day is met with joy by the 9th O. V. C., and all our men are having "a feast of pleasure and a flow of the spirit."

Invited to an officers' meeting at the Depot Hotel, but could not attend as I was kept busy writing. There was a fine speech made there by Captain Stough, who seemed to electrify all his hearers by his unexpected grandeur of oratory and the nobleness with which he expressed himself.

*July 6.*—The second battalion is ordered to Decatur, and has moved as far out as Mooresville, where it is again stationed.

Have heard charges made against Colonel Hamilton, which were read to the officers by order of Major Williamson. They amount to very little, and make me think our noble commander, General Sherman, observes too much for any pretender to military merit to pass reconnoisances in circles where he holds supreme sway.

*July 9.*—The whole regiment received orders to move immediately to Decatur, and join General Rousseau, who is there with two brigades of cavalry, and two 10-pound Parrott guns. Arrived there at 11 P. M.

*July 10.*—Drew twelve days' rations of coffee and sugar, and four days rations of hard tack and "sow-belly," as salt pork is called. Each man took one hundred and twenty rounds of cartridges. At 1 P. M. the order was given: "Column! forward, march!" and we left Decatur, the 9th Ohio, 2d Kentucky, and 4th Tennessee cavalry forming the first brigade, commanded by Colonel Hamilton; the second brigade was composed of the 5th Iowa, 3d Tennessee, and 7th Indiana cavalry regiments,

under command of Colonel Harrison; the whole commanded by Major General Rousseen. The general's body guard was companies E and K, 2d Kentucky cavalry.

Marched twenty miles over a rocky, undulating road, and rested at 9 P. M. Placed out pickets, who, shortly after going out to their posts captured a squad of thirty three rebel scouts, who had come from Mumfordsville, Alabama, through the darkness, expecting to achieve great things in the bushwhacking line before they returned, but found their "great expectations" suddenly dissolved by their capture.

*July 11.*—Left Mumfordsville at 6 o'clock A. M., and took Somersville. Ascended Summit mountain, eight miles south of Somersville, and captured a rebel chaplain and seven soldiers, one of whom, a red headed fellow, was about to be married to a girl near here, and he wept like a child when we "tuk" him. In consequence of this postponement of his marriage festivities, he showed his animosity toward us by uttering all the oaths he knew. Such men do not deserve virtuous wives. We passed a rebel camp soon after this, which had tents for at least two thousand men, and which had very recently been vacated. Encamped on another summit, ten miles distant, where we remained three hours.

*July 12.*—Started in the rear of the 1st Michigan artillery, at 5 o'clock A. M., and shortly afterward captured a rebel quartermaster, four wagons, and eighteen men, near Bloomingville, which place we entered at 2 o'clock. This place is a county seat, sixty miles from Decatur. The 49th Alabama infantry was stationed here, but when they heard of our near approach they quickly skedaddled and secreted themselves in the neighboring mountains.

*July 13.*—Started south again at 5 o'clock A. M., and moved rapidly over very rocky, mountain roads, injuring horses to such a degree that quite large numbers of them died every hour.

*July 14.*—Started again at 5 A. M., and got into a lengthy gap, near the end of which we stopped to rest. There is one Union woman along this route so far, who hurrahed for Abe Lincoln, our patriotic Union President, as we passed her house.

Arrived at Ashville, a luxurious small town, one hundred miles from Decatur, at 1 P. M. Here we took the road to Montgomery, which is yet one hundred and twenty-seven miles distant.

*July 15.*—Arrived at Greenupsport, on the Coosa river, at 6 A. M., where E company, under Lieutenant Fechner, and G company, under Lieutenant Fanning, went out after ninety rebels who were retreating that way; but they were too fast for us, and all got away, with the exception of three rebel officers and a railroad contractor.

We have crossed seventeen mountains since we left Decatur. Like all other mountains they afford excellent hiding places for guerrillas, bushwhackers, etc. Shortly after leaving this place some of these hiding soldiers shot at and killed a captain and lieutenant of the 5th Iowa cavalry, who were in the rear guarding a wagon train. Mountains and creeks all have similar names here: There is Coosa river and Coosa mountain, Beaver creek and Beaver mountain, Summit creek and Summit mountain, etc.

Left Blountsville at 8 A. M., two miles in front of which we hear General Clanton is, with a rebel division. His largest force is across Coosa river. They are placed there to thwart our advance, by killing, capturing, or wounding, our whole force, which is one thousand seven hundred strong.

“Let them try it on,” as General Rousseau says, “any time they please, and the sooner the better.”

These remarks of the bravest, and one of the very best, military men in our whole Federal army, show what kind of a raiding leader *he* is. Hurrah for Major General Rousseau! we all say.

Crossed Coosa river at 9 A. M. The first brigade went to a place six miles east of here to engage the enemy’s attention, while the second brigade crossed the river a mile below here in order to flank the enemy. This we soon accomplished, capturing two colonels, one major, three captains, and fifty-seven men; killing nineteen, and wounding forty.

Re-crossed Coosa river at 2 P. M. This river is very wide here, being a mile and a half from bank to bank. It is three feet and a half deep, with a rapid current, and takes two hours

to cross it on horseback. Here we had another fight. Killed Captain Moore and eighteen of his men; wounded one lieutenant colonel and two majors, and captured seventy-three men, whom we paroled as we had no way of carrying our prisoners along with us. Captain Moore, and nearly all our prisoners, belonged to the 42d and 46th Alabama infantry. I found a Masonic badge in the coat pocket of Captain Moore, which I wrapped up to send to Governor Brough, the noble, patriotic governor of Ohio. Near here we burned 1,900 bales of cotton, two cotton gins, and a very large steam iron mill, the last of which is on Cane river, six miles from Talladega.

Captured Talladega, a good sized town, where the 6th and 8th Alabama infantry were stationed before our arrival, but they, like other Confed. chivalric heroes, fled before we entered and escaped before we took the place. There is a large rebel hospital here, which now contains 1,700 sick and wounded soldiers, Colonel Wadsworth and Major St. John among the rest, all of whom we left here on parole. The male denizens of the town left their female friends and relatives, who pretend to look on us Yanks with great favor.

Departed at ten o'clock A. M., and arrived at Martinsburg at 7 P. M., where another rebel regiment was stationed, but we had a long bridge to cross, and they "vamoosed the ranch" before we got to them.

*July 16.*—We marched all night last night. At 3 o'clock this A. M. one hour's rest was given us. At 5 o'clock we struck the Selma railroad, ten miles of the track of which we soon destroyed.

Still on the Montgomery road, which is a rocky, mountain track. The climate produces thousands of lizards, snakes and other poisonous reptiles, with bad insects of all sorts. Here we set two ants of different colors fighting. The black one we called Jeff. Davis, the light colored one Abe Lincoln. In a few minutes Abe got the better of Jeff, when we again took up the line of march.

Near here is the plantation of Mr. Moore, where two F company boys stopped as we were passing to obtain a canteen full of drinking water, when Mr. Moore come to his gate and invited

*This dinner is a fool*  
them in to dinner. This they could not accept without leave, and told the planter so, when he, seeing our battalion flag as it then was passing his door, wept bitterly, and exclaimed:

"Thank God! I see once more the glorious stars and stripes waving near my door. This was the idolatry of my former days, and remains so yet. Father in Heaven, look with pity upon deluded nations led astray by voracious, snake-like leaders. Do so, I humbly pray you."

Reached Tallipoosa river at 10 P. M., and crossed this rapid running, wide stream at 1 A. M. of

*July 17.*—Lost three men and seven horses, by drowning, as we were crossing the Tallipoosa. This is the greatest raid we ever heard of, in ancient or modern warfare, and is led by a general as worthy of promotion as any other we know who has not received it.

Started at 3 A. M., arriving at Dadesville in seven hours. Here we rested one hour, and another hard ride of seven hours brought us to Logopoca, which contains one of the largest depots on the Montgomery and Atlanta railroad. In this depot were stored thousands of barrels of flour, sugar, any amount of coffee in sacks, saddles, bridles, hard tack, and all the other necessary articles of war. These we soon destroyed, burning the depot with all its contents, and then went to work at the railroad, which we demolished for twenty-eight miles, burning nine cotton gins as we slowly moved along. Logopoca should have been defended to the last by the rebel soldiers, containing as it did the largest amount of quartermaster and commissary stores any of us ever saw gathered at any depot. The sky is well illuminated by fire just now.

*July 18.*—Left Logopoca at 6 A. M. Two hundred bush-whackers moved into the town after we left, thinking us out of sight and hearing. But they soon discovered their mistake, as the 8th O. V. C. was only a mile distant, tearing up the railroad track, when we received news of their movement. Quickly forming in line, we charged upon them, when they fled indiscriminately, only finding safety in the speed of their horses while being pursued by our worn out animals.

David Gerrouse, acting quartermaster sergeant of G company,

led, by my orders, seven skirmishers of this company toward General Clanton's force. The rebels being in the woods, my skirmishers were allowed to come within a hundred yards of them before they fired. The skirmishers quickly returned the volley, killing one and wounding another of General Clanton's staff officers. David Gerrouse received a slight flesh wound in the upper part of the arm, which was all the calamity that happened to my skirmishers. The rebels fled after this, and we returned and destroyed ten miles more of the Montgomery and Atlanta railroad.

After accomplishing all our railroad work, we went out the Marietta turnpike and took Auburn, driving Clanton and his forces into the woods again. Mr. Saunders, formerly a member of the State legislature, lives here. He spoke highly of our valor, and told me he had opposed this war from the first, by making a speech to that effect at its beginning, in Montgomery, Alabama. How true this is I do not know, but he seemed to tell truth, and feel it too, at this time. He accepted and thanked us for a broken down horse we gave him.

*July 18.*—The second brigade, while we were destroying the railroad, moved to our left, where a rebel brigade was posted, and charged them, killing sixteen, wounding twenty, and capturing two hundred and eighty, whom General Rousseau paroled, like all the other prisoners, because he could not carry them safely along with us.

*July 19.*—Left Auburn at 4 o'clock A. M., thankful for this first night's rest since we left Decatur, on this famous Rousseau raid. Five hours' marching brought us to Opelika, between which place and Auburn we destroyed all the railroad. The large depot here was also filled with commissary and quartermaster stores to an enormous amount. Captured a spy locomotive, with a freight train in its rear, at 10 A. M. Rebel government stores will now be scarce along our present route. We ate our breakfast at 10:30, which we consider a magnificent treat, as we regard one meal a day as a luxury beyond anything known to sultans in Asia, leaving European kings and emperors aside.

Changed our course again toward Montgomery. Saw very

large fields of sugar cane ten miles south of Opelika, where there were rebel quarters too, but the occupants suddenly left. Poor fellows.

*July 20.*—Arrived at Lafayette at 7 P. M., where we expected a strong fight, but found ourselves mistaken, as no fighting men confronted us. We captured six officers who were secreted in houses here, and then paroled them, much to their gratification and that of their courtseying, hoop-skirted friends. Rested at 11 P. M.

*July 21.*—Started again at 4 A. M., when company E and company G, my gray horse Cincinnati company, were the grand escort of General Rousseau, who was then resting himself by riding in a captured buggy. Shortly after starting our brave General Rousseau heard the enemy was massing his forces at Fredonia, and there we went to engage him, but found no enemy at all.

Arrived at the Georgia State line at 2 o'clock, entered Cartolton at 4, and moved on toward Marietta. Crossed Coosa once more, and entered Villaricca, thirty-seven miles from Marietta, Georgia, at 6 P. M.

*July 22.*—Left Villaricca at 5 A. M., and destroyed a large turntable six miles from there. Arrived at Powder springs at 1 P. M., which is only twelve miles from Marietta. Here we met General Sherman's pickets, the first Union soldiers we have seen on this raid.

Arrived at Marietta at 6 P. M., where we were told of the capture of works of the enemy close up to Atlanta, but were grieved to hear of the death of General McPherson, one of Ohio's noblest sons, who was killed in the front by the enemy's sharpshooters. On this whole raid our regiment has only lost twenty-seven men, who were captured by their own straggling without leave. I am happy to say that G company did not lose a single man, as I obeyed General Rousseau's orders to march in the rear of the company and not allow one of them to leave the ranks, unless to dismount, give his reins to his partner in file, walk to a well, return, mount his horse, and keep in ranks.

On reaching Marietta we received three hearty cheers from

troops there who were aware of the splendid duty we had performed under our leader, General Rousseau, Kentucky's noble son.

*July 23.*—We had a very poor night's rest, as it rained all night, and we had nothing to keep us out of the wet. Blankets and tents we left, according to orders, at Mooresville, when we started on the celebrated Rousseau raid.

We are again ordered out, at 9 A. M., to go on another raid, under General McCook, and started on our fagged horses. At Marietta, on our way to the Chatahoochee river, we passed a very large rebel graveyard. Arrived at a bridge fifteen miles from Marietta, which is on Sherman's right. Along the route we passed many elegant mansions, all unoccupied. Log huts and houses, like Indian wigwams, are also abundant on this road. Southern chivalry abodes indeed. Such is always the result of war.

*July 25.*—Have had one good night's rest, and believe, in this case, "fortune favors the brave." We are guarding a pontoon bridge of rebel construction. Guards were firing across this river rapidly at each other, but it has been stopped, as random shooting is considered worthless. There is a large number of rebel soldiers on the opposite bank.

*July 26.*—We are reliefs to General Stoneman's division, who were here before us. General Stoneman crossed here yesterday and returned for reinforcements. The 9th Ohio cavalry is ordered out again, and moved onward at 3 P. M., reaching a junction twelve miles distant at 7 P. M. Rested one hour, and moved through a bad mountain road, ourselves and horses being jaded and almost worn out. This is the darkest night we have yet passed through. Talk about hard work. If this is not something of that kind I am ignorant of all laborious employment.

*July 27.*—Rested from 3 to 7 A. M., the rain pouring down on us very heavily; which reminds me of the old saying, "No rest for the weary." Started forward, the rain still falling in torrents. We traveled by a new route, which seemed better than any we yet passed over. Reached a place eighteen miles from our late camp ground, where we saw a board nailed to a

tree, on which was painted, in Roman letters, the following words:

“TO HELL FIVE MILES!!! COME ON YANKS!!!”

Notwithstanding this threat of chivalric fellows, we moved forward without hesitation, when, shortly after, a German officer being near me, I said:

“Lieutenant, can you tell me when hops are of stouter German matter than jumps?”

His answer to my stomachic allusive question was: “When leading to beer (bier) vaults.”

“Ah,” said the lieutenant again, “there indeed would be a move, as going that way we would be bowl-ers and batt-ers in a cricket field, winning by scores this hot day.”

I took a chew of tobacco and said:

“Lieutenant, when are ladies like fast horses?”

Which he answered by saying:

“When rushing on with racy veins of sarcasm.”

“Women, women,” he added, “are often fast leaders; but in this they cannot excel what Fritz says, in broken English, about some certain military officers. About these Fritz discourseth thus:

“Von kurnel mit law sits in s'tate, meinheer,  
(Der chief vos der recruits create, dat's clear )  
For reasons I here, a goot deutscher, soll dell—  
Der teufel makes up petti-foggers in h—l,  
Who'll live as dey die, demi-johns on a swell !”

And he then added:

“To toil and fret,  
And calmly set  
Upon a stool while lunching,  
Is all the lot  
That Sallie 's got  
When Sam goes out a *punch-ing*.”

“When is an eye like a barrel, Lieutenant?” I asked, fixing my reins and preparing to trot off to my company.

“You ask me, ‘when is an eye like a barrel?’ I can tell you that. It is when it is bunged up, sir.”

Hearing this plain answer to my open question, away I went

and rejoined my company without receiving any other bung.

*July 28.*—Arrived opposite Cambleton at 8 A. M., and the 9th O. V. C. was placed as guard over a pontoon bridge and two 10-pound Parrott guns. The 3d Confederate infantry and a regiment of Texas rangers occupy Cambleton, and have strong breastworks on the river bank. Firing commenced when we got here, but it was stopped by the 9th Ohio cavalry. Five regiments, under General McCook, are two miles below us erecting a pontoon bridge. Our second battalion is here, commanded by Captain Bowles. The captain's quarters are at the house of Hon. T. Bullard, a secesh chief who vacated his premises, taking sixty slaves with him, the evening before we arrived. At 10 A. M. Major Payne, of the first Wisconsin cavalry, commanding one of his battalions, entered Cambleton, killing and wounding fifty-three rebel soldiers. While making this charge the major fell, shot through the breast, at the head of his men. His last words, spoken just before he reached the ground and his voice had been forever hushed in death, were:

“Charge, men, charge!” .

Ten rebel regiments reinforced the Texas rangers, and the 1st Wisconsin cavalry fell back, losing ten men. They joined the 9th O. V. C. and remained with us.

*July 29.*—General McCook's division, independent of General Stoneman's, 2,300 strong, reached the Macon and Atlanta railroad, near Noonan, and destroyed seventeen miles of the track, on both sides of Lovejoy's station; burned one thousand five hundred bales of cotton, and two railroad depots full of quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance stores. Proceeding on towards Macon he captured and burned one thousand two hundred wagons and six bridges, making illuminations which shed so bright a light that we could plainly see the fires at a distance of twelve miles.

We sent a flag of truce to Cambleton, in order to obtain the body of the lamented Major Payne, but the rebel leader stated that it had been buried, which was all the answer we received. Ordered to return at 7 P. M., and obeyed orders, taking the pontoon bridges and two Parrott guns with us in the direction of Marietta.

*July 30.*—Rested at 2 A. M., moved on at 5, and at 7 A. M. captured seventy-three guerrillas. We were on this raid sixty-five miles south of Atlanta, destroying more railroads. We are oystermen in some respects, going slap dash into deep water, seeking shoals to obtain shell-fish for longing shell fishites and Union lovers. Reached Vining's station, nine miles from Marietta, at 9 P. M., where we camped.

*July 31.*—Received our mail here to-day, which makes us soldiers very happy. My family are all well, for which I humbly thank my great Creator.

*August 1, 1864.*—It is very foggy here this morning. What a barren soil lies under our feet in this part of Georgia. It seems a wilderness. Talk about cannibals in stones. Here they should live in nature. Got leave to go to Marietta, and there I saw Colonel Brownlow, who had just arrived bareheaded and barefooted, bringing a part of his regiment, the 4th Tennessee cavalry, with him. He reports the greater part of McCook's division surrounded, but nearly all of them cut their way through the rebel ranks, and succeeded in making their escape.

*August 2.*—Ten thousand head of captured cattle are passing here for Sherman's front. Went to the Soldiers' Home here, which is well conducted, and in charge of Mr. Charles Fitch, of Columbus, Ohio. Captain Todd, a cousin of President Lincoln, has the whole charge of this splendid edifice. Returned to Vining's station and saw two hundred and eighty rebel prisoners at the depot. They were captured near Atlanta, and belonged to a dozen different regiments. Among these prisoners was a Lieutenant Saunders, who had married a southern lady of means at Marietta last May, nearly two months before we took it, and was with his young wife at the time of its capture. Soon after the fall of the place suspicion was attracted to their house, and a squad of guards were sent to search it. When they entered the premises the young husband was snugly ensconced between the matrasses of his bed, and his wife was on top of the coverlid, pretending great sickness. The proverbial gallantry of the American soldier prevented any farther molestation of the sick lady and secured the escape of her

husband. The only advantage that resulted from this manouvre was that Lieutenant Saunders was honorably captured in the field, instead of being taken at home when his friends stood so fearfully in need of his services. This instance is another illustration of the angelic qualities of femininity, when possessed of a moral mind.

*August 3.*—There is a signal corps here at Vining's station, and an extensive hospital which now contains 2,000 sick and wounded men.

*August 3.*—Ordered to report all servicable horses to the adjutant. Found three servicable horses in my Cincinnati company.

*August 5.*—General McCook arrived at Marietta to-day. He destroyed twenty-five miles of the Macon and Columbia railroad, and went to the suburbs of Macon before he returned. A new bridge is completed across the Chatahoochee river, two miles south of Vining's station, where we dismounted members of the 9th Ohio volunteer cavalry are, at present, posted on guard duty.

*August 6.*—A number of poor southern women are here to-day with blackberries to sell for coffee and sugar. Anxious to obtain some of my favorite and healthy berries, I addressed one of the best looking women, who had but very few berries left.

“My good woman,” said I, looking lovingly at her,

“ ‘A sweet face haunts my lonely way;  
Deep mournful eyes and thoughtful brow,  
On which the grave mold lieth now,  
Half veiled in shadows cold and gray.

The twilight died and I alone  
Stood gazing on that senseless clay,  
In awful beauty all its own.  
Oh, fortune, fame, and friends, are gone;  
I did not mourn them when they fled,  
For, from their ashes cold and dead,  
A sweet one rose and drives me on.’ ”

The young lady I here poetically addressed, listened, and seeming of a literary turn, asked me laughingly if I did not want

to buy her last quart or berries. I told her certainly, and without more words she gave them to me and I paid her in coffee and sugar.

*August 8.*—Portions of General Stoneman's regiments, who were out with him on his raid, got here to-day. I saw parts of the 1st, 4th, and 11th Kentucky cavalry; the 14th and 16th Illinois cavalry, and the 9th Michigan cavalry. They report that they were surrounded by rebel infantry and cavalry, who numbered ten to their one; that General Stoneman being compelled to surrender, ordered his men to do so, or cut their way out, whichever they thought best. These men adopted the cutting out method, as they preferred death to a surrender, and lost forty men each. Glory to such bravery. These men did not care if the enemy's force was 12,000 strong; they had 1,700 and succeeded in getting back to Marietta. General Stoneman and five hundred men were captured.

Viewed Kenesaw mountain from Vining's hill, where a signal corps is stationed, and saw a correct copy of the scene in Frank Leslie's Illustrated News, for August 6th, 1864. Old Sol brings perspiration from every pore, at the foot of this hill; yet he might lead to shuddering if we Yanks were near soda fountains, submerged in icy particles, indulging in a taste of this cooling beverage.

*August 10.*—The twenty-third army corps, under General Schofield, moved three miles to the right. Companies E and F, 9th Ohio volunteer cavalry, have been sent to guard wagon trains. Ours is the only Rousseau raid regiment now left here all the others having gone back to obtain serviceable horses and retain possession of their former posts. Those members of our regiment who are fortunate enough to be mounted, are now stationed two miles from East Point, and one mile from the railroad.

*August 11.*—Generals Dodge and Schofield have both sent for all the serviceable men and horses of our regiment. The farrier, after a full inspection, pronounced eighty-three horses of the whole regiment serviceable, yet five hundred men of the 9th O. V. C. have joined the twenty-third army corps on the extreme right. The dismounted men, three hundred and eighty

in number, are to remain on duty here until the receipt of further orders.

*August 12.*—We are guarding the large field hospital here, which now contains one thousand one hundred wounded and sick men. The balance of the regiment got here on a train from Mooresville to-day. The twenty-third army corps advanced six miles farther to the right. All company horse equipments were turned over to Captain Stough to-day.

*August 13.*—The 20th Indiana light battery moved past here to day, going to the right wing. Heard of Doran, our regimental bugler. He is in prison at Macon, Georgia. He was captured near Talladega, on our Rousseau raid. Doran is a fighting man when he drinks, which he did at Talladega, and takes no insulting word from any one then. As an instance of this:

When we left Talledega General Rousseau's adjutant general ordered Doran out of his road, as he wanted to pass without hindrance from such a fellow. Doran's muscles were excited by this language and he said:

"I'll be d—d if I'm any more of a *fellow* than you, and I can prove this to you mighty soon, if you think it needs to be proved."

This speech aroused the adjutant's ire, and he and Doran had a fist fight, Doran coming out winner. Intelligence of this coming to General Rousseau he threw his dignity aside; told Doran to strip and fight him as his equal, and leave shoulder straps aside; which Doran agreed to, went in, and got whipped. The general must be a fighting man every way, as Doran, whom he whipped so easily, is equal in the science of fisticuffs to any prize fighter of his weight and size in the American roped arena.

*August 14.*—Went to the top of Vining's hill to-day, where Lieutenant Brent is stationed with the signal corps, and there saw Atlanta's church steeples, and some of its breastworks in our front, with Kenesaw, Stone, and Pine mountains, in our rear. These seem to be triplicate productions of nature, about equal distances apart. Stone mountain is nearest Atlanta, then Kenesaw, and then Pine mountain. We are ordered to build

entrenchments near the Chatahoochee river, half a mile distant, and have begun work there.

*August 15.*—The dismounted 9th Ohio cavalrymen are still at Vining's station. Heard at 10 A. M. that the enemy under Wheeler was advancing, and was within three miles of us. We formed in line of battle, one mile in front, commanded by Captain Stough. Sent out scouts and in two hours found that the enemy was not coming to Vining's station. The 4th Ohio heavy artillery fell in with us. They are sixty-three strong, under Captain Hoffman, and are going home to be mustered out of service. We hear the rebels destroyed six miles of our railroad, near Dalton, yesterday before the Federal force came upon them. They were overtaken to-day and lost ninety-eight in killed and wounded, and two hundred and seventeen in captured.

*August 16.*—Went to Marietta on a leave, and saw the 10th Indiana infantry going home on a train, their time being out. Heard the following poetry recited by a disabled soldier at the Soldiers' Home to-day :

“A soldier who 'd been heaving yarns  
About his tent ere roll call,  
Who 'd soaked his mess in foolish darns,  
From Love's bright vista stole all,  
‘I 've been,’ said he, ‘a foolish chap,  
A mirthful, gay like lover  
In days of yore, when on my lap  
Sate Nell and Kate, in clover;  
In forward march I then quick stepped  
Commanded but by beauty,  
Then charged through lots of love, and crept  
To military duty.  
‘Halt!’ cries a sergeant, ‘that 's enough;  
You 're regularly mustered.’  
I 'm what? No pepper stripes can bluff  
A well made can of custard.  
‘Fall in;’ ‘retreat;’ ‘thy cannonade  
Beyond my flauks are flying.’  
‘Reserves, advance! Let every maid  
Unlimber sergeants lying.’  
So uniform has been this theme  
Of yoking perfumed flowers,  
That shadows on man's future, seem  
To glow like sunset hours.”

*August 17.*—One hundred and seventeen horses were brought here and mounted by that number of our men, who have joined the regiment and gone on another raid under General Kilpatrick.

*August 18.*—Very foggy here this morning. Heard heavy cannonading on our right to-day. A rebel deserter named Ka-heely, a private in the 42d Georgia infantry, swam across the river and gave himself up. He lives fifteen miles south of Marietta. He says false stories have been widely circulated by Janes, one of Hood's scouting spies. Janes is despised by all who know him, as a lying, worthless scamp. Kilpatrick has gone towards Macon.

*August 19.*—Thirty-seven captured officers were sent through here to Marietta to-day. The greater portion of these men are disguised, and are openly tyranical in principle, saying we Feds ought to be taught what we will soon know, that southern men are only fighting for liberty in their own native land, where no others can come armed without their leave. They also say we never can take Atlanta; and to our, not their, loss we will soon discover that fact. The last speaking chivalric hero was a very large man, and had a heavy voice, which reminded me of a certain class of opera singers, whose deep toned voices might be likened to a certain kind of fish and called *bass*. I felt a virtue in my quick thought that *in-vested* citizens should take things coolly in the South, because nothing should *unbosom* their eqnanimity, or ruffle their composure, while soldiers are muzzle in' their Long-streets or Hard-ies in de-la(i)nes.

Heat in expression here may make an inveterate toper and water-hater finish his life by vindictively “kicking the bucket.”

Our artillery on the right and center is throwing shot and shell into Atlanta very rapidly to-day. The right wing, under General Schofield, is now nearest the town. The twenty-third corps moved six miles farther to the right. Two hundred and forty rebel prisoners were brought in here to-day. One hundred and seventy of them are Alabamians, who deserted, they say, because they find it useless to fight us brave western men any longer.

*August 22.*—Firing in front all night. A woman near here was confined last night; previous to which I took her daughter-in-law past our pickets to obtain a physician for her. Caught a bad cold in the rain.

*August 23.*—The mounted portion of our regiment is now camped at Sandtown, on our extreme right, near the camp meeting ground known as Mount Gilead. Saw Dr. McMillan, our assistant regimental surgeon, who tells me to go to the twenty-third corps hospital at Marietta, as he has not the medicine I need.

Started on a train at 1 o'clock P. M., and was placed in the twenty-third army corps officers' hospital. Major Finch and Colonel Hamilton are both here sick.

*August 24.*—Have the intermittent bilious fever, for which I am under treatment.

*August 25.*—The chaplain of the 50th Ohio infantry is sick in the next bed. He has singular whims in regard to both war and peace. His most frequent remarks are about our want of men in front, rich men instead of poor, and our great need of pious feelings everywhere. While making a pious exhortation he saw a number of ladies slowly passing our sick tents, who gazed with pity on us, and he concluded his conversation by walking out towards them and saying:

“Oh, gentlemen, look out. There go our towers of great strength.”

*August 25.*—Heard an excellent sermon preached to-day over the corpse of Captain Dudley A. King, of New York, who died yesterday evening of wounds received in front of Atlanta, July 28, 1864. He was the son of Reverend T. Starr King, who left New York for California, some time since, on account of persecution by some of his church members.

Lientenant Colonel Slevins of the 100th Ohio infantry is here, wounded in the left arm. This gallant colonel is a gentleman of considerable humor, and showed it this morning by quietly asking:

“Where is Lientenant —?”

And the answer came:

“Here, Colonel.”

But the colonel pretended not to hear it, and continued by saying:

"Well, if the lieutenant is not here now I'll bet he soon will be, because he always presents his flask of divine liquidity to his friends, saying as he offers it: 'Here, gentleman, indulge to a slight extent in this costly, very costly, article of strong drink.' I always believed in a gentlemanly kindness, and here's this lieutenant as an instance of this. Yes, gentlemen; he's the most generous, kind, humane, nobly gifted, indulgent, open hearted, patriotic being among us. Moreover, he is the much beloved and highly respected possessor of the very necessary strengthening material which, according to custom, is confined in a flask."

Here the lieutenant showed the empty flask, when the colonel sighed, lay down quietly, and ended his eulogy of the lieutenant and his flask by depositing himself in the arms of his friend Morpheus.

General Kilpatrick has just returned from a successful raid. He destroyed nineteen miles of the Macon railroad, captured five cannon and three hundred prisoners, who have arrived at Marietta, killed and wounded one hundred and thirty-seven men, captured one thousand two hundred mules, destroyed two depots and five bridges, the former filled with rebel commissary and quartermaster stores. He lost in killed, wounded, and captured, one hundred and thirteen men altogether. Glorious for Kilpatrick.

*August 26.*—The dismounted members of our regiment are ordered to Nashville to procure horses, and started by railroad at 10 P. M.

*August 27.*—Ran slowly until 1 A. M., when a crash in front indicated that something was wrong, and we soon found that the locomotive and first four cars were thrown from the track. This was thirteen miles from Marietta and six miles from Big Shanty, at the latter of which places two of our regiments are stationed. The crash was immediately followed by a volley from one hundred and fifty of Wheeler's cavalry, who were ambushed here. The 9th Ohio cavalry, quickly forming in line, returned the fire and then charged, compelling these demons

to retreat on their fast horses, when they found who they had to deal with. Our losses were: Killed, Corporal Griffin, of M company, and Private H. Hodge, of K company. Wounded, Sergeant Carnahan, M company; Privates Israel Hull and S. G. Martin, and a teamster named I. Morgan. The ambushing house opposite is Bayard Ranney's. This fellow is a lieutenant in Wheeler's cavalry, as his little neice, five years old, told us as I picked her up from a fall she received in front of her door. She said:

“Untle Bay, he now don’ to cotch de Yanks, and kill ‘em; an’ he done dat; an’ he now gone away, so glad, Uncle Bay is.”

Captain — and — left last night, jumping from the cars, and took the woods for it, bareheaded and barefooted, if truth is told. If such is the case, I should be ashamed ever to come back, if I were one of them.

There is a large military graveyard at Big Shanty. The best made grave there is that of Adjutant David A. Reese, 54th O. V. I.; next is that of M. Waterhouse, 8th Missouri infantry; and opposite is the well made grave of James McCausland, 32d Illinois infantry.

The repairs of cars and railread finished, we again started for Nashville at 4 P. M.

*August 28.*—Reached Tunnel hill at 5 A. M., which once was and still might have been a rebel stronghold, had they not been attacked and forced to retreat by the very noblest general in the whole United States service, I mean Major General Sherman.

There are forty-one refugee women on this train, all properly cared for.

*August 29.*—Left Tantallon at 6 A. M., arriving at Marfreesboro at 5 P. M., where a crowd of strong secesh women were gathered at the depot with a large lot of eatables, which was bought for three hundred and fifty rebel prisoners known to be on the train behind us. Arrived in Nashville, and moved to Camp Smith, three miles south of the city.

*August 30.*—Took medicine given me by Major Finch, our surgeon.

*August 31.*—Stayed all night, sick as I am, tentless and with no other covering than the sky. Hear firing by our skirmishers five miles south of us, where it is reported that two divisions of Wheeler's cavalry are now advancing toward Nashville. We are ordered to be in readiness in one hour. In less time than that we are awaiting orders, dismounted though we are.

*September 1.*—Ordered to take three days rations and sixty rounds of ammunition.

*September 2.*—The available 9th Ohio cavalry started out mounted, having obtained horses at the corral this the hottest day of this year. Sent to the officers' hospital at 10 A. M., and was taken with congestive chills at 5 P. M. My life was saved by Dr. Green, who sat up with me till past midnight. I hear Atlanta is ours. Our men are again under General Rousseau, pursuing Wheeler south of Duck river. In a charge on them near here, our troops captured fifty-seven men and five hundred and thirty one horses. "Fight or fly," is General Rousseau's motto, and the rebs agree to the latter part of his programme, taking fly days into consideration, they exert themselves to escape contagion by being adroit *Wheeler*s on *ani-mules*, every chance offered them. The Times says:

"Wheeler may be classed among the played out, used up, extinguished generals of the rebellion. If he were captured and brought to Nashville, he could not raise a broiled chicken, or a plate of ice cream among his late female admirers. General Rousseau, in taking five hundred of Wheeler's horses, lays himself liable to the grave charge of putting a treasonable expedition *on foot*."

*September 9.*—Received a twenty days leave of absence to-day.

*September 12.*—Reached Cincinnati and found my family all well.

*September 18.*—There was a McClellan torch-light procession to-night, which was led by a grand landlord who pushes poor people out of his houses whenever they fail to pay a month's rent in advance.

"Now by my sword," spake that gallant lord,

"We will meet them in the field."

Let each gallant knight equip for the fight,  
And traitors be they who yield."

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### HOUSE RENT.

A landlord quite wealthy, a short time ago,  
Left home to procure monthly wages.  
Where soldiers' wives dwelt he presented as beau,  
The miser who owned those bird-cages.  
He asked for his rents ere the government paid  
The sums that his tenants so nobly had made.  
"O, fie, sir; O, fie," said a lady he jawed,  
Who hoped to awake his true feeling;  
"I'm durned if I do, you shall out or be lawed,"  
And he jerked up his hat to the ceiling.  
But this was soon over. A neighboring cane  
Most properly lashed out an Able again.  
"Hurrah!" says myself, a poor soldier spectator,  
"This fellow's well thrashed, like a gold speculator.  
May pure palmy days come, when war's at an end,  
And miserly landlords and brokers must bend."

*September 24.*—There is a grand Union torch light procession here to-night, which is the largest I ever saw. Besides the thousands on foot there are thousands on horses, in buggies, carriages, and wagons, who all cheer for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, as they move on through the streets, led by the dozens of splendid bands of music. Hurrah for such an elegant display of patriotic principles.

*September 29.*—Left Cincinnati for Louisville on my return to the front.

*September 30.*—Arrived at Nashville.

*October 11.*—The vote of Ohio soldiers was taken here to-day, resulting as follows:

Lincoln,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	137
McClellan,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	000
Fremont,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	000

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Union majority, - - - - - 137

*October 18.*—The 9th Ohio volunteer cavalry is now at Chattanooga, Tennessee, under General Schofield, and supplied with

fresh horses. Hood rapidly retreated from Dalton with Sherman after him.

*November 16.*—Reported for duty to-day to Colonel Lowe, at Camp Webster, where I was informed that the mounted men of the 9th Ohio cavalry had departed under General Sherman, leaving the dismounted men behind. The dismounted cavalrymen now here number three thousand. Major Luper, of the 7th Ohio cavalry, commanding the Mississippi cavalry division.

*November 19.*—Ordered to attend to equipments for the 12th Kentucky cavalry. I did so, and to my surprise saw Major Simmes, who resigned at Pulaski, four months since, at Captain Cox's (quartermaster) office as chief clerk. Major Simmes was a fine field officer, liked by all his men, and when he resigned was in command of the first battalion of the 9th Ohio cavalry.

*November 22.*—Brought four hundred and twenty-five men of the 10th and 12th Tennessee cavalry to camp. Saw Captain Irvin, of M company, 9th Ohio cavalry, at Nashville. There is an Irishman named O'Conner in the barracks here. He belongs to a Missouri cavalry regiment. He absents himself on whisky drinking exploits frequently. A good story of this fellow is current here.

A countrywoman of his keeps a whisky shop at Nashville, and she induces him, poor fool, to act bar keeper for her; not merely because he can obtain customers, but because he is a good one himself, being possessed of six hundred dollars which he obtained by going substitute for a drafted man in St. Louis. This Biddy is one of them sure. She represents herself as a widow, anxious to obtain a good second husband, and tries to make every customer believe himself the best loved one of all her visitors. Some men, thinking this true, treat all hands, and this frequently leads to fights, one of which occurred there yesterday, when, to stop the fracas and make peace, she cried out:

“Ochone! Ochone! Sure yees all know how I like yez, and yees all ought to be quiet when yees are with me in me own house. Shure the police might come after yez all, an’take you,

agrah," (looking at one,) "or you, asthore," (to another,) "or you, arronchal," (to a third,) "and thin flat could I do? There's the mon can say any other ways nor this? Faix, thin, it's meself would like to be looking upon his ugly mug whin he'd say it."

These entreaties quelled the men, and they again indulged in her strong drinks.

Conner, in this, reminds me of a poor fellow whose whisky drinking propensities were led on by a female he met in New Orleans some years ago. She was very handsome, and leading her child, who was about four years old, along the upper part of Canal street, looking for rooms which she desired to rent. Being a stranger in the city, and an elegant dress maker, short of funds, she was looking for a small convenient place of business, where, by virtuous means, she could replenish her purse. The man I here allude to was a good mechanic, tolerably well to do in the world, was also passing up Canal street when he saw this lady looking at all the houses which had rent bills on them. This satisfied him that she was looking for something of the kind, and he stopped and asked her if she was looking for rooms to rent.

She said she was, but, being an entire stranger, she thought it would be hard to find a proper small business place for a poor dress maker, like herself, who could not afford to pay high rent.

Mr. B——h told her he was glad to hear this, as he owned a vacant cottage near by that would just suit her, which he would show her if she would accompany him.

To this she consented, and soon found a place such as she wanted. The next day she moved in; and one night not long afterward, Mr. B——h brought a sign marked:

"MRS. C——, FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER."

Mrs. C—— first saw this in the morning after it had been fastened up in front of the entrance. She was surprised and pleased, yet anxious to know who had performed so friendly an action for so complete a stranger. Seeing her landlord passing, and believing that he it was who had done this kindness, she asked him if it was not so. Being closely questioned he

finally acknowledged the fact, when she said she accepted the favor provided he permitted a return. To this he consented, and in about a week she gave him six well made linen shirts which she manufactured herself. This brought on an intimate acquaintance between the widowed dressmaker and bachelor landlord, resulting in love on his part and strong friendly feelings on her side.

“I was fully in hopes,” said he, “that she loved me as I did her. I drew freely on my imagination in order to convince myself that such was really the case, and sought many occasions to bring the reality of these happy feelings home to my heart. I had a sanguine, impressionable nature, in every sense, and being unconscious of any defects in my feelings I resolved to tell Mrs. C. how I adored her, and ask her to become my wife. These feelings gave me a feverish strength, which, instead of prostrating my energies, led me rapidly to a denouement fatal to my hopes and blasting to my future happiness forever. I, five months after our first acquaintance, on my knees, asked her to become my wife, telling her I loved her to distraction. She refused me, however, saying she loved another person, who was as great a stranger as myself, and, consequently, under such circumstances, she could not accept me as her expected husband. The coolness with which the refusal was made forever destroyed my fond hopes, and I left her without uttering one word more, went to a drinking saloon, became intoxicated, and have continued so ever since. I am now nearly penniless, and care not how soon Dame Nature calls me home, finds me a bed in the lap of Mother Earth, and stills forever the warm pulsations with which my breaking heart yet throbs.”

Although apparently romantic, this is no made up story. It is true; as is everything else that is put down in this humble diary.

*November 24.*—A rebel brigade attacked eight hundred Union soldiers, on a railroad train, near Pulaski, Tennessee, this morning, thinking to capture all of them; but the United States troops took one hundred prisoners, including their brigade band. The balance succeeded in making their escape, much to our sorrow.

*November 25.*—Hood's army is approaching, and is reported thirty-five miles from Nashville. The 10th Tennessee cavalry has received horses and gone to the front, accompanied by a part of the 7th Ohio cavalry. Hood's advance is reported near Franklin, Tennessee, which is on the south bank of Little Harpeth river.

*November 26.*—Camp Webster is a very polite place to the god of rain, as it permits him to enter crevices in the barracks, and baptize all the occupants of these buildings. It is raining heavily.

*November 27.*—Had the founders of Nashville named it at this time of year, it would have been termed Mud City instead of Rock City. Forrest tried to cross Duck river to day, five miles below Columbia, Tennessee, but did not accomplish his object. The twenty-third army corps, under General Schofield, is now at Columbia. Hood is reported 49,000 strong, in the rear of Forrest.

*November 29.*—Appointed commander of one hundred 9th Ohio cavalrymen to-day, and drew one hundred and five horses, seventy-five sabres, and forty-six carbines to fully equip them. Great excitement prevails at Nashville. Our three thousand cavalrymen are ordered, by Colonel Minor, commanding Camp Webster, to be ready for action immediately. Wagons loaded with commissary and quartermaster stores are moving to Nashville. Every preparation is made to meet the enemy. The Captain and forty men of A company, 7th Ohio cavalry, were taken prisoners yesterday, near Franklin, Tennessee, on Duck river.

*November 30.*—Captain J. Irwin, of M company, 9th Ohio cavalry, my senior officer, arrived here to-day, and took command of my one hundred detached men. He thus becomes the responsible person for all the ordnance and quartermaster stores I have drawn for these men. Two companies of the 2d Michigan cavalry, it is reported, were captured yesterday evening near Franklin, previous to the great battle which came off there to-day at 3 P. M., resulting in the disastrous defeat of Hood's whole army. Before the enemy's attack we constructed rifle pits, and made breast works in crescent shape, both ends

resting on the river. This gave us a line completely covering the town. Our army, under General Schofield, had scarcely taken its position when the rebel column approached, planted batteries on all the roads leading into Franklin, and in a grove near our left. All these batteries soon opened on our works, and were responded to by our batteries and large fort pieces. Cannister and grape was poured into their solid columns as they advanced, cutting them down by scores; yet they never halted, but, yelling like tigers, came steadily on until they got within musket range, when our infantry poured Minnies by the bushel into their ranks, mowing them down by the hundreds, nay, thousands, until they were checked. Four times Cleburne's and Cheatham's divisions charged our works in front of the second division, twenty third corps, trying to pierce our lines at this point and get possession of the pontoon bridge across the river; but they were repulsed with terrible slaughter each time. The fighting soon became a hand to hand conflict, they trying to penetrate our lines, and at one place succeeded in obtaining entrance, but those who entered never came out again, as they were all killed, wounded, or captured. Notwithstanding all these repulses the enemy continued their desperate charges against our lines until 9 P. M., when, knowing they were disastrously defeated, they withdrew, leaving 5,700 prisoners in our hands. Our loss in this gallantly fought battle will not exceed seven hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. They lost Generals Cleburne, Scott, Adams, and Gordon, and seventy-nine field and line officers, killed; and we now hold one hundred and seventeen officers, of different grades, prisoners. General Stanly, commanding our fourth corps, received a slight wound, and had a horse killed under him. Our loss in officers is large, considering the number of men we lost. This was on account of the men being behind breastworks and the officers in open view. Among the officers killed are Colonel Lowry, 107th Illinois; Captains Bissell and Staley, 128th Indiana, and Captain Steele, of General Cox's staff.

*December 1, 1864.*—The forces engaged at Franklin yesterday and part of last night withdrew, and are now in position three miles in front of Nashville. The newly mounted one hundred

men of our regiment were ordered out at 11 P. M., obtained sixty rounds of ammunition, and moved out five miles south of Nashville, on the Hardin Pike, to do duty there as outposts in front of General Smith.

*December 2.*—We barricaded the road with fence rails to-day, the enemy being within less than five hundred yards of our position.

*December 3.*—Sent out fourteen men and a sergeant three hundred yards in front of our new position, near where a body of the enemy was ambushed. They attacked our men, compelling them to fall back slowly until we advanced and drove the attacking party through the woods. The only loss we met with here was the capture of one of our new men, named Blackstone, whom they murdered in cold blood as soon as he was taken.

At 7 A. M. the enemy fired on our main outpost, but we retained our position for an hour, when I advanced, with ten men, to a vacated brick house on the left of Hardin pike, which led to rapid firing with but little effect on either side. At 4 P. M. twenty-five men of the 4th Tennessee cavalry charged two hundred rebels, half a mile to the left, and brought in four prisoners. The Nolan and Granny White pikes were barricaded to-day. At 6 P. M. we received an order from General Smith to move back one mile. This placed us half a mile in front of our artillery.

*December 4.*—The enemy planted two batteries, under Colonel Kelly, at Bell's mills, on the Cumberland, twelve miles below Nashville, under cover of which they hoped to be able to form pontoon bridges for their safe crossing; but the gunboats under Lieutenant L. Fitch, soon destroyed this great rebel calculation by pouring a destructive fire into the very mouths of the rebel guns in the upper battery, then steaming down two miles and destroying the other one, Forrest's cavalry battery. Colonel Kelley had sworn that he would blow every gunboat out of the river to hell, whenever an opportunity offered; but he was compelled to change his tune when he came to face the "big guns." He has been taught a lesson by our gunboats he did not quite expect. Our western river gunboats have nobly earned

the praises bestowed on them, being celebrated for their promptness, skill, and bravery in always performing the duty assigned them.

We feel indignant, some of us, when we see an officer, or *man*, under the influence of liquor, and think that any person indulging freely in alcoholic drinks should, if a private or non-commissioned officer, be placed in a guard house: and if a commissioned officer, be summarily, disgracefully dismissed the glorious United States service.

Ordered out on the Hardin pike to examine the rebel lines. I did so, with twelve volunteer skirmishers, principally Cincinnatians, who showed their bravery by driving the rebel pickets into the woods. General Rucker, the noted white horseman, we see continually riding along his whole line, every hour during the day. This general left with his men, and dropped his gloves, with which one of my men presented me. The 4th Tennessee, Colonel Blackburn, charged General Bedford's brigade, next to Rucker's, and brought in two prisoners, who report Hood sixty thousand strong, and Forrest's cavalry twenty thousand. Heavy skirmishing to-day.

*December 5.*—The 16th United States colored infantry, four hundred strong, yesterday charged a rebel breastwork on a hill not far from Camp Webster, captured sixty rebels, and then fell back to their former lines. It was discovered to-day that these same breastworks were re-occupied by Hood's men, when the colored troops again charged, killed nineteen, wounded twenty-eight men, and brought forty-three prisoners into our lines. This shows colored soldiers "some pumpkins" when under good leaders.

Dr. Buckley's residence, on Franklin pike, was the great resort for rebel sharpshooters until it was shelled and torn down to-day. A shell dropped into a private residence occupied by females, on the Hillsboro pike, which fortunately injured none of the occupants. They vacated at once, however, and came to the city where they are secure.

The 1st Ohio light artillery opened on the residence of Mr. Joseph Vaux, on the Franklin pike, where they saw a masse of rebels collected, and made that point so hot that these gallant(?)

rebs were glad to escape. Generals Cheatham and Lowry had a narrow escape, when the 14th and 16th colored troops made a reconnoisance between the Chicken and Murfreesboro pikes. The colored troops were under Colonel Morgan, and were accompanied by the 16th Indiana cavalry dismounted, and the 68th Indiana infantry, Colonel Biddle. They advanced across a hill near the residence of Mr. F. R. Rains, drove the enemy from their entrenchments, and captured a lieutenant and sixteen men of the 5th Mississippi regiment. This was by order of General Steedman.

The rebels have many sympathizers in Nashville, I am sorry to say. There are many Union citizens here, however, who stand firm for the government. Their confidence in our troops is implicit, and they show a deportment of exultation not witnessed in any other new Union city in the United States. They know what an able leader General Thomas is, and although Foolhardy Hood outnumbers him in forces, yet there is not a possibility that he can at all compare with this antagonistic commander.

*December 6.*—We are not yet relieved like other detachments on outpost duty. Rations and forage are scanty, on account of our being so far out in front.

The rebels attacked our right wing with six pieces of artillery, at 9 A. M., without avail, as all our men stood to their posts without flinching. At 10 P. M. the 9th Ohio cavalry videttes on the right, whom I commanded, saw a squadron of the enemy's scouts advancing through the fields, crouched on their horses in Indian style. Seeing one of their officers raise his head from the side of his horse, the first vidette fired, when all the rest followed his example, and drove them rapidly back, after which our reserves came up under Captain Irwin and Lieutenant Cochran, and learning the extent of our success in this affair, they again fell back to their proper posts, leaving the videtts to keep a sharp lookout, which they did, like good soldiers.

*December 7.*—At 5 A. M. received orders to fall in line, as a charge was expected from the gray-horse rider, General Rucker. No charge was made, however, and we were relieved at 10 A. M.

Colonel Minor, 7th Ohio cavalry, an able officer who commands Fort Webster, glories in our detachment, which has done such excellent outpost duty under General Smith, on the Hardin pike. We were glad to obtain this relief, as our horses were pretty well used up and the men needed rest, having been on duty seven days and eight nights.

*December 8*.—Our quarters are near Major Lieper's, commanding the Mississippi cavalry division, near Colonel Miner's headquarters. Our buglar, a humorous fellow, says in case he was not a blower on the bugle, he would now rank commanding officer of all the 9th O. V. C., because he has a sheep's head in his haversack, and "two heads are better than one," all the time.

*December 9*.—There was a fight at Murfreesboro yesterday between General Milroy's United States forces, and the rebels under General Bates. General Milroy attacked the rebel position, and took it after a fierce struggle. Our loss in killed and wounded was one hundred. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was double that number. We captured nineteen commissioned officers, one hundred and ninety privates, two cannons, and three hundred muskets. General Milroy led the assault with skill, and returned to the fortifications at Murfreesboro. This adds very much to the credit of General Milroy, and the troops engaged in the daring chastisement they gave the enemy.

*December 11*.—Captain Irwin is ordered to turn over the horses and ordnance I drew, and he has not yet received to me for them, and yet he should be held responsible to the government for all these things.

*December 12*.—Five rebel soldiers were found frozen to death early this morning on the Hardin pike, three miles out from Nashville.

*December 13*.—Heavy firing on the Franklin pike. A colored regiment skirmishing on this pike captured seventy-eight rebels whom they would have shot in retaliation for their cold blooded murders at Fort Pillow but for the intercession of their white officers, who withheld them, and these prisoners were brought safely into our lines after dark. †

*December 14.*—Heavy skirmishing has been kept up all day. The heaviest firing was between the hours of 6 and 10 o'clock P. M.

*December 15.*—Ordered out on the extreme left to guard the 1st Ohio light artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Reckard, battery E. Drew one hundred rounds of cartridges. Marched at daylight to the left wing on the Lebanon pike, where all were in line of battle. The corps commanded by General Steedman was on the left, the fourth corps next, then General A. J. Smith's corps, the cavalry, under General Wilson, on the extreme right, while General Schofield's twenty-third corps was held in reserve.

About 1 P. M. the order came from General Thomas to advance, and then our whole column moved forward. When the advance sounded our right wing, (instead of our left, as they thought,) was rapidly advancing to crush the rebel left. This doubled up a rebel division which had been posted near the river to protect a battery blockading the river about two miles below Nashville. This battery, containing four guns, was soon captured by the cavalry, under General Wilson, and sent to the rear. This showed Hood that his idea of an attack on his right was illusive, and he attempted to repair his blunder, but found it too late. Our right gained a firm foothold on the river bank, the twenty-third corps took a position on the extreme right, and General Smith executed a half wheel, driving the rebels with ease, hill after hill being taken with a small loss of our men. Another diversion on the left was made to enable our men on the right wing to strengthen themselves in position and make ready for a charge. On the left of the fourth corps a strong line of breastworks, defended by a heavy body of rebel skirmishers, was seen to by General Wood, who, riding along the lines, seeing everything ready, gave the command, "Forward!" Hearing this our men with alacrity quick stepped until they reached the breastworks; leaping over which they pushed forward until the banners of the fourth corps waved proudly over the captured entrenchments, yet they still moved on, without orders, nearly to the second line of rebel works, when, with the greatest difficulty, their advance was stayed by order of the

commanding general. When, according to orders, they did fall back, they brought with them seventy prisoners, which, with those captured in the works, made hundreds. The main rebel line of works was now in full view on a range of hills. They had been constructed with great care. While the men were being again placed in position, the cavalry, under General Wilson, advanced until its right rested on the range of high lands five miles from the city, and far enough from the river to give it room to manouvre without difficulty, facing to the south; the corps of Generals Schofield and Smith parallel to the left; the skirmishers having advanced to the Hillsboro pike, and finding refuge behind a stone fence; the fourth corps was formed at right angles with the first division, directly across the Hillsboro road; and the other divisions to the left of that one.

While our lines were forming and our batteries being placed in position the rebels could be seen moving by the left flank toward the Hillsboro road, thus throwing their entire reserve in front of our right and center. Our commanders were not idle, for reinforcements equally strong were sent to these threatened points to confront them.

About 3 o'clock all was ready for a charge on the second line of works, which was very strong, as it lay on hills and we had to advance through open fields which afforded no protection. No throwing in of a division at a time. Massing was practiced, and our irresistible columns moved forward with a force beyond the rebel, or any other, power to check.

About 4 o'clock the charge was made. The first and second divisions of the fourth corps moved west, and the third division at right angles; on the right of which was the corps of General Smith. The first and second divisions of the fourth corps had the most exposed positions in the whole line, as the rebel works in their front were much stronger than elsewhere, although there were many very strong points along the entire Confederate line.

The men moved forward steadily under a shower of grape, cannister, and musketry which would have been terrific but for the fact that we, by moving up hill, were not in one tenth part

of the danger we would have been had we charged across a level field, as the shot, in the former case, went nearly all too high. When within a hundred and fifty yards of the rebel works, the fire was terrible, but as there was no turning back, a shout was raised, and, our long lines closing up, all pushed forward. Upon reaching the works our men applied the bayonet, although volley after volley met them before the open space was gained. After this the rebels could be seen flying in the wildest confusion, until they all broke, and we captured four 12-pound Napoleon guns and four hundred prisoners, with a large quantity of small arms. Some of these prisoners said that Hood looked upon this point as inaccessible to any number of men that could be brought against it, and expected an easy repulse to the Yankees. Simultaneously with this capture Generals Schofield and Smith advanced south of the Hillsboro pike, and captured an entire battery, and seven hundred prisoners; which made twelve hundred prisoners and eighteen cannon, while we did not lose three hundred in killed and wounded. The 15th Ohio infantry, Colonel Askew, of Colonel Straight's brigade, captured a battery of five guns on the Granny White pike.

Our gunboats shelled the rebels all day, and drove them from the river. The colored regiments, under General Steedman, charged on Rains's bluff, and utterly routed the rebel line there. Colonel Shafter's regiment lost nearly all its officers, killed and wounded. Fort Negly did excellent service, and killed and wounded many of Hood's men. Our 9th Ohio cavalry breast-works are on the Lebanon pike, directly opposite the residence of Mr. Taylor, an old man, formerly the close neighbor and friend of General Andrew Jackson. This old man is a strong Unionist, and told the rebel leaders so three years ago.

"If General Jackson were living now he would hang Jeff. Davis higher than Haman," said this truthful old gentleman to a rebel officer.

The 1st Ohio light artillery takes excellent aim at the rebel entrenchments, the balls striking their rifle pits every time they fire. We all feel proud to be aware of the fact that Ohioans make good soldiers wherever they are placed, no matter how

dangerous a position they may occupy. The rebel defeat was crushing to-day.

*December 16.*—Hood fell back four miles last night to a strong position on a range of hills; his right on a hill which covered Franklin pike; his center nearly opposite an open corn field, through which our men would have to charge, with a strong line of double breastworks, strongly defended by infantry and artillery, on his left; leaving a space open by which to retreat toward Franklin, if necessary.

About 8 A. M. our troops advanced, General Smith's corps on the right, covering Granny White pike; next General Wood's 4th corps, the first division in the center, commanded by General Kimball, the second division, General Elliot, on the left, and the third division, General Beatty, on the right. General Steedman's corps was instructed to join the fourth corps. The twenty-third corps was to join the reserves near the right of General Smith, to be brought into use for flanking purposes. The cavalry was sent to Hillsboro pike, to intercept the rebel retreat, and worry the enemy's flanks. The Confederate lines did not extend over a mile and a half, as, the ground favoring them, they had contracted their wings. Their wagon train was on the Franklin road.

Throwing out a heavy line of skirmishers our men passed out beyond the Thompson place, when the rebel skirmish line came into full view, six miles from Nashville. Here a halt was ordered, and all our batteries needed were brought to the front and began shelling, to which military summons the enemy answered feebly, not from a lack of artillery, but to keep the positions of their guns concealed, and to save ammunition. The twenty-third corps moved out on the Granny White pike, and remained quiet until secret signals were given, when they were to move forward on the Confederates with all the vigor in their power.

General Steedman moved on the Murfreesboro pike until he was satisfied no rebel force impeded that march, when he half wheeled his column, and moved in the direction of the Franklin road, to turn Hood's right, and form a junction with the fourth corps. He met but little resistance until he formed a junction,

at about half past 2 P. M., when he was confronted by Lee's corps, every man of which was ready to fight as long as he could.

While these flanking movements were in progress the first division of the fourth corps advanced to capture the first line of rebel works. This division charged through a wood, which was a poor shelter for assailants, over an ascent of ten degrees, and very strong fortifications. These gallant men moved on with shouts, fired a volley, fixed their bayonets, slightly halted when half way, re-loaded, fired another volley, and charged. There was no more halting until our men were close on to the rebel works, when the storm of bullets was appalling. Our men halted until the rebels raised a shout of triumph, which maddened the assailants, who now rushed up to the works, planted their standards on them, and the flying rebels got a discharge from two of their own loaded cannons which sent many more of them to the earth never to rise again. This hot work cost us nearly two hundred men.

About 3 o'clock Generals Schofield and Steedman reported that they were ready, the signal was given, and the twenty-third corps greeted Hood's left wing with a volley which called out all their artillery and musketry that could be brought to bear. One rebel battery, the 2d Maryland, which had been concealed not farther than three hundred yards from General Thomas's headquarters, was managed with consummate skill, but seeing this secrecy useless, it became publicly vigorous. There were four pieces in front, so placed as to play on either General Schofield's advancing columns or the headquarters of General Thomas, two pieces being pointed in each direction and worked rapidly.

General Schofield was gaining ground rapidly, when Smith's corps, laying at right angles, was ordered forward, and both corps assailed three or four batteries at once, with Cheatham's and Stewart's corps supporting and bearing the brunt of Schofield's and Smith's veterans. Our brave men captured every cannon in the hands of these rebel generals, six hundred of their men, ten battle flags, and broke their center and left, before the general pursuit began. General Steedman, on our left,

while the above fighting was progressing, successfully charged Lee's corps, (the enemy's right,) and drove them in every direction.

All the reserves were brought into action about 5 P. M., a little before which General Whittaker's iron brigade struck the only part of the rebel line which had not been broken yet, capturing four guns and 400 prisoners. The iron brigade is one of them, sure.

After this the rebel retreat became a rout. Many of them threw down their arms and surrendered. Our men pursued with a will, fatigued as they were, gathering up prisoners by thousands, and pouring volley after volley into Hood's miscellaneous disorderly crew, who were flying like kites, yet very liable to a downfall from the swift northwestern winds pursuing them on a stormy errand. Generals Smith, Johnson, Rucker, Jackson, and Stewart surrendered, with nearly five thousand privates and five hundred and forty-one commissioned officers, of all grades, and forty-eight pieces of artillery. Our entire loss will not reach one thousand, while the rebel loss in killed alone will nearly, if not quite reach that number, beside their other losses.

Previous to this complete rout of the enemy, our cavalry, ten well mounted regiments under General Knipe, passed through the gaps on the Hillsboro pike where they went to cut off the rebel retreat. General Hatch's cavalry division, ten regiments, held the passes of the hills until they heard the charge we made, when they moved rapidly on, captured one hundred and seventy-nine 12th Tennessee Confederate cavalrymen, and three hundred and seventeen other rebels before they joined General Knipe, near Brentwood. All our mounted cavalry, under General Wilson, are now down in that region to cut off Hood's retreat.

Cheatham promised his men a splendid Christmas day in Nashville, and nearly five thousand of his men will realize his promise; they will spend Christmas in Nashville—under guard as prisoners.

*December 17.*—Went toward Quartermaster Wilson's, but found the pontoon bridges were ordered away; when, returning

to Camp Webster, I overtook a large squad of young darkies returning to their homes on the Lebanon pike, led by an old negro who had been Hood winked by the rebels a few days since, and "now," he said, "was mity glad dat de Yanks had done Cheat-'em all 'bont carr'in' de poor old nigs off, in dar Brag-a-doo sah style, 'way from dis 'ere Nash-ional-ville city massa, keah, heah, heah."

I could not help being pleased at these dark clouds escaping from slavery, and their knowledge of the thrashing we gave Hood's army yesterday and the day before. Our cavalry captured two thousand seven hundred skedaddling rebels last night near Franklin, and sent a lot, four hundred and seventeen strong, who arrived here to-day, in charge of a lieutenant and sixty men.

Colonel Minor sent out forty six men to tear down the barracks at Camp Webster. Saw General Rucker, who made himself so conspicuous when we were on the Hardin pike by his riding a gray horse continually up and down his lines in our front.

Let Rucker, the sucker  
Of southern dishes,  
While in the vile East awhile,  
Just suck at our fishes;  
So 't is quite a "biz"  
For tables unvarnished  
To seem a bright beam,  
In a kitchen that's tarnished.

*December 18.*—Raining heavily. It affords a good chance to a retreating army who has no bridges to cross, as the pursuers have to be drawn up in line of battle frequently, and as the roads are almost impassible, the fields and hills give the enemy a facility to escape which they would not have if the weather only continued clear and sunshine prevailed. Our cavalry can only annoy its flanks by trotting or galloping along the roads in a line parallel with that followed by the hurriedly retreating enemy.

Our cavalry has blockaded nearly all the roads, capturing eleven hundred prisoners, yesterday, who would have escaped had they not been so severely handled by our mounted men.

Hatcher's division attacked General Chalmer's command, of Forrest's cavalry, yesterday, and captured Generals Rucker, Johnson, and Smith, with hundreds of their officers and men so it is impossible to overrate the operations of our mounted men.

The direct pursuit, by General Thomas, was kept up until midnight last Friday, when our men bivouacked after capturing an entire brigade of Stewart's corps. At daylight yesterday morning the cavalry was out, and the infantry moved forward through rain and mud as fast as they could under the circumstances. The Johnnies are captured by scores, and droves of them, under guard, arrive at Nashville hourly.

Hood some time since declared he would redeem Tennessee from Federal bondage. The only method he has left is to stand once more, dispute General Thomas's advance, and try it at Hollow Tree gap, near Franklin, the strongest position left his retreating forces in the State.

*December 20.*—Rain has changed to snow, mud to ice, and the 9th Ohio cavalry their quarters across the Cumberland river, close to the dismounted 2d Tennessee cavalry. It is God's providence that children visiting newly vacated cavalry camps are not often killed, as some of the men may, through negligence, leave some cartridges behind them, which the children finding near still burning fires, throw them into the flames and run nearly as much danger as if they were fired at by parties two hundred yards distant.

A report comes here that the rebels attacked General Rousseau at Murfreesboro, last Thursday, and got from that gallant general and his forces as good a whipping as they deserved in making so brave an effort.

*December 22.*—General Thomas had his headquarters at Columbia, yesterday, following Hood, who is getting away as fast as he can.

Captain Irwin received orders to rejoin General Sherman, and obtained transportation.

*December 23.*—Stopped at a house in Nashville where I saw Mr. Julius Peterson, of Rochester, New York, who told me a story, which, if true, condemns all parties concerned, except

the sergeant applied to. Brigadier General G——n, New York State Militia, offered a sergeant in his brigade a pass of southern Jeff. Davis's certain manufacture, and five hundred dollars, if he would act as a spy for Jeff. Davis. The man this proposal was made to is Richard Booth, orderly sergeant of Captain Brower's company, 12th New York State Militia, who is from Syracuse, and enlisted for three months. This general is said to have presented his revolver at the head of his pretended partner in California, and by this means forced a settlement in his own favor. Such a fellow deserves hanging or a similar punishment, if all this is true.

*December 24.*—Started on the Louisville and Nashville railroad for Louisville at 5 o'clock A. M., and stopped at Bowling Green, as General Lyon destroyed the railroad bridge near Sonora, ten miles from Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and, this detained all trains on the road, whether they were going north or south.

*December 25.*—Bowling Green is “one of them,” in regard to different opinions about war or peace. Here are secesh and Union men and women, good and bad. Among the latter class is a perambulating lady, who carries thirty bottles of whisky between her dress and crinoline equipment, which dress has thirty holes made secretly in it, in order to make it easy to get at the aforesaid whisky. Any soldier she meets who wishes to purchase one of the bottles with its contents does so. She sells rapidly, and makes large profits, as she has never been caught in this act against military law, which reads as follows:

“No soldier is allowed to buy or sell whisky in any shape, and if any soldier is caught in this act he will receive a well merited punishment.”

*December 26.*—There was some fighting, yesterday, near Elizabethtown, between Lyon's rebel forces and General McCook's men, which resulted in a heavy loss to Lyon and caused a quick retreat. A rebel major, one captain, one lieutenant, and seventy men of Lyon's force were captured by sixty of the Mumfordsville cavalry guards, and were brought in here today.

This morning while waiting for breakfast, with several others, at the Depot Tavern, a tall, well dressed man, named Mr. McCullough entered the apartment, saying:

"Good morning, gentlemen; the bad weather seems changing for the better this Christmas day, which many of us, who are near home, are glad to see."

"Yes, yes; no doubt some of us seem exalted over more changes than the weather," answered an old Kentucky gentleman passenger, with acrimony, which brought our eyes on the parties speaking. The result of this little cross firing was the exit of Mr. McCullough, who opened the front door and walked out, after which the old gentleman said:

"I thought so at first. This man is a butternut, and I cracked a shell near him to let him know my feelings about eatables in war times. That dodger is a spy, or I am no judge of human nature."

Being the only officer present I could not hear this without seeing what my duty was, so I followed Mr. McCullough, arrested him, and made him prove who and what he was. He soon did this by immediately obtaining military and civil evidence of his true Unionism.

*December 27.*—Laid over last night at Bacon creek station, fifteen miles from Murfreesboro. Crossed the burned bridge at 9 A. M., where one hundred and ninety of our men were captured last Friday. Arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, at 5 o'clock P. M.

*December 28.*—Obtained transportation to New York via Cincinnati.

*December 29.*—Arrived in Cincinnati at 4 A. M.

*January 1, 1865.*—Spent a happy New Year at home in Cincinnati. How I wish all our noble men could enjoy such a treat, but this can not be while war lasts.

*January 2.*—Started with ten men on the Little Miami railroad at 4 o'clock P. M. Arrived at Columbus, Ohio, during the night.

*January 3.*—Saw Captain White, acting assistant adjutant general at the capitol building, one of the most reliable gentlemen I have had the good fortune to become slightly acquainted

with. Left Columbus at 2:40 P. M., and reached New York city

*Janurry 5.*—Got transportation to Hilton Head on the steam ship Fulton.

*January 9.*—Departed at 4 o'clock P. M. for Hilton Head South Carolina.

*January 10.*—There is twelve hundred men and forty-three officers on this vessel, including Brigadier General Vandever, formerly Colonel of the 9th Iowa, and Brigadier General Hanon, of Indiana. These are both good commanders, kind to all the men, and humane in every sense of the word. The 9th O. V. C. has one hundred and forty-three men on board. We have several bounty-jumpers here whose stealing proclivities lead all men to despise them as they ought to do. Heavy seas prevail to-day and cause considerable sea-sickness.

*January 11.*—Raining at sea keeps the boisterous waves from covering the ship. We have a three masted schooner in tow, which makes the Fulton run much slower than usual as she is noted for her speed. The sun came out at 10 o'clock A. M., which reminded some of us of Shakspeare when he placed the following words in the mouth of Richard III.

“ Now is the winter of our discontent,  
Made glorious summer by this son of York,  
And all the clouds that hover o'er our house,  
Are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.”

The ignorance of many of us on board on naval affairs is clearly shown in the following true story:

The ship's bell had just struck when a sailor near a crowd of soldiers called out, “ six bells, men,” whereupon a certain gent near him said, “ Hello ! is there Belles on board here ? I didn't know *that* before ! I thought ladies didn't go to sea at this time of year. They are intimate friends of sailors alone. Say, sailor, aint that so ? If not I should like an immediate introduction to them. Cant I, sailor ? ” The sailor addressed here answered, “ Why, sir, the bells *are* intimate acquaintances of sailors, as you say; but, to obtain an introduction I advise you to go forward to the Mate, tell him so and he will introduce you in a straight forward manner, and keep you strictly attached

to each other until we reach our port." Loud laughter ensued after this conversation terminated, and Jack, the sailor, moved off with a big supply of new quids of tobacco to freshen his appetite.

*January 12.*—A Major and Surgeon had quite a beneficial conversation this evening in the cabin about poor deluded females being led astray by smooth-tongued fellows, who cause more trouble and sorrow in families than any other class of men. "Fathers," said the Major, "who have daughters should see that they associate with no other persons than those who are well known, respectable gentlemen; who move in good society, not because they are wealthy, but, because they are known to be *high minded men* of moral worth. These men are of the right stripe, and if no introductions were made of any others then illicit intercourse between the male and female sex would be ended forever. This now prevails to a horrid extent among the codfish aristocracy; and, unfortunately, poor people are often led astray by belief in the sayings and doings of these very suddenly-made rich-by-speculation-people."

These sayings were correct to a great extent, and proved the Major an intellectual, moral minded man, whom all should respect.

*January 13.*—Got to Hilton Head at 1 o'clock P. M., and were immediately transferred to a tug which carried us to Fort Thunderbolt four miles from Savannah, in four hours. On our way we met three steamships loaded with troops for Beaufort, S. C. Got into Savannah river where rice fields occupy each bank for miles. Fort Thunderbolt is a very proper name for the place we landed, as it is a *thundering* locality for *oysters*, the men living well on bivalves, which they can obtain in large numbers when the tide ebbs.

*January 14.*—We have just heard of some more of Wheeler's rascally operations—nothing less must be expected of them, however. He, the vaunted rebel general, made his prisoners (few in number) dig their own graves, so that his own puppies will have no more trouble after their cold-blooded murder than covering up his victims with loose earth.

Arrived at Savannah, four miles from Fort Thunderbolt, and

there I saw our cavalry hero, Gen. Kilpatrick, who immediately obtained a railroad train and had us taken out to his headquarters, from which we walked four miles to our regiment, on the King's bridge road nine miles from Savannah, where we arrived at 6 o'clock P. M.

*January 15.*—Found my old regiment, the 5th O. V. C., two hundred yards from the 9th O. V. C., and saw Pat Dignan, Teddy Saunders, Mike Conelly, Sam. Howell, First Lieutenant Overturf, and hospital steward Smiley, who had all become veterans. Pat sent a handsome present to my soldier boy Johnny. Saw Colonel Hamilton, commanding the 9th O. V. C., and found what had been told me at Columbus was true. This reminded me of a dreamish thought I had there which proved correct. It was seemingly between two individuals, one of whom was nearly always in the front, and the other, *promoted one*, was scarcely, if ever, there.

There's a lieutenant here,

A shrewd one I think,

Whose want of promotion arises from drink.

From drink, sir, didst say? Then surely such means  
Reminds me of strictness of age over teens.

Display then no anger o'er juniors, to-day,  
They've grown from green grass, sir, to newly mown hay.

Let wisdom preside near by Mars in a gale,  
The ship which is safest is under close sail.

Remember, Lieutenant, bye players at cards,  
Can lead hands well trumped, sir, by hundreds of yards.  
And now I'll no more, so farewell, sir, till time  
Improves us in person, in prose, and in rhyme.

Heard a strong lecture by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Chaplain of the 10th O. V. C., spoken near headquarters of the 92d Illinois Infantry, which regiment is with the 9th and 5th O. V. C. in the third brigade, third cavalry corps, under Gen. Kilpatrick. This Chaplain was a prisoner for five months at Andersonville, Ga., under the stars and bars, viz: Confederate flag.

I have now been in the cavalry service since Sept. 17, 1861, and never saw stronger breastworks than the rebels built near Savannah on the King's bridge road previous to their evacuation of that city. Saw a large lot of poles rolled into hoops, six feet long, two hundred yards south of the works above men-

tioned works. These hoops were strongly braced by intermixing them, and they were rolled on towards the breastworks by Gen. Sherman's men, until Messieurs Chivalreaux evacuated their strong premises at night, and took to hoop-rolling themselves by good running. They even left their cannon serviceable as they rapidly departed, to avoid Yankee fighting propclivities. Here they thought truly of Solomon's saying: "Much study is a weariness to the flesh."

*January 17.*—Mr. Collins (not Wilkie) gave us a humorous war speech, which kept his hearers in laughter while he delivered this "laugh and grow fat" oration. After telling his happy escape from rebeldom, his treatment and that of others there, near him, he spoke of some people at home and said: "Copperheads, like river ducks, go down openly, but it is impossible to tell where or when they will raise to view again. See the Vallandighamites! what do look like? I can tell you. They seem to me like the buzzards that flock around the carcass pulling away until gorged, and are never satisfied, and as "birds of a feather flock together," they are known by the company they keep.

"Cyrus was beloved, because he himself had a love for others: for, has a man any friends, or does he deserve to have any, when he himself is void of friendship?"

"*Consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferret inimicus.*"

After several other humorous stories he gravely related the hardships he underwent in the rebel prison for months after his capture at Dalton, Ga., and how Southern women seemed alarmed at some, so called, Yankee proceedings in Dixie. He said:

"A woman living near Atlanta, before we took it, had a handsome daughter of 'sweet sixteen,' whom we often heard saying:

"'Oh, ma, when *are* the Yankees coming to ravish us all? We hear of their coming nearer here every day, and all of us girls are waiting impatiently to know all about it, and find out if the Yankees really will do as much badness to us as people say they will.'"

Here this gentleman finished amid loud laughter, by saying

he had written a book which contained more laughable incidents than he had here related, and, having a number of them close at hand, if any of his hearers desired to purchase the book, all they would be expected to do would be to pay \$1 20 for it.

*January 17.*—Heard this evening of the capture of Fort Fisher, on the 15th inst., by General Terry's force, assisted by Admiral Porter's fleet. The assault was led by General Ames's division, and the second brigade of the first division of the twenty-fourth army corps. General Curtis's first brigade of Ames's division effected the first lodgement on the parapet, and had full possession at 10 P. M., after the severest fighting under disadvantages of position that would make lookers on consider this one of the most heroic achievements this great war has yet brought into view. Federal Point is also captured and is now in the hands of the brave soldiers of the United States. General Terry captured the rebel Generals Whiting and Lamb, two thousand five hundred prisoners, and seventy-two guns. How the rebels can stand all the whippings we have given them I can not see, indeed.

Again saw Colonel Hamilton, who again spoke of some tales he had heard of my easy way with my company, and their abusive language in my absence. I immediately tendered my resignation. As a matter of course I said no more, but thought: “*A quoi cela sert-il?*”

*January 19.*—Sorrow clouds my brow continually as I think day and night of my tendered resignation. I have been easy with my men I admit; yet not too easy, because a be'ter fighting or more obedient company than my “Cincinnati bummers” I never saw yet as long as I have been in the service. When any dangerous detached service is ordered, G company is oftener called on than any other company in this regiment. I like my men too well to part, and I would not do so under any other circumstances if I could avoid it. Preparations are making to move by order of General Sherman. Lucky are all men who are under this general, for he is one of the most gifted, well beloved, model generals of this age. May he ever lead his men to glorious victories and soon end this execrable war, I

humbly pray my Heavenly Father. The capture of Fort Fisher makes Wilmington ours, and places blockade runners all in a small box, leaving foreign and native speculators ashore instead of afloat.

*January 20.*—Rained all night, and considering the swampy nature of the ground, and muddy state of all the roads near here, it will be impossible to move our forces for a few days to come.

*January 21.*—Went to Savannah, and found the roads in very bad order, yet the twentieth corps is now moving. Some more of my Cincinnati recruits have arrived here, which shows that Cincinnati "bummers" are on hand as soon as others, when needed.

Met several old and young, male and female refugees on my way to camp, who all seemed very needy, yet joyful at their fortunes in being once more under the stars and stripes, in Union hands.

Obtained my resignation papers to-day, and leave my men to-morrow with profound regret. I love my good soldierly boys too well to part with them easily; and, also, my country's service I adore to such a degree that I am determined to enter the cavalry again as a private, in an Ohio regiment, whenever an opportunity offers itself after I get to Cincinnati.

*January 22.*—Bade all my men farewell; told them I had resigned, and they expresed their sorrow, not only in words, but in compelling me to accept remembrance gifts in Confederate notes, Planters' bank of Savannah checks, a captured double barreled gun, a southern officer's sabre, and various other things I felt compelled through my feelings to accept with heartfelt thanks. Farewell, my boys; may God reward you wherever you are. May you always prove yourselves worthy the consideration of your native State, and receive the kind treatment of the officers appointed over you as you deserve.

Here I give the names of my best living members of company G, 9th Ohio cavalry:

ORDERLY SERGEANT D. Kennedy.

PRIVATE.—Austin E. Wight, T. Cronin, John Curliss, J. P.

Barrington, G. W. Davis, W. Traxell, J. A. Mace, J. Kutter, H. Stahl, M. Baker, Frank Goodwin, Thomas Hurtt, J. W. F. Johnson, F. Harff, and Adolph St. Clair.

I hope they will never quit the service until their time expires, although, against my own desire, I have resigned. *Y-a-t-il rien de si amer?*

*January 23.*—Left Savannah at 1 P. M., on the short screw steamship *Perrit*, for New York city. There were seventeen steamships, six river steamers, and thirty-seven sea vessels lying at Savannah wharf when we left. The river here reminds one of the Mississippi, the color of the water looking alike, and its width generally about the same. Fort Jackson, three miles below Savannah, is on the right bank, and must be a strong place. It has now twenty guns, and is held by Union forces. The river is blocked below here, and torpedoes were so placed that unless all these obstacles were removed not even a well laden skiff could pass with safety. These obstructions being all taken away now, it is easy for vessels of all sizes to pass unmolested.

*January 24.*—A heavy wind blows N. W. to-day, and causes this short ship to tumble from side to side like a heavily rocked cradle, and fore and aft also, like a kangaroo running on a wide plain.

A handsome young lady, placed in care of a resigned major, is on board going to New York. Her mother, Mrs. Meeker is at Athens, Georgia, staying there until her daughter, Miss Rosalia, gets safely to her family home in New York city. Miss Rosalia is a young lady of talent. She speaks grammatically, and is well posted in many things which have transpired at home and abroad for several years. This young lady is a strong Unionist, which we are all glad to know, as she is worthy of a “Union” with any gentleman wearing stars on his shoulders.

“ This is a queen by full and free consent;  
Firm, self-reliant, haughty if she please,  
Among her compeers moving with such ease  
That nameless grace to every step seems lent.”

How monotonous a sea voyage sometimes is to homesick

persons on board a slow moving vessel. "Nothing to view but sea and sky." No one must think my loneliness is brought about by Miss Rosalia being confined to her stateroom by *mal de mer* or stomachic sea sickness. O, no. I am a married man and can not lovingly think of any other lady while apart from my own wife.

*January 25.*—We are now in the Gulf Stream, under a strong north wind, and now this vessel adds large supplies to her rolling stock capacity, and seems the most obedient vassal the wind and waves possess, as she turns to show nearly every part of her body alternately to each, and never fails to show her exhibitions of obedience on both sides when other vessels are non-obeying in that style. A supercargo on board this ship says he has made fifty voyages on both steam and sailing vessels, and he never experienced such rolling at sea as he now does on board the *Perrit*.

Left the Gulf Stream to-day at 1 P. M. Any person observing the vapor arising from this Gulf Stream alone, and none from the part we have just entered, will think it very strange, as the Gulf Stream, now one mile off from us, looks like a sea covered with ice. The cause of this is a fog arises from the Gulf Stream because it is warmer than the temperature of the air, and all the other parts of the Atlantic Ocean that are near it.

This scene makes an impression on some minds that will not soon be obliterated.

*January 26.*—Change of wind again. It is now blowing a northeast gale, which is against us. Met the steamships *Illinoian* and *Fulton*; the latter bound for Hilton Head, the former for New York. Miss Rosalia is up this morning; health returning like bloom to roses in early spring. Wishing to borrow something to read, Captain Delanay, commander of the *Perrit*, obtained a book for her. This captain is a thorough bred gentleman, and is worthy of all praise on shore as well as at sea. He was telling us passengers in the cabin, to-night, how he used to go to Sunday school when he was a boy, and often to camp meetings. At one of these camp meetings, a large number of pretty girls being there, a parson present seeing them,

said smilingly, and with a great degree of what the captain called worldliness:

“Here men are pure angels, worship them like this;” and he kissed one of these girls saying: “Here, Miss, is your present.”

After this the parson mounted the rostrum, said a prayer, and then commenced a sermon, which having ended, he gruffly said:

“Hearers, there is a d—d, double jointed, unmistakably miserable hypocrite as ever laid a prayer before his Maker, now near you all here, who used to take up the cross at revivals because he was paid \$1,800 a year for his telegraph wires from Norfolk to hell to bespeak the devil’s aid in his exhortations. One sunday his church being crowded, when I entered to hear this reverend parson, I had not room to sit down. So standing awhile, and listening in a place close to the pulpit, the parson, gazing at me two or three times, with an over excited will exclaimed:

“‘Here is one devil from hell who thinks his breeches are so very clean that he is afraid his master in the hot furnace below will completely clean him out if he only attempts to dirty them by kneeling before his great Maker.’

“Hearing this plainly, and seeing many an eye cast toward me, I left the church amid the loud titters of the congregation, thinking myself like one of the convulsionists of St. Medard, who just had heavy blows performed upon his physical system by an assistant who employed blunt or rounded weapons, which can not compare, in regard to danger, with thongs, switches, etc.”

*January 27.*—Reached Highland Lights at 10 A. M. and New York city at 5 P. M.

*February 1.*—Arrived at my home in Cincinnati, at 12 M.

*February 7.*—Gave my papers to Metzger, Striblen & Co., to collect my pay from government, with a full determination to enter the cavalry service again as soon as my vouchers and certificates, sent to Washington city, clear me of all indebtedness to the government, and leave me free once more to act for myself.

March 20, 1865.—Saw Pat Dignan, of H company, 5th Ohio cavalry, who informs me that he was captured near Edisto river, the 27th of February, three weeks after Lieutenant Griffin, chief of Kilpatrick's scouts, was killed near Wallesboro, South Carolina, after capturing that place and driving Wade Hampton's cavalry company of eighty men through a pine woods before them. Lieutenant Griffin was an able man, deeply regretted, and was carried into camp and buried with the honors of war. His sudden death was deeply felt by the entire command, as they all knew him to be one of the bravest and best scout leaders with the whole western army. Three of the enemy were killed, six wounded, and twenty captured in the skirmish previous to the mortal wound received by Lieutenant Griffin.

I also saw two men of mine, named James P. Barrington and J. McDonald, who were captured last February, near Sister's Ferry, South Carolina. Barrington and Corporal Wight, of G company, and four other men, were taken prisoners at the same time, by Captain Masdon, of the 53d Alabama, and they were brought through the woods by this execrable Masdon's company of rebels, until secure from sight, as they thought, Masdon ordered Wight to dismount, but only giving this order from pretense, the scoundrel shot Wight through the head, killing him instantly, then searched the dead man's pockets, mounted his horse, and ordered his men to put any Yankee prisoner to immediate death if he uttered one word against Confederate principles, or showed a sign of escaping movements while on the march. This grand rebel feat of chivalry occurred eleven miles south of Sister's ferry. Such a villain as Masdon murdering in cold blood so able a soldier as Austin E. Wight, for no reason whatever, deserves to die the death of a mad dog wherever met.

Corporal Wight should have been first duty sergeant of G company long since, and would have been so, had I the authority to raise him in rank, six months ago. Like Trollope contributing to the literature of England by familiarizing the Anglo-Saxon mind with the genius and aspirations of Italy, Wight contributed to the knowledge of cavalry soldiers by

laying down the duties and needed principles of obedience to orders and knowledge of cavalry tactics. May he rest in peace.

*April 2, 1865.*—In addition to my humble diary, I hereafter add the true statements of reliable correspondents concerning what transpired in the western army after my resignation at Savannah.

A Goldsboro correspondent under date of March 25, 1865, says:

“The rebels have about twelve thousand cavalrymen, under Wheeler and Hampton, in our front. Yesterday they hanged three of our foragers within less than two miles of our outposts.

“Kilpatrick engaged part of this force yesterday, but the result is not known.”

The Herald’s correspondent gives full details of the battle of Bentonville:

“Our line, at 2 P. M., was two miles long. During the day the enemy made five grand attempts to pierce this line, at different points.

“The first attempt was made upon the point held by Coggeswell’s brigade, and Hardee and Hoke led the charge. The rebels moved forward gallantly, firing but little, as if determined to crush our line by mere weight. They were received with a furious fire, but bowed their heads and came on, and penetrated between Coggeswell and Mitchell, and got to the rear of General Mitchell’s brigade, but neither of them gave way.

“The fighting was terrific. Mitchell put his brigade in the form of a parallelogram, fighting on all sides. Coggeswell’s men lay in the water, firing on the rebels whenever they could be seen. The enemy passed around Mitchell, and struck Vanderveer’s and Fearing’s brigades in the rear, pressing them so hard they were compelled to jump their breastworks to repel the assault.”

Another correspondent under date of Newbern, N. C., March 28, says:

“Sherman’s armies are now taking a brief repose. They are

much in need of clothing, shoes, and other necessaries prior to striking the finishing blow to the rebellion and the Confederacy.

“Another batch of five hundred Confederate prisoners arrived here from Goldsboro on Sunday, nearly all of whom desire to take the oath.

“Sherman’s men went into camp here with an abundance of fresh pork, sweet potatoes, etc., which they had confiscated freely along the route.”

#### INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERALS KILPATRICK AND WHEELER.

“Nothing of interest occurred until the 27th instant, save crossing the north fork of the Edisto river and the Saluda river. On that day, owing to the many reports concerning the capture and murder of men belonging to his command, General Kilpatrick arranged for an interview with General Wheeler, at Lancaster, in regard to an order from General Sherman that prisoners in our possession should be shot in retaliation for the murder of our men by Wheeler.

“This answered a double purpose: first, giving an opportunity for a more perfect understanding relative to the alleged atrocities; and, second, causing the enemy to believe our point of attack to be Charleston.

“The interview was very pleasant, considering the circumstances, and had the desired effect. Wheeler positively asserted his total ignorance of cold blooded atrocities, and he scarcely believed any organization under his command would be guilty of such heinous offenses, and would endeavor to learn if there was any truth in it.

“Owing to the bad condition of the roads, the command did not move until about noon.

“General Atkins, on the right, while preparing, was attacked by the enemy in considerable force. The attack spread to the first brigade, Colonel Jordan, and for a time it was hardly known what was the real intention of the enemy. It turned out, however, to be a mere feint or feeling of our lines, in order to find Kilpatrick’s true position. They drew off without making any further demonstrations.”

## CAVALRY BATTLE NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

“ Nothing of importance occurred from this point save the grand advance of our army upon Fayetteville, in which occurred one of the most stubbornly contested battles of the war, and in which two brigades of our cavalry held, and finally drove from their camp in confusion, Wade Hampton’s entire cavalry corps.

It was discovered on the 9th instant, that Hardee was making forced marches to reach Fayetteville in advance of the infantry of General Sherman. General Kilpatrick at once put his column in motion to strike Hardee in flank, or intercept Wade Hampton, who was following in the rear with his cavalry. General Kilpatrick reached Coleman’s grove just after Hardee’s rear had passed. General Wade Hampton was a few hours behind.

“ Our cavalry had not all come up yet, owing to the bad state of the roads; Colonel Spencer’s brigade, and Colonel Way’s command, were at once placed in position and waited the attack of the rebel cavalry. Just before daybreak on the morning of the 10th instant, and before the brigades of Colonel Atkins and Colonel Jordon had arrived, Hampton came in front of Kilpatrick’s position and massed his troops, consisting of three divisions, under Hume, Allen, and Butler. The attack was made in three columns. Wheeler led the right, Hampton the center, and Butler the left, and was perfectly irresistible. Kilpatrick’s first line, under Lieutenant Colonel Way, was actually ridden over, headquarters and artillery captured, and at one time, the entire camp, including the entire staff, and Colonel Spencer, commanding the third brigade, were in the possession of the enemy. But General Kilpatrick made his escape, joined the brigade of Colonel Spencer, which was falling back on foot, stubbornly disputing every inch of ground. A large portion of the enemy halted in and about the camp, for a moment, to plunder. This was fatal to him. Little Kilpatrick’s brave cavalrymen rallied under the leadership of their tried commander, retook the hills upon the left, and then, with one wild shout, swept down upon the rebels, who were swarming

about the captured artillery and Kilpatrick's former headquarters.

"In a moment the artillery was in their possession and turned upon the enemy. At this moment the general's red battle flag, recaptured from the enemy, floated out in presence of friend and foe. The men were now perfectly wild with excitement, and when their commander rode along the line and shouted to them that the day was theirs, they could not be restrained, but dashed forward, drove the enemy from every quarter, and eventually from the field. Our total loss did not exceed one hundred.

"The enemy left upon the field a large number of officers, and seventy six soldiers, dead, besides many wounded, and at the lowest estimate could not have lost less than six hundred killed and wounded. The whole affair was brilliant, and reflects credit on the cavalry, and adds yet another laurel to the many won by them since leaving the hills of Georgia."

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Some western friends of the President were recently talking with him about Sherman's grand march. The conversation turned upon the danger which Sherman's troops would encounter from the rebels when they approached near enough to Richmond to enable Lee suddenly to reinforce Johnston. One of the interlocutors said :

"Mr. Lincoln, as Sherman's army advances the rebel forces necessarily concentrate and increase in numbers. Before long Sherman will drive the columns of Johnston, Bragg, Hoke, and others, within a few day's march of Lee's main army. May not Lee suddenly march south with the larger portion of his army, form a junction with Johnston's troops, and before Grant can follow any considerable distance, strike Sherman's column with a superior force, cut his lines, defeat his army, drive its fragments toward the coast, and, with his whole army, give battle to Grant, and perhaps defeat him?"

"And perhaps not," replied the President, "Napoleon tried the same game on the British and Prussians in 1815. He concentrated his forces, fell suddenly on Blucher, and won an in-

decisive victory. He then whirled around, attacked the British, and met his Waterloo. Bonaparte was hardly inferior to Lee in military talent or experience. But are you sure that Lee's forces united with Johnston's could beat Sherman's army? Could he gain his Ligney before meeting his Waterloo? I tell you, gentlemen, there is a heap of fight in a hundred thousand western veterans. They are a good deal like old Zach Taylor at Buena Vista—they do 'nt know when they are whipped."

We partake of the President's faith, and with him believe there is a heap of fight in a hundred thousand western veterans.

#### LINCOLN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

We learn from an officer just arrived from the front, that on Saturday, shortly after the battle commenced, which resulted so gloriously for the Union arms in front of Petersburg, President Lincoln, accompanied by General Grant and staff, started for the battle field, and reached there in time to witness the close of the contest, and the bringing in of prisoners. His presence recognized created intense enthusiasm. He rode over the field, listened to the report to General Grant of General Parke, of the ninth corps, and added his thanks to this gallant general for the great service he had rendered in staying the fierce onslaught of the rebels, and capturing so many of their number."

#### EULOGY ON SHERMAN.

The *Opinione Nationale*, Paris, Prince Napoleon's organ, eulogizes General Sherman's operations and tactics in the highest terms, and accuses the rebels of having fired Charleston. It adds:

"They never have been anything but rebels against a just government, having for their watchword, 'slavery.'"

That is exactly true.

#### BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

The Tribune's Goldsboro correspondent gives the following account of the movements of those gallant officers, Sherman and Schofield:

General Cox advanced from Kingston toward Goldsboro on Sunday morning. The remainder of the corps followed on Monday morning. The enemy had already fallen back, leaving the road clear, but destroying bridges and culverts. A body of the enemy's cavalry disputed our advance. On Sunday communication was opened with Sherman. General Schofield sent Captain Twining, with an escort, who succeeded in reaching his headquarters. Meantime Sherman's scouts arrived at Schofield's headquarters, bringing word that his advance was within fifteen miles of Smithfield. Sherman had encountered but slight opposition, Hampton's and Wheeler's cavalry occasionally trying to check his advance.

"On Sunday afternoon the enemy made a stand about fifteen miles southeast from Smithfield, where a line of strongly intrenched fieldworks had been thrown up, and, with batteries in position, opened upon General Sherman. The twentieth corps, forming the center, was first engaged; the fourteenth corps, constituting the right, and the seventeenth corps, the left, were advanced and a brisk engagement followed, in which, although the rebel army was heavily engaged, our own loss was quite small.

"Meantime General Schofield pushed forward rapidly. The advance of General Sherman on the enemy's right, in the direction of Smithfield and Raleigh, made it necessary for the enemy to fall rapidly back to cover. At these points General Schofield continued to press them throughout Monday, and on Tuesday he entered Goldsboro. On Tuesday General Sherman advanced again, and skirmished with the rebel rear guard until reaching Bentonville. Here the enemy had intrenched the other side of Mill creek.

"The twentieth corps was the first engaged. At noon a sharp battle was progressing along the whole line.

"Kilpatrick's cavalry was actively occupied on the left flank. The twentieth corps suffered a temporary check, but the fourteenth corps, coming up in good time, held the ground. The seventeenth corps was advanced to the support of the fourteenth and twentieth corps, and succeeded in turning the right of the enemy, compelling him to give way. The enemy aban-

doned his works, passed through Smithfield, retiring toward Raleigh. Sherman followed up the retreating army, and entered Smithfield without further opposition. Sherman's cavalry was in Troy, North Carolina, a few days since, and one wing of his army was moving on Fayetteville, one on Goldsboro, and the other on Raleigh. Yesterday afternoon the mayor of Kinston surrendered the city to our forces.

"The bridge being burned prevented our forces from crossing, but pontoons were soon sent up for that purpose. The enemy retreated rapidly from Kinston to Goldsboro. A report states Sherman to be in possession of Goldsboro. The enemy left seven hundred of their dead on the field before crossing the river.

#### A BULL FROM GENERAL LEE.

In his report of Hampton's alleged victory of the 10th of March, 1865, General Lee says:

"General Hampton attacked General Kilpatrick this morning at daylight, and drove him from his camps, taking his guns wagons, many horses, etc.," and adds, "the guns and wagons could not be brought off for want of horses."

This is the old story of the Arkansas lawyer and the iron pot:

"May it please your honor, I submit, in defense of my client, first, that when she borrowed the pot in question, it was broken; secondly, that when she returned the pot it was sound; and thirdly, that she never had the pot at all."

The Richmond Sentinel of the 23d says:

"When Sherman's army captured Columbia, the reason the State house was not burned was because Sherman could not spare the powder."

When General Sherman was encamped at Fayetteville he had a long conversation with a prominent and wealthy citizen, who has two sons in high command in the rebel army. The old gentlemen said many true and sensible things.

"Sir," said he, embodying the gist of his conversation in a nutshell, "every life that is hereafter lost in the conflict is murder. We have fought you bravely, but our strength is

exhausted. We have no resources. We have no more men. The contest was unequal. You have conquered us. It is best to submit and make wise use of the future. We would have peace were it not for that vain, obstinate, ambitious man, Jeff. Davis. I am not in excitement, nor anger, when I assure you, that a large number of our people curse him, not only with their hearts, but with their lips. His haughty ambition has been our ruin."

Goldsboro, the scene of Sherman's last operation, is on Neuse river, and is the terminus of the North Carolina railroad to Raleigh. Before the war broke out it was a very flourishing town of three thousand inhabitants. Since the outbreak it has been strongly fortified and held by the rebels as an important point.

The Charlotte South Carolinian says :

In the fight at Bentonville, two corps, under Slocum, and Kilpatrick's cavalry, were held in check, by a brigade under command of Colonel Albert Rhett, for five hours, when, being reinforced by another brigade, the Yankees were repulsed. Colonel Rhett was missing, and their loss was about five hundred, while ours was fully three thousand.

The Newbern Dispatch of the 20th says :

Supplies are being rapidly forwarded to Sherman's army. Transportation is abundant. The Sanitary Commission agents are also actively at work. The number of refugees attaching themselves to this army is enormous.

It appears that the evacuation of Kinston by the rebels was a grand mistake, as Bragg denies having ordered it, but Hoke produced a telegram sustaining his action. An entire rebel brigade attempted to desert between Kinston and Raleigh, in consequence of which they had a fight with other rebel troops. The advance of General Sherman towards Columbia, South Carolina, caused the rebels to remove prisoners confined there to Charlotte.

#### SHERMAN'S OPERATIONS.

CITY POINT, March 22, 1865.

*Honorable E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War : I am in receipt*

of Sherman's report from the time he left Fayetteville up to the 22d instant.

It shows hard fighting, resulting in very heavy losses to the enemy in killed and wounded, and over three thousand prisoners in our hands. His own loss, he says, will be covered by two thousand five hundred men, since he left Savannah. Many of these are but slightly wounded.

(Signed)

U. S. GRANT,  
Lieutenant General.

Johnston's entire force confronted Sherman at Smithfield, yet they could not withstand our fighting proclivities in an open field ; and to secure their own lives, as many of them thought, they coolly murdered many, very many, of our men. On the line of march here to-day, we found thirteen of our foragers murdered. Seven of them were lying beside of the road, all shot in the breast, and a placard pinned to each, on which was written :

“This is the way we treat Kilpatrick's thieves.”

Three others were found in a house, murdered, having been shot down after they surrendered. The other three were found lying by the road side, their throats cut from ear to ear. On each of these was also pinned a placard on which was written in pencil :

“South Caralina's greeting to Yankee vandals.”

*March 30.*—Saw Orderly Sergeant Kennedy, J. W. F. Johnson, and John Rover, all of G company, 9th Ohio cavalry, who were captured near Florence, Alabama, and have miraculously escaped death by starvation and merciless treatment in the military pen at Andersonville, Georgia, where they were confined over a year. They state that their capture was owing to the absence of Captain Hetzler, and the cowardice of Second Lieutenant Frank H. Knapp, who, instead of giving the unfortunate men orders to form in line, and defend themselves by performing their proper duty, ran with dastardly haste from the barn then occupied by the men to seek a secure hiding place for himself. Failing in this, and afraid to proceed alone in any direction, Knapp sped back to the top of a shed near the barn

where John Rover was stowed away. Attempting to climb the dilapidated chimney of which, Knapp was twice kicked to the ground by Rover. Crying and begging to be allowed to secure himself, Rover at last consented, and there they both remained until shortly afterward they were captured by Rhoddy's men. Rover says a greater coward never existed than this fellow, Knapp.

The secesh scoundrels who supervised this "Black Hole of Calcutta," or, secesh den at Andersonville, were ruffians who purposely deprived men there of life, calling them "Yankees, unfit to live," and thinking the sooner they were rid of existence the more beneficial it would be to themselves and their treacherous southern cause. A secesh general named Winder, and a villain named Wirz, his *happy* subordinate officer, had control here, and should never be allowed to exist, except in prison, one day after their arrest, if they are *ever* taken prisoners. Rover says that at least ten thousand prisoners died from starvation alone at Andersonville during two months of the summer of 1864, besides hundreds of others who were shot by the guards for no reason whatever; in fact, it was upheld through the merest pretext by General Winder and Captain Wirz.

The hats, caps, boots, shoes, even the only pair of pants which were owned by some of the prisoners were taken from them by the guards.

The burning of Columbia, South Carolina, by General Wade Hampton, turned eight thousand people upon the commons. It was a sad business, and before General Sherman left that part of the country he had a talk with the mayor.

"What," said that personage, "is to become of me and these people?"

"Go," replied General Sherman, "to your friend, General Hampton."

"He," said the mayor, "is our worst enemy."

"Well, then you must live off of the country as I have been doing."

"But," said his honor, "there is nothing left in the country, and I can't see how these people are to live."

"Well," said the general, "if you really want my advice, I will give it to you. First, I will tell you a great secret. I am not going to Augusta. *There* is a tract of country that my foragers have not touched yet. I forbade them going there that the people might think I was saving that to live off of in my march on that city. Now, you can forage out of that country."

"Well," said his honor, "that might do, but these people will resist us, and we have no arms."

"I will give you arms," said the general, and forthwith issued forty stand of arms.

The lightning, when it strikes the oak and rends it, does not kill it at once, though its blight is sure. Whilst the trunk chars and crumbles away, the limbs drop off with every breath of wind, and gradually the whole disappears from view. So it will be with the insurrectionary force. The lightning has at last struck it at the base and rent it to the topmost bough. Day by day the consuming fire will creep lower into its roots, and it will sink beneath the mould never to shoot upward, or be seen again.

#### APOCRYPHAL STORY OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

The Richmond Whig of March 29, is responsible for the following:

While in Fayetteville General Sherman had an interview with a lady, the mother of a Confederate officer, in which he told her that he came through the South with moderation, disposed to burn no private property and to respect individual rights; but if that course did not have the effect to subdue the rebellious spirit of our people, he would come again with the knife unsheathed, and would put to death, without regard to age or sex, the inhabitants of the country. His language, to use his own expressive words, was that he would come again with the torch.

#### APPEARANCE OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

The army of General Sherman, whose long experience has made them the best foragers as well as fighters, have brought

with them large quantities of provisions and camp supplies. The arrival at Goldsboro, and grand entree into the place, will forever remain one of the most interesting episodes of this war.

In the rear of each division followed the foragers, or "bummers," as they were called by the soldiers, constituting a most motley group which strongly recalls the memory of Falstaff's ragged army, though they are by no means in buckram. The men having worn out all their clothing and shoes during the march, were obliged to furnish themselves as best they could as they moved along.

Here came men strutting in mimic dignity, in the old swallow tailed coats, with plug hats, the tops knocked in; there a group in scedy coats and pants of rebel gray, with arms and legs protrnding beyond all semblance of fit or fashion; short jackets, long tailed surtouts, and coats of every cast, with broad tails, narrow tails, and no tails at all—all of the most antiquated styles. Some wore womens' bonnets, or young ladies' hats with streamers of faded ribbons floating fantastically in the wind. The procession of vehicles and animals was of the most grotesque description. There were donkeys large and small, almost smothered under burdens of turkeys, geese, and other kinds of poultry, ox carts, skinny horses pulling in the thills of some parish doctor's old sulky, farm wagons and buggies, hacks, chaises, rockaways, aristocratic and family carriages, all filled with plunder and provisions.

There was bacon, hams, potatoes, flour, pork, sorghum, and freshly slaughtered pigs, sheep, and poultry dangling from saddle tree and wagon, sufficient, one would suppose, to supply the army for a month.

All this provender was turned over to the chief commissary of each division, and was regularly issued to the troops as rations.

The men found abundance of eatables during the march in North Carolina, but no incendiaryism was tolerated, and in many cases something was left the families who remained at their homes.

Refugees, white and black, followed in mournful procession,

in the rear of the army, and cheerfully shared with the soldiers the food they had taken from their own homes and farms. There was little murmuring or complaining, and but little exhibition of bitter feeling against the troops.

#### FIGHT WITH GUERRILLAS—TWO MEN ROASTED ALIVE.

On Friday last, a scout of Federal troops, sent out from Fort Donelson, in command of Lieutenant Colonel Brott, met a squad of guerrillas in the vicinity of the Cumberland river, between Clarksville and the fort, and a brisk engagement ensued. A number of the outlaws took refuge in an old mill, and, thus sheltered, kept our troops at bay. One of the rebels, Horace Wildey, was shot and killed. Two other members of the band refused to surrender, when the mill was fired for the purpose of driving them from their shelter. The outlaws were firm, and stood their ground boldly. The building burned rapidly, and the two men were consumed in the flames. It was a horrible death, and the heroism with which they met their fate was worthy of a better cause. In this affair we lost one man killed and one wounded.

#### A RAID INTO GEORGIA.

*March 31.*—The 2d Missouri cavalry and a detachment of the 6th Tennessee cavalry, left Chattanooga on a scout into the counties of South Georgia. As their scout was intended to familiarize them with the topography of that country, so that in case of need they could move quickly, they proceeded with much leisure, from time to time paying attention to the bushwhackers who infested that country. These squads annoyed them at every mile, hanging on their flank, attacking the rear, and often seen by the advance. Several traps were laid for them by Colonel Merrill. The Federals camped at Summerville one night, and were pestered more than usual by these outlaws, who would attack the videttes and endeavor to capture them. To stop this a vidette was stationed on the Alpine road, and between him and the reserve a squad was placed in ambush. In a short time six of the devils came down the road, drove the vidette back, and followed him past the squad in ambush. The

latter rose and fired a volley that caused the rebels to yell with fear and pain. Three of them were hit, one of whom fell from his horse, but the rest actually stopped, placed him on his horse, and dashed away before our mounted men could come up.

On the same night another band made an attack on the pickets on the railroad.

Here a company was placed in ambush, and the rest of the regiment withdrawn into Summerville. Guerrillas, thirty in number, charged up the road, the pickets fell back until passing the party in ambush, they wheeled for them, and killed and captured one half of these desperadoes. Advancing to Dug gap another little battle took place, the guerrillas numbering seventy.

The most inhuman deed of all has yet to be recorded. While the regiment was at Alpine, last Friday night, four of the men were placed on picket half a mile from camp, near the house of a man named H. M. Knox. In the morning Knox came out to the post and invited the men in to breakfast. Believing him an honest man, and not thinking of danger, they went with him. They took seats on the porch and entered into conversation with Knox and his wife. While talking a negro woman came to the porch and wanted to speak to the soldiers, but both Knox and his wife ordered her into the house. A few minutes afterward six guerrillas dashed around into the road from behind the house, presented their pistols at the soldiers, and ordered them to surrender. Being unarmed they complied, when the guerrillas took them into the road, made them stand in a row, and shot at them. One was shot through the right lung, two through the neck, while the fourth one escaped.

Colonel Merrill arrested Knox and his wife, and some of the party Knox had with him, and lodged them in prison, whence should soon go to the gallows. Major General Steedman hearing of the affair, and that the woman was in Chattanooga, promptly sent her north as a prisoner of war, and intends that the male portion of the murderous crew shall publicly exhibit themselves as lofty swinging members of the vile portion of humanity.

## GENERAL FORREST'S CHALLENGE TO GENERAL WILSON ACCEPTED.

The Nashville Dispatch has the following:

Our readers will recollect a correspondence from Eastport in which it was stated that the rebel General Forrest sent a challenge to General Wilson, proposing a fair, open field fight, expressing his convictions of success in any such engagement. General Wilson gratified Forrest in this desire, the result being contrary to his braggadocio. General Wilson met the rebel Generals Forrest and Taylor, on the 28th, at a point between Selma and Montgomery, Alabama. It was a desperate engagement, and called into requisition all the military skill and bravery of both commands. The forces under both these rebel officers were totally defeated, and a large number of men captured by General Wilson's cavalry, for his force consists of cavalry altogether. Beside the route of the enemy General Wilson destroyed sixteen cars, containing ammunition, commissary stores, etc., and four locomotives.

This Forrest trapeze movement caused some excitement in military circles, and his rout was discussed with some interest, in East Tennessee. The news caused General Thomas to accelerate the movements of some of the troops. It is thought the track of the rebel army will be along the Danville railroad into North Carolina.

Rebel sympathizers who imagine Forrest equal, or superior, to Ney, Murratt, or any other great cavalry leader of modern times, received the startling intelligence of his defeat with grim smiles of disbelief. Their temper, however, was sadly ruffled by the joy which the news called forth from the Unionists all around them.

*April 2.*—An amusing incident occurred not long since at General Howard's headquarters, where General Sherman was dining.

There was a prosy chaplain present who was the terror of hungry campaigners. Sherman was discussing, with one of Howard's staff, the conduct of a particular officer whose habits had given him some trouble. During the conversation the parties took their seats at the table, and Sherman continued his

conversation with the officer without noticing that the parson had launched out into one of his long-winded thanksgivings Sherman wound up his conversation about the delinquent with the energetic exclamation:

"D—n the fellow! will he ever restrain himself?"

The horrified parson here came to a dead halt, thinking the question applied to him, and the company irreverently burst into a roar of laughter. Sherman looked as puzzled as the chaplain, but enjoyed the fun as soon as it was explained to him.

"Parson," he said, "the best apology I can make you, is to say that if Colonel D— had but half your earnestness and control, he would make a better officer."

Petersburg, Virginia, is ours, with 12,000 prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery, and thousands of small arms.

#### HOW TO CHEAT SUTLERS.

Some of the boys of an Ohio Battery wished to celebrate a recent victory in a *spirited* manner, but the Paymaster had not been around recently, and the sutler would not trust them for whiskey. So they rigged out one of their number with two canteens, one of which was filled with water so "doctered" with coffee as to resemble, in color, the desired liquor. He went to the sutler, had the empty canteen filled, and then asked to be trusted. This the sutler refused, when the soldier passed to him the other canteen, telling him to keep his bad whiskey, and the sutler, glad to get rid of so ugly a customer, without money, poured the water into his whiskey barrel, and bid him begone. The boys had a fine spree that night, and not the least of this pleasure arose from the manner in which the sutler was sold.

April 3, 1865.—This day Richmond is ours.

#### MAJOR GENERAL DIX:

From a dispatch of General Weitzel, just received at this department, I learn that our forces under his command are in Richmond, having taken it at 8:15 this morning.

E. M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

## OFFICIAL WAR BULLETINS.

General Sheridan attacked and routed Lee's army, capturing Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Button, and Corse, and driving the enemy across Sailor's creek, Virginia.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

At 11:15 P. M., yesterday, at the station of City Point, Virginia, General Grant sent me the following:

HONORABLE SECRETARY OF WAR:

At 11:15 P. M., yesterday, at Burkesville station, General Grant sends me the following from General Sheridan:

A. LINCOLN.

April 6—11:15 P. M.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT:

I have the honor to report that the enemy made a stand at the intersection of the Burke's station road with the road upon which they were retreating. I attacked them with two divisions of the sixth army corps, and routed them handsomely, making a connection with the cavalry. I am still pressing on with both cavalry and infantry.

Up to the present time we have captured Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Button, Corse, Dubarry, and Custis Lee, several thousand prisoners, fourteen pieces of artillery with caissons, and a large number of wagons.

If pressed Lee will surrender.

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major General.

## LEE'S SURRENDER.

General Lee became a member of the peace party at a late day. His conversion was wrought through great tribulation. "To be frank," he did not think the emergency had arrived for the surrender of his army, but "as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all," he wanted to know whether Grant's proposal to accept the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia "would tend to that end." Therefore, while he

ould not meet Grant with a view to surrender the army under his immediate command, he would be pleased to meet him with a view to see how far the proposition made to receive the army of Northern Virginia as prisoners of war might affect the Confederate States forces "under my command," (that is, all the armies of the Confederacy, Lieutenant General Lee being general-in-chief,) and tend to the full restoration of needed peace."

Before General Grant arrived General Meade, in command of the army of the Potomac above, had ordered an advance of the second and sixth corps against the enemy. General Lee, waiting a reply from General Grant to a message he had sent him, asked a truce from General Meade until he considered the terms of surrender. Meade consented to suspend hostilities until 2 P. M.

At half past 1 P. M. General Grant arrived at Sheridan's headquarters, and sent General Rawlings, his chief-of-staff, and Colonel Babcock, his aide, to General Lee's headquarters. On their arrival it was ascertained that General Meade—the limit set by him for the suspension of his advance having passed—had again ordered the second and sixth corps against the rebel rear from above.

Colonel Babcock, under a flag of truce from General Lee's lines, proceeded to Meade's headquarters, and requested that officer to delay his attack until the impending meeting between Lee and Grant was over.

Returning to Lee's headquarters, he then, in company with General Rawlings, escorted the southern chieftain through his own and Sheridan's lines to Grant's headquarters, at Appomattox Court house. At 2:30 P. M. the party reached Appomattox Court house, where Grant awaited his visitor at the house of a citizen named Wilmie McLane. Grant received his guest with the simple soldierly frankness that is part of his nature. As Lee advanced into the room Grant arose, and both clasped hands. The rebel chief sank into a chair, and within a few minutes both were earnestly discussing the terms of capitulation. General Lee wished to know distinctly what General Grant had to propose.

General Grant assured him that the language of his previous dispatch explained his wishes. He desired the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia on the following conditions only:

1. Rolls of all officers to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.
2. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company, or regimental officer, sign a like parole for men of their commands.
3. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked, and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.
4. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority, so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside."

Being completely at the mercy of the conqueror, General Lee was evidently pleased with the liberality of these terms. He expressed no dissent to them whatever. After enquiring as to the private baggage and horses of his officers, he requested to know whether General Grant would permit those among his men who owned private horses to retain them.

General Grant responded that although he disliked to put such a condition into the terms of surrender, he would instruct his officers who would have charge of such matters to see that General Lee's wish was complied with. Whereat Lee expressed his satisfaction. Lee then remarked upon the extreme destitution of his troops. They had no supplies of any consequence for two days, he said. "Even the prisoners I have taken from you, General, have suffered from lack of food. I could not help it. My own men have been almost starving."

Grant promptly offered to divide with him and fulfilled his promise before nightfall by ordering rations of beef and coffee for twenty five thousand men to be sent to the rebel commissary.

The Lieutenant General then wrote a dispatch addressed to General Lee containing the terms he proposed to receive the surrender as quoted above. General Lee, after reading it, drew his chair up to the table and wrote his acceptance of the proposal, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }  
April 9th, 1865. }

*Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding U. S. A.:*—General: I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

After short desultary conversation, General Lee took his departure, General Grant attending him to the door, and taking his hand at the threshold. The interview was conducted on the part of General Lee with the manly but consciens bearing of a soldier beaten but not cowed: on the part of General Grant with the generous spirit of a conqueror who could afford to admit the ability, the courage, and the deserts of a noble foe.

#### IO TRIUMPE.

By 4 o'clock P. M. the two armies, which had been impatiently waiting the result of the conference, knew that the articles had been signed. The discipline ordered by both commanders did not prevent men and officers intermingling, congratulating each other, thanking God, Grant and Lee, in unison, that the long agony of fight and pursuit was over. Every band in the army became inspired with melodious fervor. The "Marsellaise," the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Flag of our Union," were played and sang. Officers from the Lieutenant General down to Colonels, were greeted with an uprorious tumult of delight. All gave signs of gladness.

*April 6.*—The Herald's correspondent from the late mansion of Jeff Davis in Richmond, Va., says: The avacuation of this city was contemplated several days before it took place, but

that decision was not arrived at until Sunday afternoon, when Lee telegraphed Davis that Grant had rendered the holding of the city impossible. This telegram was read in the churches, and the leading rebels left at once. Jeff Davis at 8 o'clock P. M., for Danville. The city was fired by General Ewell, and, although General Weitzell endeavored to subdue the flames, one third of the city was destroyed.

It was understood to have been Lee's design to reach Danville, Va., and then fortify and make another stand there. This plan Sheridan's movements frustrated, and then Lee endeavored to get to Lynchburg. Davis received Lee's despatch to evacuate at church. He escaped on the first train, taking his horses and carriage, so as to take the road in case the track was interrupted. A xtra Billy Smith did not leave till after midnight. He left his wife behind; as did also General Lee. News of the death of her son, W. H. F. Lee, in the battle, was received. Breckenridge left the city as late as half past six Monday morning. A large number of rebel officers were captured and paroled.

Judge Campbell tendered his services to President Lincoln to visit Jeff Davis and urge him to peace. The President said he would receive communications, but would send none.

The rebel government carried off government archives and three millions of gold coin. Their destination was supposed to be Charlotte, N. C. Richmond is now in a state of famine. Provisions being nearly all consumed. The population is nearly all there, very few having left.

Breckenridge superintended the destruction of the city, and directed the firing of the buildings. The original secessionists here now are willing to take the oath, and proclaim their readiness for unconditional submission! "Go it ye loafers," &c.

#### NEWS, FROM SHERMAN.

A preconcerted plan to fire Newbern, N. C., was developed April 6th, at 8 o'clock A. M. Several large buildings containing forage, ordnance, and commissary stores, were set on fire simultaneously with the aid of phosphorus. The alarm was given and signalled at once, when the fire department and

population turned out, and the flames were subdued without much damage. Rebel officers were discovered who, with other suspicious characters, are in confinement. Double guards patrol the city to prevent a like occurrence and arrest all suspicious characters.

The Steamers Ajax and United States arrived at Fortress Monroe from Newbern, N. C., with a large number of prisoners captured by General Sherman.

*April 7.*—General Sherman has resumed his march and left Goldsboro in his rear.

A portion of Stoneman's cavalry were in Marion, Tenn., and in Smyth county on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; while another portion have gone through Carter county, Tenn., towards Salisbury, N. C., on a feint, it is supposed, to distract the attention of the rebel commander, while the real advance will be in another direction. Some skirmishing took place between the rebel cavalry and ours west of Bristol, Va., resulting in the capture of a squandron. General Stoneman occupied Salisbury April 10th. .

Jeff Davis at latest accounts had arrived at Charlotte, N. C., with three delapidated trunks. There is not a man living in this country to-day who would exchange places with him. Despised for his treason, hated for his cruel exercise of power, a fugitive and a vagabond, the wretched author of innumerable woes, he might decide for himself the question of Hamlet, "to be, or not to be" in the negative, were it not for fear of something hereafter; and compared with which "the sour apple tree," to which he has been condemed so often, would be as rose water to aqua fortis.

A Colonel lately released from Libby prison, says that, while there, the party he was with was visited by Mrs. Seddon, wife of the late rebel Secretary of War, she denounced them in the most bitter terms, calling them "inhuman monsters," "hell hounds," and "vipers." At her suggestion they were then thrown into a miserable dungeon, almost destitute of light and air, where their sufferings were terrible. What should be done to this demoniacal female fury?

The United States Government has all to say about that.

## CAPILLARY COMMERCE.

“A neice of James Madison” suggested through the Richmond Whig, a few days before it became “loyal,” a new way to pay off the confederate debt. She writes: “There are two million women over twelve years of age in the confederacy; some heads have one and some three or four braids of hair; say they will average two; therefore there are about four million braids, worth in Europe ten dollars each in gold, and in confederate money two billions, nearly double our present indebtedness. A ship loaded with this precious traffic might make hair-breadth escapes, but angels would guard it (by General Maury’s permission), and land it safely at Havre. All Europe would purchase at a speculative price. Many braids, offerings on the altar of liberty, would bring in Paris, labelled with the name of the donors, thousands at auction! Our debt would be a mere circumstance to the amount realized: and I propose that every loyal woman in the South send, forthwith, her hair, tied with a ribbon and labelled with her name, to Madame Levert, in Mobile. Here’s mine, and two braids.”

Some wag in Van Wert county fixed up a hen’s egg so that the words “PEACE, 1866,” appeared legibly on the shell, and found a dunce who paid \$150 for the curiosity. Since then the boys of Van Wert have gone largely into speculations with prophetic eggs. Will Madame Levert follow that example? Time will develope this.

*April 9.*—Our forces captured Mobile to-day and five thousand seven hundred prisoners in or near the city. Spanish Fort with one thousand men also fell into our hands, where General Maury’s chief of staff ended his life by being shot through the left eye by one of our sharpshooters. He was a classmate with General Anderson at West Point in 1847. Take all this to your soul, Jeff Davis, and look out for your life..

*April 15.*—Cincinnati’s truly loyal citizens were proudly rejoicing over all our glorious victories, the surrender of Lee and his vain-glorious rebel troops, yesterday, and were retiring gladly to repose when the following heart-rendering news came here by telegraph at 11 o’clock P. M.

## ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT—HE IS SHOT IN THE THEATER—A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

About half past ten o'clock this evening a desperado, well dressed, appeared at the house of Secretary Seward and asked to see him, a servant informed him he could not, upon which he said he had a prescription from Surgeon General Barnes, he was ordered to deliver in person. The servant referred him to Fred. Seward, who, being present, told the stranger he would take charge of the medicine, but the desperado refused to deliver it, rushed past Fred. Seward, and struck Secretary Seward with a dagger in the throat and breast. The wounds, upon examination by the surgeon general, are pronounced not fatal. Major Seward, son of the secretary and paymaster in the army of the United States, was also badly cut in his efforts to defend his father.

Simultaneously with this, John Wilkes Booth, another villainous desperado, (who being in Cleveland, Ohio, a year and a half previous to this, told a prominent citizen there, that "the man who killed Abraham Lincoln would occupy a higher niche of fame than George Washington,") appeared at Ford's theater and obtained admission to the box occupied by President Lincoln, his wife, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone.

The following statement, entirely reliable, is from Mr. James Ferguson, each part of which is corroborated by Miss Harris, and it therefore assumes a serious and important character, as it establishes the proof of a series of preparations by the murderer to secure himself from interference, while in the box, from any person in the dress circle; and also, and more serious still, calls up the suspicion that he had confederates having as easy access to the theater as he had, and that part of his preparations were made in the daytime:

Mr. James P. Ferguson went to the theater on Friday night for the express purpose of seeing General Grant, who was announced to be present. Mr. Ferguson saw the presidential party enter the box, but of course, did not see the general. He however, continued to watch the box, thinking the general

would slip quietly in to avoid the demonstrations that would attend his recognition.

When the second scene of the third act of the play was reached, Mr. Ferguson saw, and recognized, John Wilkes Booth making his way along the dress circle to the President's box. Of this box Mr. Ferguson had an excellent view, being seated in the dress circle just opposite to it, next to the private boxes on the other side of the circle. This seat he had chosen to afford his companions a good view of the lieutenant general, and, for the reason already stated was narrowly watching the entrance to it.

Mr. Ferguson watched for his appearance in the box, desiring to see who in *that* party the actor could be on such intimate terms with, as to feel warranted in taking such a liberty. Whether Booth shut the door of the little corridor, or left it open behind him, Mr. Ferguson fears to state positively; but from what he observed of the door he believes it was shut.

The shot was the next thing Mr. Ferguson remembers. He saw the smoke, then perceived Booth standing upright, with both hands raised, but, at that moment, saw no weapon or any thing else in either. Booth then sprang to the front of the box, laid his left hand on the railing in front, was checked an instant, evidently by his coat or pants being caught by something or held back by somebody. (It was by Major Rathbone.) Mr. Ferguson and Booth had met in the afternoon, and conversed, being well acquainted with each other, so that the former immediately recognized him. Booth took off his hat, and holding it in his left hand, leaned against the wall behind him. In this attitude he remained for half a minute; then, adds Mr. Ferguson, he stepped down one step, put his hand on the door of the little corridor leading to the box, bent his knee against it, the door opened, and Booth entered the corridor, and was, for a few moments hidden entirely from Mr. Ferguson's sight.

A post in front obstructed the view of Mr. Ferguson, but Booth soon changed his position, and again was clearly seen by Mr. Ferguson. He now had a knife in his right hand, which he also laid on the railing, as he already had his left, and vaulted out. As his legs passed between the folds of the flags deco-

rating the box, his spur, which he wore on the right heel, caught the drapery, and brought it down, tearing a strip with it. When he let go the railing, he still clutched the shining knife. Booth crouched as he fell, falling on one knee, and putting forth both hands to help himself recover an erect position, which he did with the rapidity and easy agility of a practiced and accomplished athlete.

Having recovered his equilibrium Booth strode across the stage to the first entrance, passing behind the actor on the stage, (Harry Hawk.) When he reached the other side of the stage, just before he became invisible by passing into the entrance, he looked up, and Mr. Ferguson heard him say: "I have done it," and then lost sight of him.

It appears from the Herald's account that Major Rathbone was not aware of the presence of the assassin in the box until he heard the pistol, when, turning, he saw the man within six feet of the President. The major sprang to seize him, the man struggled, made a thrust at the major's breast with a knife, which the major received on his left arm near the shoulder, when the assassin sprang from the box. The major cried out: "Stop him!" and thinking it impossible for him to escape from the crowd below, turned to give the necessary attention to the President.

The President had not changed his position, except that his eyes were closed and his head slightly bent forward. The whole time consumed by the assassin in entering the box, shooting the President through the head, and disappearing, was less than thirty seconds.

Booth had a horse at the back door of the theater, which he mounted, pronouncing, as he rode away, the motto of the State of Virginia :

*"Sic semper tyrannus."* (Perish all tyrants.)

The parting of his family with the dying President is too sad for description. The blood oozed out from the wound at the back of his head, he was in a state of syncope, totally insensible until he expired. The ball entered the head of the President in the back part, near the base of the brain, took a direct course toward the right eye, struck the orbital bone, rebounded

and lodged several inches from the surface. The ball was flattened.

It is ascertained that some weeks ago the President had received several letters warning him that an attempt would be made upon his life, but to these he attached very little importance. It was always thought he was not sufficiently careful of his individual safety on his last visit to the armies in Virginia.

*April 18.*—The pickets encircling Washington city, Friday night, to prevent the escape of the parties who murdered the President and attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward and his sons, were fired upon at several points by concealed foes.

Payne, the assassin who attempted the life of Mr. Seward, was taken last night, in disguise, at the house of Mrs. Surratt, another accomplice, in Washington.

Charleston, South Carolina, was taken March 14, through Sherman's movements.

Major General Sherman has concluded a treaty with General Joe. Johnston, which is not ratified. He is ordered to resume hostilities.

Reverend Mr. Adams, of Philadelphia, in a recent discourse, speaking of an early morning call upon Mr. Lincoln, made the following statement:

“Morning came. I hastened my toilet, and at a quarter to 5, found myself in the waiting room of the President. I asked the usher if I could see Mr. Lincoln. He informed me that I could not.

“But I have engaged to meet him this morning.”

“At what hour?”

“At 5 o'clock.”

“Well, sir, he will see you at 5.”

I then heard a voice, as if in conversation, and asked the servant:

“Who is talking in the next room?”

“It is the President, sir.”

“Is anybody with him?”

“No, sir; he is reading the bible.”

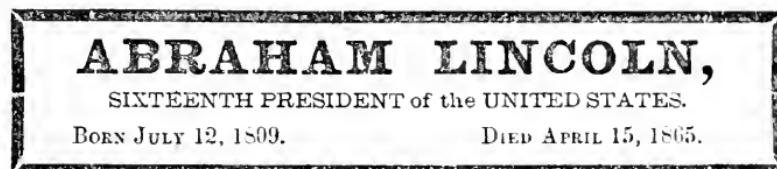
“Is that his habit so early in the morning?”

"Yes, sir; he spends every morning from 4 o'clock to 5, in reading the scriptures and praying."

The last writing done by President Lincoln, was the following:

"Allow Mr. Ashmead and friend to come to me at 9 A. M., to-morrow, April 15, 1865."

The body is embalmed, in a coffin of mahogany, covered with black cloth, and lined with lead, covered with white satin. A silver plate on the coffin over the breast, bears the following inscription:



Atzeroth, one of the principal assassins, is captured, and Booth has been traced to Port Tobacco, Charles county, Maryland.

An advertisement was inserted in the Selma (Alabama) Dispatch, offering "to take the lives of President Lincoln, Vice President Johnson, and Secretary Seward for one million of dollars in Confederate money." I hope that advertising ruffian will be caught and dealt with according to what his crime deserves.

Jeff. Davis is now with Johnston's army, ordering a battle. Johnston refuses to risk this, as he knows it to be a desperate, useless, wanton resistance to the invincible legions of Sherman; led, as they are, by one of the best generals living. A man like Jeff. Davis, who could consign innocent prisoners of war to the barbarities of Andersonville, Salisbny, and the Libby, can not be expected to practice any humanity toward his own soldiery.

The President's remains are to be forwarded in a funeral train from Washington, District of Columbia, to Springfield, Illinois, where our late lamented President will be interred according to the wishes of his family and the arrangements of the State authorities.

A committee was appointed at the opera house, in Cincinnati, to use every effort to secure to Cincinnati the privilege of participating in the funeral honors to our late Chief Magistrate. The following dispatch indicates their failure:

“WASHINGTON, April 19.

“A. C. SANDS:

“The published programme is changed. In the new arrangement Cincinnati can not possibly be included.

“JOHN BROUGH.”

“WASHINGTON, April 19.

“A. C. SANDS:

“The committee having charge of the remains of the President have decided that they can not take them via Cincinnati, which I much regret.

“W. DENNISON.”

Disappointed in this effort, the committee endeavored to procure a special train to Columbus, in order that a delegation from Cincinnati might join in the ceremonies at the State capital. But the railroads were unable to furnish a sufficient number of cars, and all that could be done was to arrange with the Little Miami railroad to furnish accommodations on a morning train for a few hundred persons.

The names of these honorable gentlemen are worthy of record in this connection, and I here respectfully give them to the public:

Colonel L. A. Harris,  
A. C. Sands,  
Thomas H. Weasner,  
Benjamin Eggleston,  
Miles Greenwood,  
George F. Davis.

Mannel B. Field, Esq., who was present at Mr. Lincoln's death bed, says:

“The President's eyes, after death, were not closed. I closed them myself with my fingers, and a surgeon brought pennies

and placed them on the eyes, but subsequently substituted for them silver half dollars. In a very short time, the jaw commenced slightly falling, although the body was still warm. I called attention to this, and had it immediately tied up with a handkerchief.

“The expression immediately after death was purely negative, but in fifteen minutes there came over the mouth, the nostrils, and the chin, a smile that seemed almost an effort of life. I had never seen upon the President’s face an expression more genial and pleasing.

The following incidents of the last day of his life have been obtained from several sources. His son, Captain Lincoln, breakfasted with him on Friday morning; having just returned from the capitulation of Lee, and the President passed a happy hour listening to all the details while at breakfast. He heard that Speaker Colfax was in the house, and sent word that he wished to see him immediately. He conversed with him nearly an hour about his future policy as to the rebellion, which he was about to submit to the cabinet.

*April 20.*—A reward of \$100,000 is offered for the arrest of John Wilkes Booth to-day at Washington, and \$25,000 for his accomplices.

Wrote a letter to President Johnson, and one to Secretary Stanton to-day asking, begging, praying them to place me on any hazardous duty they deemed necessary, in order to act as spy, or go boldly forth in assisting to capture Booth and his accomplices; that in performing any duty they deemed necessary, I, poor in funds and property, as I am, asked no pay whatever from the United States Government, whose humble and obedient servant I will remain while life lasts.

The feelings manifested by our soldiers against southern people in Richmond and Petersburg, Va., on receipt of the news of President Lincoln’s assassination has been somewhat allayed, as they proved themselves innocent of any complicity in this horrid deed. In consequence of which the soldiers fraternize better than at first with the citizens. Roger A. Prior stated in Petersburg that “he believed Mr. Lincoln indispensable to the restoration of peace, and regretted the death

more than any military mishap of the South." He and the Mayor placed themselves at the head of a movement for a town meeting to "deplore the loss on both private and public grounds." Both Petersburg and Richmond are draped in mourning.

The only death of occupants of the Presidential Chair prior to the great tragedy of Good Friday, 1865, were those of William H. Harrison, who died a month after being sworn into office, and was succeeded by John Tyler; and Zachary Taylor, who died one year and five months after his inauguration, and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore.

The exodus of the rebellion leaders from Richmond, and the introduction of greenbacks, brought down eggs from twenty-five dollars to thirty cents per dozen, and other things in like proportion. The change of base on the part of the confederate government, gave the southern people something on which to change ~~THEIR~~ base.

*April 25.*—Our capture of rebel artillery since December 1st, 1864, is as follows:

Capture by General Thomas from Hood on his Nashville campaign, 72; General Sherman at Savannah, 160; General Terry, General Schofield and Admiral Porter from Fort Fisher to Wilmington, inclusive, 180; General Gilmore at Charleston from General Sherman's flank movement, 450; Sherman en route through South and North Carolina, 85; Sheridan in the Charlottesville raid, 17; General Grant around Petersburg, 75; around and in Richmond, 500; Canby at Mobile, Ala., 75; Stoneman at Salisbury, 19; Wilson at Selma, 22; grand total, 1,665.

It is very evident that in these days of danger to the arrogant leaders of the South, (men who deserve no leniency from the United States Government,) Lee, Beauregard and Hardee, have little regard for their wives. Each of these gentlemen proclaimed in speeches published by the press that "no lady would be safe if the Yankees got possession of their 'sunny clime of beauty.'" Notwithstanding all this grand palaver Beauregard left his sweet one in New Orleans when General Butler took possession of that city; Hardee left his better half

in Savannah General Sherman occupied it, and General Lee followed suit when General Grant's forces captured that palatial abode of confederate chivalry.

Secretary Stanton has promulgated General Canby's official report of the occupation of Mobile and the capture of prisoners, guns, ammunition, and cotton dated April 21st, 1865.

Nearly all of Mosby's command (guerrillas and bushwhackers,) have surrendered to General Hancock, who commands the Veteran Reserve Corps.

Reliable information is received of the rapid decrease of Johnson's force by desertion. The majority of those who quit the rebel service so summarily, go to their homes, especially those from North Carolina and Virginia, who have not a great distance to travel.<sup>4</sup> If they would only stand and fight against General Sherman and his force, the General's occupation would soon be gone.

“Mack” says: “‘Sherman’s bummers’ have received full justice at the hands of the historians of the late campaign through the Carolinas.”

As good a writer and truthful a gentleman as “Mack” is known to be, speaks plainly and awards them the merit they deserve:

“They have generally been spoken of as having rendered more service to themselves than to the army—as having been actuated solely by a desire to plunder, in all their operations. Whatever may have been their object on starting out in the morning, they frequently proved themselves of great value to the cause before they went into camp at night, and the confessions of many an officer of rank go to prove that the army would have gone to bed hungry a great many times but for these identical men, to whom rather a contemptuous name has been applied.

“The title of ‘bummers’ was given at a very early stage of the late campaign to such men as were in the habit of foraging on their own account, independent of the regular details made for foraging on every day’s march. They generally lagged behind in the camps, until their commands got started on the road, when they would go off to the right and left, taking by-

ways and cow paths, and leaving the main road to the main army. They generally managed to 'concentrate' before going very far, and by the time all the 'detachments' were up, there was frequently a very respectable regiment of them.

"Their first object was to get transportation for their plunder, and the first half dozen farm houses they passed were laid under contribution for rolling stock and motive power. Not disposed to stand on ceremony in such matters, they would willingly compromise on a buggy or four horse carriage if no draught wagon was at hand; and would accept of oxen if more fleet-footed animals were not attainable. They generally managed to load their vehicles in a very short time, with a miscellaneous cargo of looking glasses, silver spoons, china cups, live pigs and chickens, bacon, corn, butter, eggs, hams, pickled beef, and fruit.

"It must be admitted that they seldom stopped at legitimate 'forage' for man and beast, and often appropriated what they could not use and did not want.

"On several occasions the 'bummers' found grist mills on their route, and ran them for a whole day, making cornmeal and flour, for want of which the army would otherwise have suffered. It was not uncommon for a division commander to receive an 'official dispatch' from a 'bummer' to the effect that if he would send wagons to such and such a mill, he would receive so many hundred weight of cornmeal or flour, and this, too, at a time when prospects of a dearth of the article so generously proffered were looming up entirely too close for comfort.

"The 'bummers' utterly refuted, by their conduct, the oft-repeated maxim that soldiers who steal won't fight. Very often after wandering fifteen or twenty miles from the main column, they found themselves confronted by a rebel force more than their equals in numerical strength. Instead of beating a hasty retreat, as it is commonly supposed such men would do under such circumstances, they would immediately choose one of the number as their commander, and 'go for the Johnnies' to the best of their abilities. If unable to defeat them they would erect rude fortifications of rails and logs, and behind these hold

the enemy in check until they were reinforced by General Sherman.

“Not a few of the towns along the march were captured by the ‘bummers,’ and formally surrendered to them. On one occasion General Howard actually received a dispatch from the ‘bummers’ stating that they had captured a town and requesting that a division be sent to occupy it, that they (the bummers) might pass on! Rather cool, to be sure, for the ‘bummers’ to call for a division to take the place of a few hundred scallywags like themselves, in order that they might go on conquering and to conquer.

“The ‘bummers’ proved themselves more valuable in finding out the strength and position of the enemy than any scouts or cavalry ever used for that purpose. They covered both flanks of the army, sometimes for a distance of twenty-five miles, and, between what they found out from actual observation and what they learned from citizens, very few facts connected with the strength or position of the enemy could possibly escape their knowledge.

The results of ‘bumming’ are apparent in every company, regiment, brigade, division, and corps in the army. I was impressed with this fact in a visit to some of the boys in their improved dwellings behind the fortifications. At one comfortable little shanty, occupied by ten or twelve privates, I asked for a drink of water, and the aqueous fluid was poured from a silver pitcher into as fine a wine goblet as ever we need wish to use, and which, a few weeks since, was considered good enough to grace the lips of South Carolina aristocrats. In another I found a corporal scanning the pages of ‘Shakespeare’s Heroines,’ a costly volume, full of beautiful portraits of the eminent female characters of English drama. He didn’t quite like the appearance of Cleopatra, and was, as he thought, improving it by the addition of a moustache from a lead pencil. There is scarcely a regiment in the whole army that has not horses and buggies, and most of the division and corps headquarters sport barouches and carriages fine enough to elicit admiration in front of A. T. Stewart’s, on ‘Broadway.’ As for fine saddle horses, the colonel or general who rides an animal

without a historical pedigree, and a name intimately connected with southern race courses, must be regarded as unpopular, and under the bann of the bummers, who would scorn to see one of their favorites on a common steed. General Blair rides a horse that has carried off the premium at half a dozen trotting matches, and so of nearly every other commanding officer here. A people less disloyal than the citizens of Goldsboro would have prepared a race track for the accommodation of the army before its arrival here."

This statement of "Mack" is true in every sense of the word. There were as brave men in this consolidation of so-called "bummers" as could generally be found in any other body of men. I myself am aware that they were called "bummers" by a certain officer who was unpopular with the regiment he commanded, and so far as I know remains so to this day.

*April 26.*—A party in pursuit of the assassin Booth, and his accomplices, arrived at the house of Dr. Mudd, on the 18th of this month, and asked if any strangers had been there, and he said no. He denied that two men had been there, one with a broken leg. Was informed of the assassination in church, on Sunday morning, and appeared uneasy. He was arrested on the 21st, when a boot marked "J. Wilkes Booth" was found in his house. Mrs. Mudd said that the doctor had set the leg of its owner at 4 P. M. Dr. Mudd said they came on horseback. Mrs. Mudd said they left on foot.

Jett and two other southerners met Harold and Booth in a wagon, near Fauquier, when Harold, thinking they were raising a command to go south, said:

"I would like to go with you. We are the assassins of the President."

These men were shocked to hear this plain confession, yet one of them, Lieutenant Ruggles, allowed Booth to ride his horse. Booth said he wanted to pass under the name of Boyd. They then all went to the house of Mr. Garrett, where Booth was left.

Lieutenant Colonel Conger, Lieutenants Baker and Dougherty with a squad of cavalry in pursuit of the assassins, met Jett at a hotel, in Bowling Green, and arrested him, as they heard

he had crossed the river with Booth, which he confessed. He said:

"I can show you where they are now. They are at Garrett's house."

Garrett's house, three miles from Port Royal, was surrounded and Lieutenant Baker ordered a light struck in the house, and asked Mr. Garrett where the men were who had stopped at his house.

"They have gone in the woods," he answered.

"Whereabouts in the woods? I want no stories. Tell me where they are."

Garrett commenced to repeat the same tale, when Lieutenant Baker ordered one of the men to bring him a lariat, threatening to hang Garrett to a tree, when one of his sons said they were in the barn. The barn was surrounded and men were heard talking inside of it. Lieutenant Baker ordered them to surrender or the barn would be fired in five minutes. Booth wanted to know who they were. Lieutenant Colonel Conger told Baker not to let him know, as Booth might take them for rebels, and they would take advantage of it. Lieutenant Baker said:

"It makes no difference who we are. You had better come out."

"Here is a man who had nothing to do with it," Booth said, and Harold came out.

Booth not obeying orders used every endeavor to kill as many of the party as he possibly could, and would have succeeded in taking one or two lives had not Sergeant Boston Corbett through a crack in the barn taken aim at Booth, and shot him through the head. The assassin only lived a few minutes after in the agonies of death, when he ought to have suffered days or weeks ere he sank to the fiery abode Satan is ruler of.

*April 26.*—This noticeable day General Joe Johnson, of confederate notoriety, discovered the uselessness of prolonging this nearly extinguished civil warfare against Major General Sherman, and surrendered to his Union army with all the confederates in his, Johnson's, department.

Notwithstanding the fact that Bragg, Hardee, Rhoddy, Lyons, Forrest, and other rebel leaders had joined Johnston in North Carolina, yet he been badly beaten five miles from Fayetteville by Kilpatrick and two divisions under General Slocum at Moore's Cross Roads, where they held a strong position between Cape Fear and Black rivers; and Averysborough, Goldboro, Bentonville, South Edisto, Columbia, Raleigh, Charleston, Salkehatchie, Selma, and dozens of other places, he held on until he saw it was useless to contend any farther against Western soldiers, who could whip his forces even were they three to their one in numerical strength, and so he surrendered.

Jeff Davis was with Johnson previous to this, but just before it happened, he secretly left his quarters, and with the principals of the secesh government skedaddled.

“Ye Southern heroes wake to glory,  
Hark, hark, Jeff Davis bids you rise;  
Your dames and grand dames hoary,  
Behold their petty-coat-ed sighs,” &c., &c.

General Sherman's military skill, combined with his accuracy of detailed movements and knowledge of forthcoming events, would almost lead one to believe him a real military prophet. To show a portion of his accuracy: On the day before Sherman moved from Dalton, upon his march through Georgia, a member of his staff at headquarters wrote to a friend:

“We go to-morrow. You will hear of us on the coast at Christmas.”

He ate his Christmas dinner at Savannah, Georgia. On the 31st of January, 1865, the same officer wrote to his friend once more:

“You will hear of us in three weeks on the coast of North Carolina.”

On the 22d of February Wilmington was evacuated by the rebels, and Sherman's base was established on the coast of Carolina.

In consequence of these national successes the newspapers at Richmond represented them all as “blessings in disguise;” and a fortunate event for the rebellion. Granting this, how

could the secesh obtain their full supplies of arms as heretofore? How dispose of cotton from the land where "cotton is king?" How pay their internal revenue? But enough it is to say, as a gentleman did, not long since:

"It is not the sword alone that ends every war; it is the sense of the power of the sword. That consciousness conquers the mind and then the mere muscle relaxes."

The glorious progress of Sherman led the rebel papers to assert that the states through which he passed were abandoned to women and children, therefore Sherman's progress was unopposed. Discrepancy betrays falsehood. Johnston, Rhoddy, Beauregard, Hardee, Hampton, Lyons, Forrest, and several other rebel leaders, with seemingly ample forces to contest the advance movements of General Sherman, and having a full knowledge of the topography of the then war path, failed to impede the progress of General Sherman's braves, and no wonder these foxes fled when they found a lion in their chosen path.

#### CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

A brief dispatch from General Wilson, commander of the Union cavalry in Georgia, dated May 10, announces the capture of Jeff. Davis, with all his private and military family, including Postmaster General Reagan, that day. Other confirmatory dispatches followed, among which was the following, giving details:

MACON, GEORGIA, May 13—9:30 A. M.

*Honorable E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

Lieutenant Colonel Hardin, commanding the 1st Wisconsin cavalry, has just arrived from Irwinsky. He struck the trail of Davis at Dublin, Lawrence county, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely, night and day, through the pine wilderness of Alligator creek and Green swamp, via Cumberland, to Irwinsky. At Cumberlandsville Colonel Hardin met Colonel Pritchard with one hundred and fifty picked men of the 4th Michigan cavalry. Hardin followed the trail directly south, while Pritchard, having fresh horses, pushed down the Ocmulgee towards Hopewell, and thence, by House creek, to

Irwinsville, arriving there at midnight on the 9th. Davis had not arrived.

From a citizen Pritchard learned that the fugitives were camped two miles out of the town. He made disposition of his men, and surrounded the camp of the rebel chief before day.

Hardin had camped, at 9 P. M., within two miles, as he afterward learned, of Davis and his party. The trail being too indistinct to follow he pushed on at 3 o'clock, and went but little more than a mile when his advance was fired on by the 4th Michigan.

A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered. The firing in the skirmish was the first warning Jeff. Davis received. The captors report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started for the woods closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but seeing his boots while he was running, they immediately suspected his sex.

The race was a short one, and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie knife, and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasion of Colt's revolvers, evidently preferring not to compel the men to use them.

He expressed great indignation at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he had thought our government more magnanimous than to hunt down women and children. Mrs. Davis remarked to Colonel Hardin, after the excitement was over, that the men had better not provoke the President, as he might hurt somebody.

Reagan conducted himself with a great deal of dignity and resignation.

The party was evidently making for the coast.

J. H. WILSON,  
Brevet Major General.

The history of the world does not record an instance where a rebellion of such gigantic proportions, undertaken under

circumstances so favorable, with such high promise of success by vigorous prosecution, with such lofty pretensions to exclusive military skill of the chivalric order, that so ingloriously ended as this great southern insurrection. The last act of this drama reduces it to an insignificant farce. Jeff. Davis, whose boastings have obtained a world-wide renown, and who, every one thought, would, in any emergency, assert the dignity and vindicate the chivalric claims of the South, when overtaken in his flight, literally "melted down in his boots," and endeavored to skulk away in petticoats. An act so cowardly has lowered him in the estimation of every honorable man so much that few, if any, can be found who will speak of him otherwise than as one beneath contempt. Now, even his foreign aiders and abettors will scorn him, and there will be found none in this whole world so poor as to do reverence to this boasting, blustering coward.

He stands forth, a beacon light to warn others of the folly of crime, even though the chief actor be, for a time, clothed with power, lords it over his fellow men, and lives sumptuously every day. Had he loved his country as a United States senator and secretary of war should always do; had he revered the noble constitution which gave him a name with half the ardor with which he sought to trample it in the dust, he would now stand as one of the first men in the land. He commenced a glorious career which an unholy ambition has brought to an inglorious termination.

Jefferson Davis was chosen Provisional President of the Confederate States February 4, 1861, and re-elected in 1862 for the term of six years, not much more than one-half of which time he had the power to act. He has been the marplot of almost every one of the rebel campaigns, and has done more by his obstinacy, envy, jealousy, and malice to destroy the unity and effectiveness of his government and its armies than any other of its leaders.

If the Confederacy had possessed a leader less obstinate in the pursuit of bad plans, less envious of the fame of his subordinates, and less quarrelsome generally, it might have existed for a short time longer.

The first wife of the arch traitor was the daughter of Zachary Taylor. His present wife is Verina Howell, daughter of General Howell, of New Jersey. She is still a young woman with a family of four children.

Major General Wilson was born in Illinois in 1840, entered West Point as cadet in 1856, graduated fifth in his class June 30, 1860, and was appointed brevet second lieutenant topographical engineers, and made first lieutenant of his corps in September of the following year; conducted reconnoisances up Savannah river, and discovered a passage for gunboats drawing ten feet, clear of the guns of Fort Pulaski. November 2, 1862, was appointed inspector general, and ordered to report to General Grant, by whom he was assigned to General McPherson as chief of staff. Showed skill before Vicksburg and Chattanooga to such an extent that he was nominated brigadier general of volunteers, to date from October 30, 1863, upon the recommendation of Lieutenant General Grant.

Served under General Sheridan in command of a cavalry corps, operating in the vicinity of Richmond and Petersburg, and was promoted to major general for distinguished services, to date from October 5, 1864. Shortly afterward he was transferred to the army of the Cumberland, and was placed in command of the cavalry corps. His gallant services at the battle of Nashville, and in the routing of Hood's army, will be long remembered. Routing Rhoddy, Forrest, Lyon, and Chalmers, with their combined forces, capturing Selma and Montgomery, Alabama, sweeping across Georgia until he reached Savannah, all these things will also be remembered by every one knowing it was a portion of his cavalry corps which had the honor of putting a climax to the downfall of the rebellion, by capturing its prime mover and leader.

Lieutenant Colonel B. J. Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan cavalry, has the glory of this crowning act. It is unnecessary to repeat here the series of skillful and quickly executed movements, under the immediate control of Colonel Pritchard, which resulted in Davis's capture. It is hoped this satisfactory success is but the forerunner of a more definite termination of the rebel ex-President's career.

In contradiction to all these truths, an English paper, (the London Standard, usually called "Sairy Gamp," by Punch,) lately had an article on the rebellion and Jeff. Davis that was quite refreshing. We learn from this that "the civil war is not yet over;" that "the southerners continue defiant;" that "the male southerners with blood in their eyes, disdain to take the oath of allegiance;" that "the North is already exhausted and unable to continue the war with the Texas rebels;" and that "as soon as the military forces are withdrawn the independent State governments will spring up, elastic and defiant." There is much more to the same effect, and the good Mrs. Gamp rejoices at the "disagreeable surprise" its "announcements" will cause among "Federal sympathizers."

The Standard then turns to Mr. Jefferson Davis, and draws a glowing picture of the petticoat traitor, in the course of which it says:

"President Davis, we are happy to say, has not yet fallen into the hands of the sleuth hounds who have been set upon his track. If the worst should befall him, and his escape be found impossible, it is supposed that he will die fighting, rather than fall into their hands. Such a death of such a man would enlist the sympathy of all Europe in the cause of a suffering people; but his life and leadership would be preferred by that people to his martyrdom. The spectacle of this heroic leader at bay, with his two thousand followers among the myriads of the North, disdaining, while living, to surrender the cause for which he has struggled during these terrible four years, is of such absorbing interest to the whole civilized world, that all political topics pale into insignificance beside it, and the attention of mankind is fascinated by it in a long drawn agony of mingled hopes and fears."

One can imagine the mortification of the Standard when the pitiable condition of the chief, "disdaining to surrender," is contrasted with its highly wrought fancies.

The London Times, another secesh sympathizing sheet, is in the same predicament with the Standard, in regard to mortification.

Just before the fall of Charleston, South Carolina, an English

correspondent of the *Times*, writing to London of the condition of affairs, described in glowing colors the real state of the public mind.

“There is,” said he, “croaking and dismay, decrepitude and infirmity of purpose and irresolution. Many of the original secessionists—the fire-eaters of the *New York Tribune*—who once mocked at Old Virginia because she was so slow to tread the thorny path to which South Carolina lured her on, but who, now faint by the way, prattle of ‘the best terms that can be obtained of a magnanimous foe;’ while by some lips the ominous and once called traitorous word, ‘reconstruction,’ is audibly pronounced.”

On the heels of this our troops entered the city. They found a curious confirmation. The result was a feeling in favor of peace at any price.

*May 20, 1865.*—Payne, Harold, Atzeroth, Mrs. Surratt, Dr. Mudd, Arnold, O’Langhlin, and Spangler, with others of the murderous crew who assassinated our noble President and attempted to kill the secretary of state, are on trial, and will meet the fate due all villains who were engaged in this cold blooded atrocity.

Jeff. Davis is safe and secure in Fortress Monroe, where he, too, will, sooner or later, meet the fate he so richly deserves—imprisonment or transportation for life.

Alexander H. Stephens, Confederate ex-Vice President, is in a similar “six,” but as he is not one-third part as guilty as Jeff., it is hoped he will not suffer so lengthy an imprisonment as his leader, nor be held in the worthy contempt of every honorable minded Union man, as said Jeff. Davis ever ought to be while he lives. To Stephens’s credit, be it said, he was captured honorably, at his own home, in manly attire, and feels that Kirby Smith, Wigfall, Flournoy, Marmaduke, Magruder, Shelby, Hindman, and others of secesh notoriety, at present in Mexico, are not in as safe a condition, or as secure an one, as himself this day, even in his prison. Why should they feel so? Are not many of them Neroites who often assisted in the cold blooded murders of captured Union soldiers, and drained our noble nation of some of its best blood. Let such tyrants per-

ish, as all such inhuman beasts should, in a foreign land where no freedom exists. Look out, Maximilian! We want no new majesties in our republican land, for, thanks to our great Creator, peace and Union now joins the goddess of liberty, and freely illustrates Yankee character on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line.

We have fought "many good fights," and won the largest number of victories of any nation on this broad earth. The dews of heaven are hardly more plentiful, and wet the soil of our land from the northern lakes to the southern gulf, from ocean to ocean, with scarcely more verdure than the dews of blood drained from the veins of our best beloved. Thousands of little mounds mark where they lie, and thousands of unknown graves tell the story of their valor and noble sacrifice to their country. "All point, like loadstones to the polar star, to the nation's progress."

*July 7, 1865.*—Yesterday the accomplices of Booth, namely, Payne *alias* Powell, Harold, Atzeroth, and Mrs. Surratt, paid the penalty of their deeds in being executed by hanging at Washington, District of Columbia, while Arnold, Spangler, O'Laughlin, and, last but not least, Dr. Mudd, were sent to the Dry Tortugas to spend, as they well deserve, a portion of their lives, as accomplices not so deep in crime as the former, yet fully deserving the penalties inflicted upon them.

Mrs. Surratt may not have been as guilty as is supposed by some, but the evidence being so conclusive against her, by reliable witnesses, it was out of the power of the military commission which tried and sentenced her, to do otherwise. If she was innocent, as Payne declared before his death, may she rest in peace.

*July 31.*—The 9th Ohio volunteer cavalry having been ordered to disband, were mustered out of service at Lexington, North Carolina, July 20, 1865, and arrived at Columbus, Ohio, where they were to be paid off yesterday.

Let the United States ever feel proud of such military geniuses as General U. S. Grant, General W. T. Sherman, General Philip Sheridan, General Thomas, General Kilpatrick, General Rousseau, General Wilson, General Rosecrance, Generals Pope,

McPherson, Lew. Wallace, McCook, Stoneman, Cox, Dodge, Schofield, Meade, Terry, Canby, Logan, and Steadman.

Add to them the government functionaries who have ably, honorably, and successfully used their best exertions to close the great rebellion, and my humble work is ended: President Abraham Lincoln, President Andrew Johnson, Secretary W. H. Seward, Judge Chase, and several other high minded public servants not named here.

